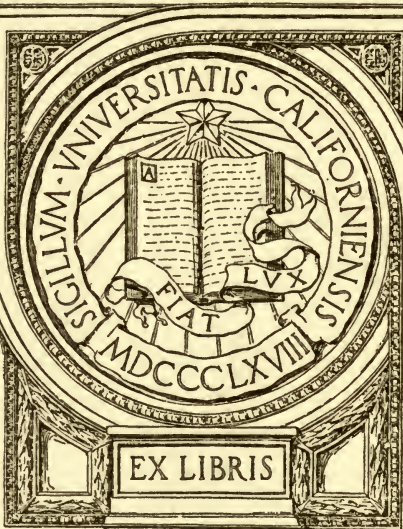




GIFT OF



EX LIBRIS

954  
R 269











# THE AZTEC GOD

AND

OTHER DRAMAS



BY

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

---

THIRD EDITION, ABRIDGED, WITH OMITTED PASSAGES  
PRINTED IN FOOTNOTES

---

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press

1908

# THE AYLEE GOD

WILLIAM C. BROWN



COPYRIGHT BY  
GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

1900

REVISED EDITION, COPYRIGHT BY  
GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

1908

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

954  
R 269

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE AZTEC GOD . . . . .	I
COLUMBUS . . . . .	129
CECIL THE SEER . . . . .	296



# THE AZTEC GOD.

---

## INTRODUCTION : PLACE AND TIME.

The scene of this drama is laid in Mexico near the opening of the Fifteenth Century, just when the Aztecs were beginning to overrun the country, and when, therefore, the peculiar forms of their religion may reasonably be supposed to have been comparatively unknown to the Tezcucans who, as will be shown presently, adhered, in the main, to the more mild religious observances of the ancient Toltecs.

The facts with reference to the Aztec human sacrifices, the selection for these of a captive without blemish, the allotment to him of certain maidens as wives, and the general luxury and adoration with which he was surrounded up to the time when, surrendering the flowers that crowned his head and the lyre that he carried, he ascended the pyramid to have his heart torn out of him while still alive,—all these facts are sufficiently well known to substantiate the delineations of the drama.

The exact religious conception which underlay these Aztec rites is not known. In the circumstances, it has been thought justifiable to surround them with a certain atmosphere of spiritual truth—though only in twilight—similar to that which is known to have formed the setting of the pagan worship of ancient Egypt and Greece. It has been recognized that doing this might not only enhance the poetic effectiveness of the presentation, but might also aid in imparting to it that contemporary import and application which, in every work of art, the intelligent reader ought to feel, even though

he may not be able, in any wholly satisfactory way, to analyze or interpret.

A few historical quotations may be needed to explain the disposition which Haijo and the King are represented as proposing to make of Waloön. In a note referring to the inmates of the Aztec religious houses, in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., p. 69, we read that "Tales of scandal . . . have been told of the Aztec virgins," etc., and in vol. I., pp. 110-112, of the same author's "Conquest of Peru," a country in which there prevailed a worship of the heavenly bodies very similar to that of the Aztecs, we are informed, with reference to the "Virgins of the Sun," as they were termed, that "they were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity, who . . . were taken from their homes and introduced into convents. . . . From the moment they entered the establishment, they were cut off from all connection with the world, even with their own family and friends. Yet . . . though Virgins of the Sun, they, were brides of the Inca (or king), and, at a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected for the honors . . . of the royal seraglio . . . The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds but to thousands, who found accommodations in his different palaces." An established custom like this among the Peruvians certainly seems sufficient to justify an illustration of the spirit underlying it among a people so much like them in other respects as were the Aztecs.

A few words may be needed too with reference to the range of thought and feeling attributed in the drama to Monaska and Kootha. Some may suppose the healthfully romantic chastity of the one and the philosophic cynicism of the other to be idealizations beyond the possibilities of the period.

With reference to the first of these suppositions it is only necessary to say that a very slight investigation of facts



would enable the reader to recognize that Monaska represents a type of character by no means uncommon among the Indians of our own country to-day, or among other semi-civilized people. The elaborated systems of ethics, to which the enlightened nations are apt to attribute their virtue, are themselves merely developments of natural and normal instincts of which men, especially young men, are everywhere conscious, and by which they are often controlled. If this were not so, the ethics of civilized life would be a result without a cause.

With reference to the philosophic and religious attitudes of mind of Kootha, and of Monaska, too, so far as he is represented as indulging in these, something more, perhaps, should be said. And first of all, let the reader be reminded that, had this drama been written by one who had lived among the Aztecs, it would have been impossible for him, however desirous of being faithful to facts, looking backward, as he would be obliged to do, through the vista of time, not to have his whole representation tinged with the results of his experiences in life, thought and expression through the four hundred years intervening. But, besides this, were he a poet, it would be impossible for him not to have them tinged specifically with the results of his own imagination, inasmuch as the value of the contribution of poetry, in all cases, is exactly proportioned to the light with which it illumines facts in connection with the process of transferring them to the region of fancy. It is admitted, therefore, that the characters of this drama are presented as they appear through an intervening space of four hundred years; and that, as a consequence, the expressions used, and in some cases the substance of what is expressed, are more or less modern. But just as a magnifying glass modifies all the points of interest in an object to which it is applied, so it seems permissible at times for imaginative art to do—in case, like the glass, it does not change the relative proportions of the parts to one another and to the whole. A

poet, like a painter, has a right to increase the interest and beauty of the life that furnishes his model by means of the medium—the modern medium too—through which he is supposed to contemplate it. Otherwise, the subject with which he deals could not be treated from a present and poetic view-point, and his works would not be worth the ink expended on them. All the consideration for truth which it seems reasonable to expect of the historic dramatist is that, in a medium, the component parts of which are necessarily made up of the language and methods of thought natural to his own time, he should represent, in their relative proportions, the particular motives and feelings as well as the general atmosphere of thought natural to the conditions existing at the time of the events forming the basis of his plot.

There still remains another supposition to be met. It has apparently been granted, thus far, that the range of thought and feeling attributed to Monaska and Kootha may be beyond the possibilities of the period. But barring the modern associations and suggestions, to which reference has already been made, it is by no means certain that this need be conceded. The fathers of the Spanish church, at the time when America was discovered, seeing in the distribution of bread and wine, confession, penance, monasticism and sacrificial ceremonies, as practiced by its aborigines, a resemblance to their own religious observances, could attribute this to nothing but contrivances of the devil to counterfeit the rites of Christianity. But we all know now, or ought to know, that the real explanation for resemblances of this kind is to be found in the fact that humanity, wherever it exists, is the same; and that a similar stage of its development always tends to forms of life, religious as well as civil, of the same general nature. This fact, indeed, is the chief warrant for supposing that this drama of the Aztecs can have any present interest, or suggest, by analogy, any present lesson. But this thought aside, the fact being as stated, all that is needed to justify the character-

istics and sentiments of Monaska and Kootha is to show that the civilization of the Tezcucans at this period was sufficiently highly developed to produce them. To do this is not difficult. Of one of the kings of Tezcuco, Nezahualcoyotl, who died about 1470 A. D., the same author already quoted says in the "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., pp. 192-196, that "He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black and profusely gilded with stars on the outside and incrustated with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to the unknown God, the Cause of causes. . . . No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the invisible God; and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums." He is also represented to have said: "Idols of wood and gold can neither see, hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens and the earth and man the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support;" and in one of his poems—for many nobles and princes of this people were poets—he says: "The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun, and the dark shadows of death are cast by light from the stars." Men educated where opinions like these prevailed and were expressed, could certainly be capable of sentiments of the kind attributed in this drama to Monaska and Kootha.

*Each time you try to mold a spirit's life  
With fingers grappling from the fist of force,  
You clutch but at the air, at what is far  
Too fine for force to handle.*

*THE AZTEC GOD, IV, 1.*

*Oh something surely must be wrong,  
When that which rules without rules not within.*

*IDEM.*

## CHARACTERS.

**MONASKA.** A young Mexican or Acolhuan warrior of noble blood, captured by the Aztecs from the Tezcucans, a people who, before succumbing to the Aztec invasion, were distinguished by their comparatively mild religion and manners.

**KOOTHATH.** A cynical Tezcucan of high rank and education, captured by the Aztecs years before the time when the drama is supposed to open, and now a slave of the priest, Haijo, and an attendant at the temple.

**HAIJO.** A chief priest of the Aztecs.

**WAPELLA.** A Tezcucan warrior, captured by the Aztecs at the same time as Monaska.

**THE KING.** Sovereign of the Aztecs.

**WALOON.** A Tezcucan maiden of high rank, niece of Kootha, captured, when very young, by the Aztecs and adopted by Haijo the priest.

<b>FIRST</b> <b>SECOND</b> <b>THIRD</b>	}	<b>MAIDENS.</b> {	Admirers of Monaska, and assigned to him as wives, according to the customs of the Aztecs.
---	---	-------------------	--

**WOMEN, MAIDENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, PAGES, ATTENDANTS, ETC.**

## PROPERTIES.

- MONASKA.** In Act First, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, Club. In Acts Third and Fourth, Flower-wreathed Head-dress and Lyre.
- KOOTH.** In Acts First and Fifth, a Spear.
- HAIJO.** In Act First, a Spear.
- WAPPELLA.** In Acts First and Fifth, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, a Club.
- KING.** In all the Acts, Belt and Hand Weapons appropriate for a king. In Acts Second and Fourth, some sort of a Crown.
- WALOON.** In Act First, a Spear. In Act Second, a Wreath of Flowers.
- MAIDENS.** In Second Act, Wreaths of Flowers about their heads, shoulders, etc., and also carried in their hands.
- SOLDIERS** with Bows, Arrows, Spears, etc., and all on the stage in the costumes of the place and period.



## THE AZTEC GOD.

---

### ACT FIRST.

SCENE :—*A forest. Backing, a tree with a moss-covered elevation or seat at the Right of it. Many Entrances at Right and Left through the trees. The darkness of a storm by day, with occasional thunder and lightning. Contending bands of warriors in flight and pursuit cross stage from Left to Right.*

*Enter—Left Second—KOOTHA.<sup>1</sup>*

*Enter—Right Second—OFFICER.*

OFFICER. What, Kootha, you here?

<sup>1</sup> KOOTHA (*to himself*).

Oh, what a whirlwind's wave-lashed sea is war!  
Then hate breaks loose to over-flood the world,  
Hurling all love-built order upside down  
Till weal is drowned in darkness of the deep,  
And wreckage rides the crest.—They might have  
known  
They would be tricked. War's tactics all are acts



KOOHA.

Ay.

OFFICER.

What for?

KOOHA.

To see

The tragedy.

OFFICER.

Is over now.

KOOHA.

The fight?—

I mean not that; but you have captives.

OFFICER.

Crowds.

KOOHA. And then I came to see.

OFFICER.

Yes, you are he

That waits on them till sacrificed.

KOOHA.

I do.

OFFICER. And you take pleasure in it?

KOOHA.

So they say.—

Why?—You would not?

OFFICER.

In part of it I might.—

For you, too, like an angel, bring to each

The maiden he is free to love and wed.

KOOHA. And I, too, ride the nightmare, sped  
him when

Of treachery—the one sole sphere where he  
Who does the worst thing does the best, here faith  
Falls crushed beneath the trampling foot of force;  
And fair means trip, trailead mireward after foul.

<sup>2</sup> OFFICER. Ugh!—I would rather be a soldier.

KOOHA.

What?—

And miss a spectacle so rare?—that play



His love o'erflows in dreams of Paradise.  
 I come to tell him just the way to reach it,  
 Describe the scene awaiting on the morrow—  
 His own stripped, cringing form—and, over there,  
 Each man, maid, child in town agog to see him;  
 Then how the priests will throttle, throw him  
 down,

And, while yet living, writhing, yelling, sane,  
 Gouge their blunt knives between his reeking ribs,  
 And, by the roots, tear out his dripping heart.<sup>2</sup>

OFFICER (*pointing toward Left Third Entrance*).

See there—the maids are coming now.

KOOTH A. Of course,  
 To snare the captive that your spears have  
 spared.

They know the first with whom they fall in love,  
 Will be the first one whom the priest will call  
 The chosen of the gods, and send to—heaven.  
 What cares a maid, be he her victim too?

OFFICER. You mean her lover.

Of fright and agony, in white and shade  
 Breaking in contrast o'er your victim's brow?  
 Why, what were life without variety?

OFFICER. You see too much of it.

KOOTH A. Oh no!—no more  
 Than all men do—perhaps concentrated more  
 Than hell vouchsafes to others! That is all.

KOOTHA. Victim too.<sup>3</sup>

OFFICER. Well, I

Am not their victim yet, and so I leave.

*Exit—Right Third Entrance—*OFFICER.

KOOTHA (*looking at him as he leaves*).

No, not their victim ; but your captives are ;  
And they are my own kin, whom I, forsooth,  
Must fool and lure to slaughter. How I longed  
For their success! Yet why? — Am well off  
here ;

And they might not have deem'd me of their  
tribe,—

So young I was when captured, now so like

<sup>3</sup>OFFICER.

I see:

A soldier's life seems lovelier, then?

KOOTHA.

Why not?—

A man-foe is a brute, a shark that whacks  
The spirit's prow and whirls it from its course.  
A maid may be a devil seizing on  
The spirit's helm to turn it where she will.  
Her victim though—he thinks her will is his.  
You never knew a man to dodge the touch  
Of love-like fingers feeling for his heart.  
That heart held once within a grip so gained,  
Will take each wrench that wrings its life-blood out  
To be its own pulsation.

OFFICER.

I, at least,

Am not, etc.

A native. Yet could I but save Waloon,—  
 My brother's child, king's daughter too ! but here  
 This Haijo, he who maimed me—made me slave,  
 Haijo, he trains her like a flowering weed  
 To clip and fling up to the royal couch,  
 When comes the time her beauty blooms in full.  
 Poor duped Waloon!—Oh, I can bear my fate.  
 But you—how like what Haijo wills you grow!  
 Deem nothing true or right in earth or air  
 Except as he enjoins!—are so much his  
 That even I, who ought, I do not dare  
 To let you know the foe we just have fought  
 Are our own kinsmen.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> What can curse one worse

Than force that jails expression, whether walled  
 In masonry or flesh!—Though it may be  
 Fit training for a life whose brightest end  
 Is death. If all men die alone, may be  
 They ought to learn, ere death, to live alone.

*Enter—Left Third Entrance—several WOMEN.*

FIRST WOMAN. Aha, you think so, do you, Kootha?

KOOTHA.

You

Have come to make a lonely lot seem bliss?

What business brings you here?

*(Gesturing to make them retire.)*

SECOND WOMAN *(advancing in a supplicating way)*.

We came to pray—

KOOTHA. Oh, yes, I know, you always come to  
*pray.*

*Enter—Left Third Entrance—several WOMEN.*

*(An arrow, coming from the right, falls upon the stage.*

*KOOTHA picks it up and shows it to women.)*

They are fighting still.

You may get more of these through your own hearts

Than even you could dream to send through others'.

WOMEN. Oh! oh!

*Exeunt—at the Left Entrances—the WOMEN in fright.*

*KOOTHA (looking after them, and toward the right).*

The fight and flight not over! Humph!

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA.*

So do the buzzards, but we drive them back.

SECOND WOMAN. We seek——

KOOTHA. Why say not lose?—You hope to lose  
Your hearts in this place.

FIRST WOMAN *(sarcastically)*.

Not in this place, Kootha.

It must be further on.

*(She tries to pass him.)*

KOOTHA *(preventing her)*.

No, no, stay back.

FIRST WOMAN. Stay back?—Stay back yourself. Are  
you the one

Commanding here—a slave of priests like you?

What use have priests upon a battle-field?

KOOTHA. To save souls from perdition—are between

*(After a little, amid thunder and lightning),*

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—WAPELLA.*

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA.*

WAPELLA. That you, Monaska ?

MONASKA. Yes, and you ?

WAPELLA. Wapella.

MONASKA. What man can fight both earth and  
heaven ?

WAPELLA. Some fiend  
Is raining down these fiery storm-bolts.

MONASKA. Yes,  
We meet the foe, and in their track, as if  
Out-cowarding the just-caught cuttle-fish,

The men and you.

FIRST WOMAN. The fight is over.

KOOTHA. Then

Do let the warriors have a little rest.

Why break their peace, before you get them home ?

FIRST WOMAN. No fear for your peace ! You may stay  
alone !

There are those, though, who want us.

KOOTHA. There are men

Who lose their senses. I have heard of those

With ears too dull to hear a bat when squealing,

And flesh too tough to feed a flea when stinging.

SECOND WOMAN (*to* FIRST WOMAN).

Why stand and talk ? We have a right to see

The captives. Kootha knows it too.

(*To* KOOTHA). Stand back !

This gloom exudes upon the flooding light.

WAPELLA. We might have scaled their hill, but not these heavens.

MONASKA. We just had drawn our bows, each arrow aimed

To wedge eternal stillness in between  
Unhinging joints of some affrighted heart,  
When down upon us burst that thunder-flash.  
The shock, so sudden, glanced the arrows up  
As if to shoot them in the face of gods  
Asail the clouds in yon black gulf. It gave  
Their men their chance. With one wild yell and bound

They closed like smoke about the lightning's fire;

And, all with darts whirled on like sparks before  
A flame that followed, they came roaring on  
To fill the gaps their shots had made.<sup>5</sup>

WAPELLA (*leading MONASKA toward the moss-covered*

(*To FIRST WOMAN*).

Go forward!

KOOTHIA. Nay, leave forwardness to men.  
Have backwardness. It best becomes a woman.

<sup>5</sup> Oh, hell!

Not one of us but saw, mount fiercely up  
The dying body of some fallen friend,  
What seemed wild fiends.

WAPELLA. How know you but they were?—  
Grim phantom-spirits of the earth and air—

*seat or elevation at the Right of the tree).*

We here

Are hid as could be hoped for.

MONASKA.

I hope not

For anything. Sweet hope is a bird of light,

The pulsing touch of whose aspiring wing

Thrills to new life the very air one breathes.

In gloom like ours the trembling heart but leaps

To dodge the whirl of some blind bat of fear.

WAPELLA (*looking toward the Left*).

Hark! There seems human rhythm in this hell.

What hot pursuit is it comes burning through

These crackling branches?

(*Vivid Lightning.*)

MONASKA (*pointing toward the Left*).

Did you see it?

WAPELLA.

No.

But when I do——

(*Drawing his bow.*)

The same that now pursue us?—and from them

You fled?

MONASKA. Fled?—Never! No, with them I fought,

Till all I fought for but myself were not.

WAPELLA. Hush! They will find us.

MONASKA.

Ay, they will—too soon.

Each fearful time this lid of heaven is lifted,

The rays pour in and focus here on us.

They axle here the foes' near wheeling lines,

Ay, draw them like a whirlpool to its vortex.



MONASKA (*placing his hand on the bow*).

Hold!—Could one ever see

An angel, hers would be a form like that.

WAPELLA. An angel?—fiend!

MONASKA. Right! Only fools have faith

In forms they have not wit to find unfrocked.

Not sages even see the spirit through them.

We flee.

WAPELLA (*placing his hand on his hip, and sinking down*).

I cannot.

MONASKA. What?—Are wounded?

WAPELLA. Yes.

MONASKA (*sitting on the moss-covered seat beside him*).

Then I stay too.

WAPELLA. Nay, go.

MONASKA (*lying down on the moss-covered elevation*).

Not I.—No man

Can wish us ill, the while our bodies bow

To do his wishes. Let us yield our wills

To save our lives, and feign that we are dead.

*Enter—Third Left Entrance—WALOON.*

WAPELLA. Sh—sh——

WAPELLA. This tree will shield us.

MONASKA. There is not a tree

Or leaf, or trunk, but what, to point us out,

These fiery fingers of the storm would dash

Aside to ashes—fume—thin air.



WALOON (*soliloquizing*).

The foe are fled. Our homes are safe;  
(*Lightning. She sees MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Why, who are they?—How beautiful! What  
flowers

To bloom amid the desert of the storm!

What glow of vigor in their fair, round limbs,

Ay, how their colors warm this cold-hued air!—

Can they be wounded?—dead?—Oh, cruel man,

When spirits of the sunlight guise in flesh

And fringe the halo of the sunshine round them,

Have we so much to cheer us on the earth,

We can afford destruction to the frames

That form fit settings of a light so dear?—

Nay, I——

(*She approaches, bends, and studies them.*)

They both are breathing still!—But look——

(*Lightning.*)

This garb?—Why, they will kill me yet unless——

(*Lifts a spear that she holds in her hand, then*

*drops it.*<sup>6</sup> *They start up. She draws back,*

*lifting her spear.*)

Wait, wait?—A maid like me would do no harm.—

<sup>6</sup> Who made me heaven's avenging messenger?

Or bade me cull for those high gardeners there

What grow in nights of earth to greet their dawn?

I should not know them foes but for their guise.

And what is all their alien flesh but guise

*(As they sit still and look at her.)*

You—you are wounded?

MONASKA. Not to death.—And you?—

Why do you stand there, and not hurl the dart?

It would be sweet, if when one came to die,

His last sigh could breathe forth toward one  
like you.

WALOON. I kill you?—What?

MONASKA. And why, pray, should you not?

WALOON. I am a woman!

*(The storm ceases ; and from this time on the stage  
grows gradually brighter.)*

MONASKA. And a woman's aim

Knows how to reach the heart. We should  
escape

The bungling work of men.

*(Opening his breast.)*

My heart—take aim—

Is open to you. Oh, how it will thrill

To feel it gets what you would give!

WALOON. No, no;

You seem too strong and fair for earth to lose.

Some one, with you, would find it full of light.

A little nearer to their souls? It gone,  
What would they be but spirits, freed from  
space,—

From all the need of trampling others down

MONASKA. But we are foes.

WALOON. To me you seem like friends.

MONASKA. But to your brothers?

WALOON. There are those they spare.

MONASKA. At your wish?

WALOON. I can plead.

MONASKA. From such lips pleas,  
Like fragrance from the flowers upon a shrine,  
Might bring an answer. I will trust in you.

(MONASKA and WAPELLA begin to rise.)

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO and KOOHA.*

WALOON. Nay, nay, lie still. Wait, till I speak  
to them.

(*Pointing to HAIJO and KOOHA, and moving toward  
them and addressing them.*)

There lie some wounded warriors.

KOOHA. Foes?

WALOON. They are.

KOOHA. I hope then you have cured them of  
their wounds!

WALOON. How so?

KOOHA (*lifting his spear*).

How so?—There is but one sure cure.—

To find a place to stand in for them-  
selves?—

The two here must be wounded.—Say, good  
friends—

Ope wide the casket that the world has bruised  
And let the unbruised soul fly out of it.

(*Makes as if he would move toward MONASKA.*)

WALOON (*lifting her hands, and moving forward as if to shield MONASKA*).

No, no; not that; no!—They are beautiful.

KOOTHA. Then send them upward while they are  
so. Why

Outlive the happy moment for one's death!

A body maimed may mold a spirit maimed.

WALOON. Their wounds are not so bad as that.

KOOTHA. Or good.

(*WALOON looks at him in a puzzled way.*)

I mean it—good. I mean it. Let me see them.<sup>7</sup>

WALOON *gestures toward them and KOOTHA continues to HAIJO.*)

Sire, pin them down where they shall kneel before  
us

And keep on kneeling till their life is through.

HAIJO. No, no!—but I wait here, and you go back  
And tell them at the temple why I do it.

<sup>7</sup> HAIJO (*to WALOON, as he looks toward the prisoners*).

You call them beautiful? When you have seen  
As much of men as I, you will think more  
Of greater spirits with their lives enshrined  
In mountain, valley, forest, bush, and flower

KOOTHA (*aside, as he moves toward Right First Entrance*).

Oh, heavens, I thought to help them!—but too late!

*Exit—Right Front Entrance—*KOOTHA.

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

You wish to save them, eh?—One way is——

WALOON (*eagerly*). What?

HAIJO. Why, make the king adopt them. This, you know,

Is often done. Then they will be our own;

As much so as if born here. Can you think

Of anything he would not do for you?—

The trouble is, I hear, that there are things

You would not do for him, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Oh, no offense! You know you are my ward.

For one, I ward you from his majesty.

Suppose you go, and tell your tale to him—

The beauty of the prisoners, and your wish.

I think that he would grant it.

WALOON.

Free them wholly?

Than of these little spirits framed in flesh.

WALOON. A great priest, you, and I a little maid.

HAIJO. And for our little maidens men like these

Are sent at times on little missions to us.

KOOTHA. Sire, pin them down, etc.

HAIJO. Why, you can ask and learn. Should he  
refuse,

They would be no more sure to die than now.

(HAIJO waves his hand.)

*Enter—from both Right and Left—WARRIORS  
with spears, and stand watching MONASKA  
and WAPELLA.*

WALOON. First I will tell them why I go  
away.—

And you will guard them here?

HAIJO.

As if the king

Himself had ordered it.

(*Aside, as WALOON walks toward MONASKA and  
WAPELLA who rise to receive her.*)

The girl is right.

She knows what beauty is—just what we need!

And not another fair-formed captive left us.

The king will save them, not a doubt of that.

We never found a pair of fairer gods.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*).

I go to ask our king here to adopt you.

(*Pointing to HAIJO.*)

This guardian of all our sacred things

Will guard you sacredly till I return.

HAIJO (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Unless you mean to fly. Try that; no more

Could you escape our warriors' darts, than  
dodge

The shadows of the trees through which you flew.

*Exit—at the Right—WALOON.*

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

You seem a prophet, sire?

HAIJO. They hold me such.

MONASKA (*holding out his hand*).

And you could read my fate?

HAIJO. Not difficult.

*(Plucking a twig from a tree.)*

The tree's full growth is here, could one unfold it.

Your future is the fruit of present dreams,  
The lure that leads the deepest wish within you;  
The goal that lights the furthest path of hope.

*(Taking MONASKA by the hand, then dropping it.)*

A touch that feels the start can point the finish.

MONASKA. You think so?

HAIJO. There is nothing stops the flow  
Of thought betwixt my fingers and my brain,  
Betwixt your fingers and your brain; not so?—

*(Taking him by the hand again.)*

Now join these—what cuts off your brain from mine?

MONASKA. Our wills.

HAIJO. Yet if I yield my will to yours—



MONASKA. But can you ?

HAIJO. And if not, what boots the priest  
His years of fasting and of discipline ?—  
Besides, all lives are much alike.

MONASKA. They are?—<sup>8</sup>

HAIJO. All lives are summers, veiled at either end  
In shadows of the spring and autumn storms.  
We pass from tears of birth to burial ;  
And in the brief, bright interval between  
There comes anon the fevered flush of life,  
Then paleness, then the fevered flush of death.  
Men leap and laugh, and then lie back and cough,  
Both but hysterical, betwixt the two,

<sup>8</sup> How so?

HAIJO. All thorns or roses, if you please,  
Grown on the self-same bush.

MONASKA. Do all lives grow  
Both thorns and roses?

HAIJO. Yes, we show the thorns  
To those who try to pluck us for themselves ;  
The roses to the ones that let us be.

MONASKA. And so you think all lives alike?

HAIJO. Allied.  
All lives, etc.

<sup>9</sup> MONASKA. A fire is brilliant, yet it burns us up.

HAIJO. In time.

MONASKA. Yet all life is a thing of time.

HAIJO. You hunger for excitement, man. You  
hail



Warring for power that more of war must keep,  
 Pushing for place that prisons those who seize  
 it,

Kneeling for love to tramp on when they get it,  
 Their little rest is large-brought weariness,  
 And what they wish for most is mainly death.

MONASKA. A cheerful view !

HAIJO. It was not volunteered.

MONASKA. My fate seems dark then?

HAIJO. Brilliant.

MONASKA. Brilliant?

HAIJO. Yes,——<sup>9</sup>

MONASKA. I shall not lose my life?

The trump of war, the tramp of onset, all  
 That sweeps you on where drafts of life and love  
 Fan up the flames that flicker in the breast  
 And set the whole form's trembling veins aglow.

MONASKA. You read me well.

HAIJO. Suppose this heart a toy  
 Wound up to run through just so many ticks——

MONASKA. I see, you mean a fast life is a short  
 life.

HAIJO. The fleetest foot is first beside the goal.

MONASKA. But if the goal be high as well as  
 far——

HAIJO. The bird of fleetest wing may fly the  
 highest.

MONASKA. It may!—A chance that I could risk!—  
 If not,

HAIJO. In every life,  
The first and final acts are tragedy.

MONASKA. But ere the final act?—

HAIJO. The whole you wish  
Will come.

MONASKA. All?

HAIJO. All.

MONASKA. But I am not unselfish.

HAIJO. You need not be—where all will rush to  
serve you.

MONASKA. And I am vain.

HAIJO. None will be clothed more richly.

MONASKA. And I have tastes.

HAIJO. Each meal will be a feast.

MONASKA. I would not slave it to these lower  
aims.

I have ambition.

HAIJO. None will rank above you.

MONASKA. None?

HAIJO. I said it—none.

MONASKA. That cannot be.

My birth—

HAIJO. Who knows the place that he was born  
To fill?

MONASKA. High aspirations thrill my soul.

More blest the short-lived moths that fly to  
flame

Straight through a pathway lit by coming light

HAIJO. Have higher still. You will be like a god.  
(*Aside.*)

Now will I see if he divine my meaning.

MONASKA. It may be when I die.

HAIJO (*aside*).

Is not divined; or, if it be,  
He does not dream it will apply to him.

(*To MONASKA.*)

No; you mistook my thought. I spoke of  
earth.

MONASKA. Of earth?—You know, sire, I can tell  
it you—

You know about the weaknesses of youth?

HAIJO. Yes, you can tell me all.

MONASKA. I am not one

Has lived or worked with other men. My soul

Has dwelt alone, and sails the waves of life

Like some stray oil-drop lost upon the sea,

Refusing still, however wildly tossing,

To lose or fuse itself in things about it.

I have so craved a mate! but, whoso came,

The spirit that is in me would deny

My clasping to a heart that might not beat

In time to pulses of another's purpose.

So what I would caress, I dared not touch,

Than long-lived worms that crawl thro' endless mire.

HAIJO. Yours will be lit by coming light.

MONASKA.

And I,

For fear the rhythm throbbing in my veins  
Would prove discordant and reveal us foes.

HAIJO. Ah! love you wish?

MONASKA. Ay, sire, I would be loved.

HAIJO. You think that strange at your age,  
strange?

MONASKA. Not strange the wish—but could it be  
fulfilled——

HAIJO. I said it should be. You shall be so loved  
That you will yearn for rivals more than see  
them.<sup>10</sup>

MONASKA (*looking at WAPELLA, who has been  
watching them eagerly, and now rises*).

Come tell his fortune too.

WAPELLA. Yes, mine.

*Enter—from the Right—WALOON and the KING.*

HAIJO. The King.

(*All bow. The KING speaks aside to HAIJO.*)

The King desires that you retire, you three.

(*Motioning to MONASKA, WAPELLA and WALOON.*)

*Exeunt—at the Left—MONASKA, WAPELLA and  
WALOON.*

<sup>10</sup> MONASKA. Will yearn—but how can this be true?  
You jest.

HAIJO. Is it my face or robe you deem a jester's?

MONASKA. You mean it?

HAIJO. It is in your hand, your face.

I told you I had had experience.

KING (*to HAIJO*).

What think you?

HAIJO. Just what she has told you, sire.

No doubt, about the beauty of the men.

KING. Nor of her love?

HAIJO. It seems to augur well.

KING. I feel not sure about your method.

HAIJO. No?—

In lands like ours, a land controlled by law,

Illegal force will rouse the people's wrath.

But let her love the one we make a god,

And wed his ghost, and dwell within the temple;

There he who is the head of our religion

Can rightly represent the god,—not so?

KING. I see—a portion of the heaven of which

The priesthood holds the key, is on the earth.

HAIJO (*suddenly turning the subject*).

Sire, we must have some foe to sacrifice.

For this year——

KING. You will furnish one insured

To break this maiden's heart.

HAIJO. A colt once broke

Drives easily.

Why do you doubt?

MONASKA.

Because life never brought

Aught like it.

HAIJO. Life brings day as well as night,

When day, the wise will use the sunshine.

KING. Let me not doubt again  
 What power incarnates Providence on earth.  
 Lead out this coming god.

HAIJO (*looking toward the Left*). Waloon, the King  
 Desires to see the prisoners.

*Enter—from the Left—*WALOON, MONASKA and  
 WAPELLA.

KING (*aside, as he looks at MONASKA*).

Yes, yes,  
 He is a fine one, no mistake! Poor girl!—  
 But what were life without its discipline?  
 And what are kings and priests for but to give  
 it?

No fêtes are feasts with every course alike;  
 And all fare better who begin with bitters.

(*To MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Young men, your warriors came a long, hard way  
 To fight with us. They should have stayed at  
 home.

MONASKA. Our king, sire, sent them forth.

KING. Good! We shall keep  
 Their flesh to fertilize our fields, and see  
 That he has less to send the next time. Ha!

(*WARRIORS appear on every side, and, at a sign  
 from the KING, draw their bows on MO-  
 NASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Waloon, stand back, there, from the prisoners.

WALOON (*to KING*).

Ah, but you will not kill them, will you, sire?

KING. Why not?—They would kill us. We only  
do

What they would do.

MONASKA (*aiming his bow*).

Perhaps, when this has gone

Through you, and through your pals too.

WALOON (*hurrying between KING and MONASKA,  
and speaking to MONASKA*). Wait.

MONASKA (*bowing to WALOON*).

For you.

WALOON (*to KING*).

Ah, sire, was it for this I urged them not

To fly from here?—You surely will adopt them?

KING. And you would save my life and save his  
too?

(*To MONASKA.*)

We both owe something to her love, you see.

MONASKA (*to KING*).

I read my pardon in your own face now.

KING. I feel no pity, and no love for you.

If you are saved here, she alone has done it

Thank her.

MONASKA (*kneeling to her*).

I will, as I would thank an angel.

KING (*to HAIJO, aside*).

You see—we made no promises. Keep watch

And never let them be alone together.

CURTAIN.



## ACT SECOND.

SCENE :—*A walled open space within an Aztec fort. Backing at the Right, a closed gate guarded by SOLDIERS ; at the Left, the beginnings of a pyramid such as formed an Aztec temple. On the lower steps of this structure, forming a sort of throne for the KING, rugs, etc. On the Right Side of stage, trees. On the Left Side of stage at the Third Left Entrance, curtains before a building evidently connected with the temple. Entrances : several at the Right through the trees ; at the Right Center through the Gateway ; at the Left Second to one side of the Temple ; at the Left Third, through curtains into the Temple ; at the Upper Left between the Temple and the Pyramid. Curtain rises on the gray light of dawn. Guards are at the gates, prisoners grouped about the space. MONASKA and WAPELLA near Left Front.*

WAPELLA. I do not understand this.

MONASKA. No ; but half

The interest of life is in its puzzles.

WAPELLA. I thought they set us free.



MONASKA. I often think  
Some one is just about to set me free.  
I never found him yet.

WAPELLA. We fare no better  
Than these, our fellow-prisoners.

MONASKA. That seems  
A lesson to our self-conceit. The wise  
Are grateful to their teachers.

WAPELLA. You are sanguine.

MONASKA. Some men are born with light, aspir-  
ing blood

That, bounding brainward, keeps the whole  
frame glowing.

WAPELLA (*pointing to the other prisoners*).

These men expect us to be put to death.

MONASKA. And some are born with heavy, slug-  
gish blood,

That will not leave the heart but keeps it  
weighted.

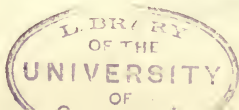
WAPELLA. They say they know the customs of the  
place.

MONASKA. We know its characters—the maid,  
priest, king——

WAPELLA. They say that captives here are sacri-  
ficed.

MONASKA. Not those the king himself has once  
adopted.

WAPELLA. Then say why we are prisoned in a  
temple.



MONASKA. Humph! your conundrum! Have  
not thought of it.

WAPELLA. No; nor of anything outside the maid  
You have enshrined there in your heart.

MONASKA. With reason!

WAPELLA. Would reason drop the curtain of the  
eye,

And dwell in darkness, and be proud of it?

Monaska, you are dreaming. You must wake

And join us in our effort to escape.

MONASKA. You make it for yourselves. Why wait  
for me?

WAPELLA. Why?—You outrank us.

MONASKA. There are no ranks here.

WAPELLA. A leader, if he lead not, shames his  
birthright.

Besides, we two have weapons left with us.

You keep your club; I mine. The rest have  
none.

Perhaps they merely overlooked our arms,

And, when the morning comes, will take them  
from us.

Before that, when the other guards withdraw,

As they do always, when the signal sounds,

<sup>11</sup> for home.

MONASKA. The home to which the spider traps the fly!

WAPELLA. No soldiers watch that side the gate.

<sup>12</sup> WAPELLA.

Rather than

We can attack the two they leave behind.  
 Each kill his man, and, while the rest break down  
 The gate behind, can all of us rush out,  
 O'ertake our friends and fly with them.<sup>11</sup>

MONASKA. And we,  
 To show our gratitude for being saved,  
 Will leave two prostrate, murdered forms behind  
 To do obeisance for us !<sup>12</sup>

WAPELLA. They are foes.  
 Can you a moment balance them against  
 Your time-tried friends ?

*Exeunt—at the Left Upper Entrance—all the  
 GUARDS but two, who stand each side the  
 gate.*

Look ! Now the guards have left.  
 Monaska, come—I said you would.—They wait.  
 (*Pointing to other PRISONERS.*)

MONASKA. You seem suspicious.

WAPELLA (*excitedly*) Dare you tackle them ?

MONASKA (*angrily*).

Talk not of daring ! I will tackle you.

WAPELLA (*excited, but trying to control himself*).

Forgive me—Why, you know I am your friend.

Harm them, we all here should be murdered, eh ?

MONASKA. If there were fear of that, the maid would  
 never

Have pleaded for us.

WAPELLA.

They are all our foes, etc.

We all are friends. Monaska, will you join us?

MONASKA. Turn traitor to the ones that saved us?—  
No.

WAPELLA. But to your own land and your landsmen, yes.

MONASKA (*drawing his club, and springing toward WAPELLA*).

That you must prove, or——

(WAPELLA *draws his club and defends himself*.)

SOLDIER (*at gate*). Hold!

*Enter—from the Left—other SOLDIERS and OFFICER. They separate, with spears, MONASKA and WAPELLA.*

WAPELLA (*to MONASKA*).

Now you have proved it.

OFFICER (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Your clubs.

MONASKA. We were adopted. We are free.

OFFICER (*as he motions to SOLDIERS to take the clubs*).

You will not need these, then, to guard yourselves.

(SOLDIERS *take the clubs*.)

*Enter—through the curtains at the Left—HAIJO, KOOTHA and other PRIESTS. HAIJO ascends the steps of pyramid near the rugs. In his hand is a parchment.*

OFFICER (*to MONASKA, WAPELLA and other prisoners*).  
Stand back, and hear the royal proclamation.

HAIJO (*reading*).

Know, all ye captives, who have proved your worth  
By warding off when in the brunt of war  
The stroke aimed well to fell you, know to-day  
This temple celebrates its yearly fête ;  
And hither wend the maidens of the realm.  
Commend yourselves to them, and woman's love  
Like that which gave our land its natural sons,  
Will make you sons of its adoption, sons  
And lovers, fit to claim their heart's devotion.  
For why should brave springs flow to waste, and  
not

Augment the channels of the nation's life ?—  
Go seek your cells, make ready, and come forth,  
And know the highest honors wait for him  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest  
number.

MONASKA (*to WAPELLA*).

There, there. I told you so.

WAPELLA. Well, we shall see——

MONASKA. That I shall wed the woman of my  
choice.

*Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—all the PRISONERS  
except WAPELLA.*

KOOTHIA (*aside, and looking toward MONASKA*).

What fools we are when we would read ourselves.  
He thinks he craves the honors promised him  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest  
number.

Alas, the one thing that his nature craves,  
Is not a number.

*Excunt—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA, followed  
by some of the SOLDIERS.*

(KOOTHA coming toward a PRIEST, to whom he  
*speaks*).

Ah! That proclamation  
Was worthy of the priest that penned it.

PRIEST. Why?

KOOTHA. Must be received with faith to seem a  
blessing;

And holds a promise that, whatever come,  
Will stand.

PRIEST. And be fulfilled.

KOOTHA. Oh, yes—in form!

But nothing like a priest's grip on a form  
To squeeze the spirit out of it.

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—WALOON.*

PRIEST. In that  
The promise pars with life; for nothing earthly  
Fulfills a promise just as it was given.

KOOTHA. Ay, while the eyes of hope are looking up,  
The devil trips the feet. But why should gods  
Make priests play devil?

<sup>13</sup> And go to him.

KOOTHA (*aside looking at HAIJO*).

Oh, no, no! After death  
I shall be freed, I think, from following him.

PRIEST (*noticing HAIJO advancing*).

Hold ; you may play die.<sup>13</sup>

(*The stage grows gradually brighter.*)

(*Exit—Left Front Entrance—KOOHA and other PRIESTS.*)

WALOON (*to HAIJO*).

Can it be true ?

HAIJO. What true ?

WALOON. Why, that the king

Will put Monaska to the maiden's test ?

HAIJO. Of course.

WALOON. Of course ?

HAIJO. Why not ?

WALOON. Because the king

Adopted him.

HAIJO. But you would not deprive

The captive of his rights ?

WALOON. His rights ?

HAIJO. What right

Can any man have grander than to be

A god ?<sup>14</sup>

WALOON. I love him.

HAIJO. Then, if he should be

The chosen of the gods, this would confirm

<sup>14</sup> WALOON. A few-weeks' god ?

HAIJO. Why, yes. You know  
The joy of life is in its quality,  
Not quantity. A heaven on earth—what is it



Your choice, and thus exalt both you and him.<sup>15</sup>

WALOON. I would not have him there. I wish him here.

HAIJO. If earth held all our souls could wish, no soul

Could ever wish for heaven.

WALOON. My heaven holds love.

And what thrives there thrives here, and has a right

To all things men can rightly let it have.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—the KING with ATTENDANTS.*

But having what one wishes?

WALOON. This is cruel.

HAIJO. There are a score or more of prisoners.

We need a man whose bearing can supply  
Attractions that will draw the souls of all  
Toward him and toward the god he represents.  
The surest way of choosing such a man  
Is this one which the royal will decrees.

WALOON. You know his beauty. They would all choose him.

HAIJO. Oh, no, no; none know that; and if they did,

Would it be just in us to fail for this  
To let him be the chosen of the gods?

WALOON. No,—of the maidens.

HAIJO. Of the maidens' love.

And what than woman's love is more like gods'?



WALOON (*to KING*).

Great sire, they plan to do a great wrong here.

KING. How so? It shall be righted.

HAIJO (*to KING*).

She would keep

Monaska from the test that makes him god.

KING. Oh—but—he has a right to it.

WALOON.

Yet, sire,

A right that wrongs your kindly pardoning him.

KING. Why, no, no! all our captives have that right.

WALOON. But, sire, he, he would be the choice of  
all.

WALOON. Oh, this is fearful, fearful! Think of me,

HAIJO. Of you?

<sup>15</sup> WALOON. But then he would belong—oh, not to  
me!

But to the world, and to the world of women.

HAIJO. The thought of that is not inspiring?

WALOON.

No.

And soon he would be gone——

HAIJO.

Among the gods.

<sup>16</sup> HAIJO. Save when the gods——

WALOON.

The gods I cannot see:

In front of me I only see a man.

HAIJO. Then pray the gods to give you light.

WALOON.

How can

I pray the gods to give me light, if those

That have been sent to lead me where it shines

Forever stand betwixt my soul and it?

KING. So much more reason he should have his chance.

WALOON. But I—I—love him.

HAIJO. If you loved him truly,  
You scarce would dare to stand between him,  
then,

And that which lifts him to the gods.

WALOON. You know  
I pleaded for his life.

(*Turning toward the KING.*)

You gave it him.

Now all of you seem plotting for his death.

HAIJO. Monaska had his choice.

WALOON. His choice?

HAIJO. Why, yes.<sup>17</sup>

(*The KING nods approvingly, and moves on with  
ATTENDANTS toward the pyramid.*)

WALOON (*to HAIJO*).

You told him all?

HAIJO. Oh, no, not all. Why should I?

WALOON. Then I will tell him.

HAIJO. When the priests enjoin it.

Till then, the only lips that can reveal

One temple-secret speak from realms of death.

And if as yet they have not entered these,

It will become our duty to transfer them.

<sup>17</sup> WALOON. When was it?

HAIJO. In the woods. "More blest," he cried,  
"More blest the short-lived moths that fly to flame

WALOON (*surprised and in solicitude*).

I cannot speak to him?

HAIJO. Speak all you wish.

But if he learn too much, he cannot hide it.

WALOON. Oh, cruel! I may speak—show all I wish—

Except what fills the fount from which it springs.

Can you not see what pain alone can keep  
The ever-swelling, surging, flood within?—  
Go bid the lake sleep on unheard, unseen,  
Whose tribute-streams are dashed from cataracts,  
Or waves are whirled by winds up toward the  
clouds——

HAIJO. Ah, has it gone so far?

WALOON. Oh, sire, too oft,

A mood but half expressed is all distressed.

What now is left my soul!

HAIJO. One course is left.

The surest way to keep from feeling things  
Is not to touch them.

WALOON. What were best for me,

Is not the question. I would ward from him

The fatal blight that follows woman's love,

Accurséd love, that makes the brightest eye

A sunglass through which heaven would wilt the  
soul,

Straight through a pathway lit by coming light  
Than long-lived worms that crawl through endless  
mire."

And by the very pleasure beauty gives  
 Mete out the measure of impending doom.

HAIJO. What will you do then?

WALOON.

Save him if I can.

*(Blast of trumpets, followed by music. The KING and ATTENDANTS arrange themselves on the rugs at the base of the pyramid. The gates backing at the Right are thrown open.)*

*Exit—Left Second Entrance, very hastily, WALOON.*

HAIJO *(aside)*.

Poor fool! She does not know the surest way  
 To guard her lover from the love of all  
 Is letting him alone. About the lips  
 Found sweet by merely one, all swarm like bees.  
 But let that one forsake him all forsake him.

*Enter—through the Gate backing at the Right  
 —Procession of MAIDENS and others,  
 bearing banners and wreaths and decorated  
 with flowers. All sing from the following:*

Where dwell the gods?  
 Where dwell the gods?  
 Oh, dwell they in the sky?  
 Or come they near in gloom or gleam  
 Of earth or air or wood or stream?  
 Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;  
 But, robed in all that teem or seem  
 Where eye can spy or fancy fly,  
 The gods are always nigh.

How speak the gods ?

How speak the gods ?

In thunder from the sky ?

In storms that o'er the cloud-banks pour,

Or dash in waves along the shore ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But not alone in rush and roar,

Wherever breeze or breath can sigh

The gods are always nigh.

How touch the gods ?

How touch the gods ?

Oh, reach they from the sky

Wherever airy fingers brush

The leaves that throb, the cheeks that flush ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But in the thrills that fill the hush

When naught without is passing by,

The gods are always nigh.

Where look the gods ?

Where look the gods ?

In glances from the sky ?

Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,

Or thrilling through the starry rays ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But in the looks that on us gaze

From out the love-lit human eye

The gods are always nigh.

*(While singing, the MAIDENS arrange themselves in line from Front to Rear at the Right of stage.)*

KING *(looking toward Left Second Entrance).*

And now bring forth the prisoners.

OFFICER (*standing near this entrance*).

They come.

KING (*gesturing with his right hand*).

Arrange them here in line.

*Enter — Left Second Entrance — CAPTIVES, and are marched and formed in a line at the Left between the pyramid and the Front of the stage. MONASKA enters last, and stands nearest the Left Front Entrance.*

*Enter—at the Left Front Entrance—WALOON, and stands at the Left of MONASKA.*

KING.

Now shall the eyes

Of gods above look through the brightest eyes

Whose glances light the earth, and whom those eyes

Adore the most, him too shall all adore.

(*The KING, looking at the CAPTIVES, converses with his ATTENDANTS.*)

(*The MAIDENS look at CAPTIVES, especially at those nearest the pyramid, and converse together.*)

WALOON (*to MONASKA, in a half whisper, and not observed by others except him*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*turning to her*).

What?

WALOON.

Look this way.

MONASKA.

Could I else?—

(*Gesturing and looking toward the MAIDENS.*)

Yet must I seek the favor of these maids.

WALOON. Is not the favor of one maid enough?

MONASKA. Enough and more—yet here——

WALOON. Confide in me.

MONASKA. Yes, wholly.

WALOON. Then be wholly what I wish.

MONASKA. Be what?

WALOON. One who will not attract attention.

MONASKA. Why, then——

WALOON. You might seem wholly mine.

MONASKA (*aside, looking toward other MAIDENS*).

I see—

O brightest hour of all my life!—I see  
 She loves—and love, if shorn of jealousy,  
 Drops half its charms, like maids whose locks  
     are clipped,  
 And better might be boys, or bald-head-babes.

WALOON (*taking him by the sleeve*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*aside, without looking at her*).

Now I heed her not. At times,  
 Deceit that spices daintily with doubt  
 The plain-served truth more seasons it to taste.

WALOON (*touching him again, and moving toward  
 Left—Front Entrance*).

Here—something this way I would have you see.

MONASKA (*looking at her, then speaking aside*).

I must not lose my chances with the maids.  
 And yet will humor her, and then return.



(*Turns toward WALOON and bows.*)

*Exit—at the Left Front—WALOON.*

The highest honors wait for him alone  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest  
number.

*Exit—at the Left Front—MONASKA.*

KING (*to the MAIDENS*).

Now to select your mates.

(*To the CAPTIVES.*)

Come forward, men.

(*To HAIJO, looking toward Left Front Entrance.*)

Saw you those two depart. She plans to tell  
him.

(*MAIDENS and CAPTIVES mingle and talk.*)

HAIJO (*to KING*).

She will not; no. She will not dare.

KING.

What then?

HAIJO. They will return.

KING.

But if they love?

HAIJO.

Then she

Will play the woman, try to fascinate

His eye, spell-bound till blind to charms of  
others.

KING. And he?

<sup>18</sup> Not here.

MONASKA. Then I shall have to dance alone.

WALOON. Why should you dance at all?

MONASKA.

Why?—Ask the leaves



HAIJO. He is a man. What man will barter  
Self-love for woman's love?

KING. He may.

HAIJO. If so,  
Some other will be chosen.

KING. He must be it.

HAIJO. Safe statement, sire! Small danger any  
man

Will waive his chances for the highest honor  
To please a heart whose love is won already.

KING. You may be right.

HAIJO. It might be well to send  
A message to remind him of his chances.

(To a MESSENGER, and pointing toward Left Front  
Entrance.)

Saw you those two retiring to the left.

Remind them of the royal proclamation.

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—MESSENGER.*

(*Music and dance in which CAPTIVES and MAIDENS  
join. As the dancing ends,*)

*Enter—Left Front Entrance—MONASKA and  
WALOON.*

MONASKA. You will not dance with me, Waloon?

WALOON. No, no.<sup>18</sup>

The reason why they vibrate in the breeze,  
Or ask the trees when swaying in the storm;  
Ask of the spray-drop leaping from the rill,  
Or up and down amid the waves at sea;

(*Trying to draw MONASKA toward the Left Front Entrance.*)

Monaska, do come this way—do,—I fear——  
MONASKA. You must not fear for me.

WALOON. You do not know——

MONASKA (*taking her hand*).

You tremble.

WALOON. Oh, love, do have faith in me!

MONASKA. And have I none? You tremble like  
a bird

That once I caught. Poor thing, I could not  
harm it,

So beautiful, so soft, with chirp so sweet!

WALOON. But if you look that way, you do not  
love me.

MONASKA. And am I everything to you that you

Ask of the circling smoke, tornado's cloud,  
The sun and moon revolving round the world.  
But when the throb of music beats the air  
And sets the currents of the breast in motion,  
Sweeping the bounding rills to rhythmic waves  
That dash like breakers through the heart and pulse,  
Ask not why every vein begins to glow,  
Each nerve to tremble, all the frame to heave,  
And to and fro to march, to leap, to dance,—  
Enough—if natural!—You check our nature,  
You lay your human hands upon the work  
Heaven meant for what it is; you are profane.

(*He makes motions of dancing.*)

Should fancy you are everything to me?

WALOON. And am I not then?

MONASKA. What a fire divine  
Must blaze within a woman's heart, who deems  
That her one form enkindled by its light  
Casts all things else in shade!

WALOON. Do men love less?

MONASKA. Nay, but have eyes for things they do  
not love.

And I, you know, am young, have seen not much,  
(*Looking toward MAIDENS again.*)

And nothing of these rites you know so well.

WALOON. That whets my fear. I know them all  
too well.

MONASKA. My nerves are sensitive to form and  
hue.

FIRST MAIDEN (*pointing toward MONASKA and speaking to*  
SECOND MAIDEN).

There comes another.

SECOND M. Where?

FIRST M. There with Waloon.

THIRD M. Oh, see!

FIRST M. We go to him.

SECOND M. No, no; not yet.

Look there at that one.

(*Pointing toward WAPELLA, who is near the Left Upper*  
*Entrance.*)

THIRD M. Which one?

SECOND M. That one there.

(*All three MAIDS move toward Left Upper Entrance.*)

A little flitting of the two but serves  
To irritate and make me itch for more.  
But let me once be free to bound and whirl  
And scratch my gaze upon them in the dance,  
What cures me will not scar below the surface.  
Yes; I have better avenues through which  
These outer visions reach the heart. Besides,  
That now is wholly filled. No room is left  
For more than one. Believe me, I speak truth.  
WALOON. I know—I do not doubt you, but——  
MONASKA (*laughing*).

You do.

Come, come, confess now. You are jealous of me.  
WALOON. Not so! No, you mistake me. Would  
the gods

Would tell you why, or let me tell you why!

MONASKA. You dare not tell me?

WALOON. Nay, I dare not; yet—

MONASKA. Then, let me know it.

WALOON. Come this way.

MONASKA. I will.

(*Aside, as WALOON moves toward Left Front Entrance.*)

May be some untold penalty awaits

The one who fails to win the maidens' favor.

(*Turns to follow WALOON, just as HAIJO reaches him, coming from the rear.*)

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

What, man, you fear not you are losing time?

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

When gaining something better?

HAIJO.

What is better?

MONASKA. The worth of time is measured like a  
gem's

Not by its bulk but by its brilliancy.

HAIJO. Just what I told Waloon you thought.

(*To WALOON who is listening.*)

Not so?

(*To MONASKA.*)

But you—you heard the royal proclamation?

MONASKA. I did.

HAIJO. And you would waive the highest honor?

MONASKA. For something else, could I not have  
them both.

HAIJO. And wherefore not have both?—

(*To WALOON.*)

You know, Waloon,

He can.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*).

I can, Waloon?

WALOON.

Have I not said?—

Will you believe?—

HAIJO.

This maiden, or the king?—

MONASKA. This maiden.

HAIJO.

Traitor!

MONASKA.

And the king.

HAIJO.

Prove that

By joining in the dance.—Come,—both together.

WALOON. Not I!

MONASKA (*aside to WALOON*).

Waloon, you need not fear for me,  
For if I venture in the dance at all,  
I dance to win.

WALOON (*anxiously*).

No, no; I meant——

(MAIDENS *gather around MONASKA and WALOON*.)

FIRST MAIDEN.

Come, come.

(*To WALOON*.)

And dance with us if not with her.

SECOND M. (*taking MONASKA by the hand*).

Come on.

THIRD M. Yes, come.

FIRST M.

You must.

THIRD M.

No backing out!

SECOND M. (*taking his hand*).

With me.

(*They drag him with them into the dance*.)

WALOON (*looking after him, as the music begins*).

Why did he not believe me? He is lost!

(*All the MAIDENS and CAPTIVES dance*.)

*Exit—Left First Entrance—WALOON.*

KING. Now, silence! Let the maids declare their  
choice,

Their chief choice, gathering round his figure  
whom

The god of love that looks through love-lit eyes,

The spirit that inspires love-throbbing hearts,  
 Finds dowered with dignity and manly grace  
 And beauty, and all heart-inspiring charms  
 That fitly can incarnate love's ideal.

MUSIC.

*(The CAPTIVES stand in a line at the Left of the stage; MONASKA not far from its front. The MAIDENS, march along the line of the CAPTIVES, and drop flowers or wreaths in front of MONASKA. Some drop them in front of others, but, seeing that MONASKA will surely be chosen, they take the flowers from others and cast them before him, and gather round him.)*

KING *(descending from his seat on the pyramid and taking MONASKA by the hand, pointing with his free hand toward the seat he has just left, at the same time bowing to MONASKA).*

Chosen of love, now bow we to your worth.

We yield to you, and lead you to your place.

*(All except the KING prostrate themselves before MONASKA.)*

MONASKA. You do me too much honor.

*(The KING bows, and shakes his head, while he begins to lead MONASKA toward the seat at the base of the pyramid. Just as they reach it,*

*Enter—at the Left Second Entrance—throwing up her hands in grief, WALOON.)*

WALOON.

Chosen ? Lost !

*The PEOPLE chant :*

Where look the gods ?  
Where look the gods ?  
In glances from the sky ?  
Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,  
Or thrilling through the starry rays ?  
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;  
But in the looks that on us gaze  
From out the love-lit human eye,  
The gods are always nigh.

CURTAIN.



## ACT THIRD.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act Second. The Gateway at the Rear open. Guards beside it.*

*Enter—Left Third Entrance—*KOOTHA.<sup>19</sup>

*Enter—through Gate—backing at the Right—*

MAIDENS, *talking loudly.*

KOOTHA. Hello! these belles of ours proclaim their presence

<sup>19</sup> KOOTHA.

If what the priesthood teach us be the truth,  
Ay, if the gods do everything, themselves,  
Why should they smut our mortal souls to stoke  
The fuel of their smoking fires on earth?

If they see everything, what need that I  
Play spy here to Monaska and Waloon?—  
Trail like a reptile's tail to prove them brutes,  
Where'er the love goes, which but proves them  
human?

The power that makes a man who would stand  
straight

Prostrate and prostitute his nobler nature,  
Sneak dodge, crawl, shadow spirits bright as  
theirs

As ever by their tongues. Oh, for a pipe  
 To pitch them to my tune ; ay, ay, a pipe  
 To blow them up with, make them flip, flap, flop  
 And whir for me, and stir the dust for me,  
 And make them all my puppets. I will try it.  
 Waloon might dodge away from them alive ;  
 But from Monaska, be there none to check  
 The love she bears him, she will have no chance.

May come from gods, but, if so, they have lent  
 This part of their dominion to a devil.  
 Perhaps they have—who knows?—The priesthood  
     claim,  
 When earth is dark, by contrast heaven is  
     bright—  
 How could a mortal ever guess the greed  
 Of gods for being glorified, unless  
 What made mankind had damned the most of  
     them  
 To show how good it could be saving others?—  
 How good !—Ah, strange how much would not be  
     thought  
 Were it not taught ! A plague on their presump-  
     tion  
 Who first began to teach, and teach religion !  
 As if, forsooth, the heaven would be all dark  
 Without our great lights of the temple here  
 To thrust their smoking torches toward it !—  
     bah !—  
 Well, well, who knows?—One thing, at least,  
     I know :  
 They sin who shove a man and maid together ;  
 And make it sin for them to touch each other.

FIRST MAIDEN. Oh, he is lovely!

SECOND M. An ideal god!

FIRST M. His form so graceful!

SECOND M. Yes, and so well built!

THIRD M. His touch so gentle!

FIRST M. Such a godlike flush  
On all his flesh!

THIRD M. And flowering in his cheeks!<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> FIRST M. He seems a spirit lured to gates of dawn  
That, venturing near the clouds when all aflame,  
Had been snatched up within their ardent arms  
And borne to earth with all their glow about him.

SECOND M. And from his lips that have not lost the  
tint  
Of daybreak yet, there breathe forth sweeter  
sighs

Than morning air brings when it drinks the dew.

FIRST M. Ay, ay, than morning air brings when it  
rings

With all the choruses of all the birds.

THIRD M. That warmth of welcome in his eyes  
too!

FIRST M. Yes,  
And fire behind them, fire that when one  
feels

The innermost recesses of the soul

Begin to——

KOOTHA (*interrupting her*).

Burn.—Confess they burn.

FIRST M. (*to KOOTHA*).

Who spoke

To you, uncouth one? Off!

KOOTHA. My, my ! how mighty fine my fancies  
are !

SECOND M. A woman's fancy may be near the  
truth.

KOOTHA. As near as fire to water. Yonder pool  
Is truth. The sunbeam it reflects is fancy.  
One water is, one fire. But, as you say,  
The flaming of his eye has turned the sap  
Once oozing from your useless lips to——  
(*Hesitating.*)

SECOND M. What?

KOOTHA. Why, flames turn sap to soft and sticky  
sirup——<sup>21</sup>

(*Continuing to other MAIDENS.*)

They rout the gloom  
Within the heart sure as the morning sun  
That spreads new glory o'er the darkened  
world,  
The while its fire-spied lances tilt the shades  
That fly afar, and leave our lives with  
heaven.

<sup>21</sup> Tell now which sweet lips were they that the  
god's

Were stuck to last ?

FIRST M. You heartless man ! You know  
We love the god.

KOOTHA. Oh, yes !—the god in man—  
The god it takes a woman's eye to see.

Which one of you was it, the god kissed last?

FIRST M. Is knowing that your business?

THIRD M. Just so!

KOOTH A. Oh yes,—the business of all men.

FIRST M. Why?

KOOTH A. Have you observed which maid it is that  
proves

The most attractive to the most men?

SECOND M. No.

THIRD M. Tell which?

FIRST M. Yes, tell us.

KOOTH A. Why, of course, the one

SECOND M. And what, pray, is it that men wor-  
ship?

KOOTH A. Oh,  
The thing that most men worship is themselves.  
Or, look they upward, then it is the god  
Most like themselves. You know religion's aim  
Is bringing gods and men together; so  
To many men that creed seems best, which best  
Makes out how mean and small a god can be.

SECOND M. (*saucily*).

Does that mean anything?

KOOTH A. You think not?

SECOND M. No.

KOOTH A. Not so? not so?—Come back then to your  
range—

Which one, etc.

The most attractive to the most of them.

Ha, ha!

*(Continuing, as they turn away in anger.)*

You see that most men are such apes

They never know which girl to go for next,

Until they see where some one else has gone.

SECOND M. *(sarcastically)*.

Aha! you think that we wish you, then?

KOOTH A.

Yes,—

Away from here. But, frankly now, my mind

Had stumbled on the impression that a maid

Looks on her lovers as a Toltec brave

On scalps: she likes to see them hanging on

Her neck—at least in presence of such mates

As make no conquests.

SECOND M. *(sarcastically)*.

Ah? and who are they?

KOOTH A. The town will find them out, some day,

I guess.

THIRD M. Not our fault, then?

KOOTH A.

Humph, what are women for?

And what are you about the temple for?

THIRD M. Go ask Waloon.

SECOND M.

Yes, yes, go ask Waloon.

KOOTH A. Ah, then, there is a favored one I see.

SECOND M. Did I say that?

KOOTH A.

You had no need. You know

A friend can heed the meaning of our thought

Though void of sound or gesture.

FIRST M. You a friend?—  
Drive off Waloon then.

KOOTHÄ. I?—a woman-driver!—  
But were she more the dove that he esteems her,  
And you still less old hens than you appear,  
I think you might find bills to settle with her,  
And raise a cackle that would make her fly.

(*Aside.*)

Ugh! I have roughed their feathers now enough.  
Poor, poor Waloon!—and yet her only safety.

*Enter—at the Left Second—WALOON.*

Ah, there she is herself.

FIRST M. (*noticing WALOON*).

Oh, here comes one  
That loves the god. How nice to love a god!  
SECOND M. But not so nice to pose as loving one,  
And only love a man.

FIRST M. You wait awhile.  
When they have spilt the spirit in that vessel,—  
Ay, when the blood is drained, it may not then  
Appear to her so rare and rose-like.

SECOND M. (*to WALOON, sarcastically*).

Ah,

You seem surprised?

WALOON. I am.

THIRD M. And grieved?

WALOON. And more.

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WALOON. I am surprised and grieved,



And more than this—to think that you are women.

KOOTHHA (*aside*).

Aha! Had not found out that fact before?—  
She knows it now, for they know how to prove it.

(*To the MAIDENS.*)

Come, come, be not so cruel. Be more gentle.

FIRST M. Are cruel, are we? If she like it not,  
She need not strike at our likes. Did she deem  
It kind to push between us and the god  
The wide-spread drapery of her greedy arms  
As if, forsooth, our hope were killed, and she  
A vulture feasting with foul wings aflap?

SECOND M. Nay, more, too, make us laughed at,  
slighted, scorned?

WALOON. I did not mean it so. This friend  
of mine.

Was mine before you chose him for the god.

FIRST M. Was yours?—and now you mean to keep  
him yours?—

And so your eyes are always dodging his  
To catch their glances? Did you turn your back,  
You fear he might forget you?

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO.*

*Exit—Right Second Entrance—KOOTHHA, as soon as  
he catches sight of HAIJO.*

HAIJO (*to the MAIDENS*).



Why, what can be the matter here?

FIRST M. Waloön.

SECOND M. Waloön.

THIRD M. Waloön.

FIRST M. She says the god is hers.

HAIJO. Of course, but not hers only.

FIRST M. Yes, hers only.

HAIJO. Oh, you mistook her.

THIRD M. No.

SECOND M. Is what she meant.

FIRST M. She called him "mine."

HAIJO. Meant hers?

FIRST M. Yes, hers.

SECOND M. Hers.

THIRD M. Hers.

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

Can this be true?

WALOON. I said my friend was mine

Before they chose him.

HAIJO. Ah, but they did choose him;

And now, according to the temple's law——

WALOON (*half weeping*).

You mean he is not mine, I know.

HAIJO. My child,

I hoped your training——

WALOON. Do not think that men

Can ever change our nature by their training.

Nay, clip, abuse, deform it as you may,

The weakest bush will bear its own flower still,  
And every heart the love life made it for."<sup>22</sup>

SECOND M. She keeps us from him.

HAIJO.

If she do this more

The law will interfere, and part them wholly.

*Enter—through the gate backing at the Right—*

ATTENDANTS, PAGES, PRIESTS, PRIEST-  
ESSES, *etc.*, *singing before a chariot in*  
*which MONASKA is drawn upon the stage.*

<sup>22</sup> HAIJO. Ah, so! You think!—Who taught you,  
pray, to think?

WALOON. My mind, sire, and the gods from whom it  
came.

HAIJO. Be careful, child; nor force us to use force.

WALOON. Ah, sire, sire, when you come to deal with  
thought,

The only influence force can have upon it  
Is to suppress but leave it still possessed.  
If error be in mind, it seems far better  
To let it out, and so be rid of it.

HAIJO. No need that we discuss that now! You  
know

The temple's law, that when one will would stand  
Against the general good, that will must yield.

WALOON. I was not speaking of my will, but heart.

HAIJO. Well, call it heart then. You have thrust  
your love

Between these maidens and the god. They claim  
The joy and profit of his intercourse.

*His head is crowned with flowers, and he  
thumbs a lyre-like musical instrument.  
All sing from the following :*

All hail the god ! All hail and laud  
The god we now enthrone,  
Whose realms extend, all bright and broad  
Beyond the seas and stars and aught  
That ears have heard, or eyes have sought,  
Or hands could ever own.

WALOON. They might have shared these with me.  
Never yet,

Have I been left alone with him.

HAIJO. And who  
Could claim exclusive rights when with the gods,  
Whose eyes see all, whose arms embrace the  
world,

And if incarnate for a time in man,  
How base in us to tempt their high, pure life  
Toward our low, selfish human love for *one* !

WALOON. Is that why we were watched ?

HAIJO. Did you not need  
A hint that others too had claims upon him ?  
What profit is it though a god may dwell  
In human form, if souls, whom else the god  
Would lure to love and draw to sympathy  
With heavenly thought and deed and light and  
life,

Be kept away from him by *one* like you ?

FIRST M. Just what we ask.

HAIJO. What all the wise would ask.

All hail the god ! All hail the god !  
 Upon the man we call ;  
 But bright behind the gaze we greet,  
 There gleams a glory yet to meet  
 Our souls beholding past the gloom  
 Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,  
 The god beyond it all.

All hail the god ! All hail and laud  
 The god we bow before,  
 Whose altar fires, while all are awed,  
 Are lit in souls that flash through eyes  
 That light for heaven itself supplies,  
 Nor could one wish for more.  
 All hail the god ! All hail the god !  
 Upon the man we call ;  
 But bright behind the gaze we greet,  
 There gleams a glory yet to meet  
 Our souls beholding past the gloom  
 Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,  
 The god beyond it all.

FIRST M. (*to MONASKA, as he descends from the chariot, while all bow to him*).

All hail the god !

SECOND M. All hail !

THIRD M. All hail !

<sup>23</sup> I like not hail-storms but the gentler sunshine.  
 (*Pushing through them toward WALOON.*)  
 Yet sometimes through the arch-bow of the  
 storm

FIRST M. (*noticing that he pays no attention to the salutations of the MAIDENS, although they are making every effort to attract his attention*).

All hail!

MONASKA (*glancing around rather scornfully<sup>23</sup> and taking WALOON by the hand*).

You do not speak to me.—Why this?—Why this?

WALOON (*gesturing toward the other MAIDENS*).

They chose you. They have claims upon you too.

MONASKA. Claims to my gratitude—I yield them these.

Claims to my love?—Ah, no.

HAIJO. And you will not

Accede then to their claims?

MONASKA. Their sex's claims

Are well acknowledged, as I think, by him

Who plights his whole soul's faith to one of them.<sup>24</sup>

Why, I would not insult these women so

As to suggest that love for one alone

Did not fill my whole heart to overflowing.

You seek here room for more?—Then you mistake.

Life enters on its heritage of hope.

<sup>24</sup> HAIJO (*gesturing toward the other MAIDENS*).

Nay; plight your faith to all of them.

MONASKA.

To all?—

(*Addressing the MAIDENS, who seem offended at his language*).

And can it be that I had not revealed  
The truth? Forgive me. I had meant to do it,  
The time has come to end your doubt?—I will.

Here stands the holy father. Here stand we.  
(*Looking toward HAIJO and taking WALOON's hand,  
then leading her toward the Right.*)

Yes, it is time our vows were made in public.  
What? what?—you hesitate?—you do?—you  
do?—

*Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA and  
WALOON.*

FIRST M. (*to HAIJO*).

And would we better follow?

HAIJO. Wherefore not?

The mood is on her now to thrust him off,  
And if she do but push him far enough,

What should he do but tumble then toward you.

*Enter—Through gate at the Right Rear—KING and  
ATTENDANTS.*

*Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MAIDENS.*

KING (*to HAIJO*).

How fares it with the god?

HAIJO. His heavenly mood

<sup>25</sup> KING. The egotist!

HAIJO. Yes, but we all are that.

The spirit, we are told, is made of air.

Is yet upon him.

KING. He does not suspect?

HAIJO. Not he—why, he was just now ordering  
me

To seal his vows, and wed him to Waloon.

KING. He does not deem it strange we honor him?

HAIJO. Each to his own conception is a god.

Proclaim him this, you but concede a claim

Long felt within. He knew it all before.<sup>25</sup>

KING. How to himself, does he explain the way

That all the maidens wait upon his wishes?

HAIJO. He thinks they deem him lord of all  
creation.

And so they do, forsooth. Their bearing proves it.

KING. He deems Waloon?—

HAIJO. His only, through and through.

KING. She never can be more completely his?

HAIJO. Impossible.

KING. The time to pluck a flower

Is just when in its bloom.

HAIJO. I think so, sire.

The hour has come to tell him of his fate.

A member of our nearer tribes would know it.

He knows it not. Waloon now shuns him. Look.

*(Pointing to Right.)*

Like air it is in this,—will force its way  
And feel full right to enter and possess  
Whatever space a crack or crevice opens.



And he must find excuse for this, or else  
May turn away from her, and seek another.  
If so, he may not always keep her love.

Besides, Monaska ought to know the truth—<sup>26</sup>  
KING (*looking and pointing to Right*).

I see him coming this way now.

HAIJO. With some  
Request, I warrant.

KING. Wise men do not greet  
A suppliant with too open hand and heart.  
Did gentleness not midwife his desires,  
His cries would sooner die for lack of nursing.  
And so I think they best refuse requests  
Who best refuse to hear them. Let us go.

<sup>26</sup> Is wasting time with her.

KING. Has naught to do  
With others?

HAIJO. No; and therefore should be told  
Our laws must part him from her.

KING (*looking and pointing to Right*).  
You are right.

<sup>27</sup> He never holds a steady eye to greet  
The look that rests on him. It seems as if  
He feared that one might spy within his brain  
Some secret that a dodging glance could shield.  
I fear the secret may concern Waloon.  
For ever when I lead her where I hope  
No mortal will be present to profane  
Vows fit for only gods to hear, some form,  
With eyes omniscient as a very devil's



*Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—KING and HAIJO.*

*Enter—Right Third Entrance—MONASKA.*

MONASKA. A generous mind is never loath to face  
The object of its benefaction. No;  
Had all that they have done been kindly done,  
They would not thus have turned their backs  
upon me.

That Haijo is no man to harbor trust.<sup>27</sup>

Just now, when here I came, he too was here.

We left him, and Waloon was deaf to me.

What drug to hearing poured he in her ear

To deaden nerves hereto so sensitive

To slightest whispers of my thrilling love

That hands, voice, lips and eyelids, all her frame

Went trembling like a willow in a wind?<sup>28</sup>

Incarnate in an earthly messenger,

Outspawns its fouling shadows on the light

Like night-shades to the lost who pray for day.

<sup>28</sup> It cannot be the cause is in herself.

Or is it?—May she merely pity me,

Whose life she saved, as thousands might be  
saved;

And, moved by pity still to note my state,

Thus hinder me from fully asking what,

If rightly answered, would but seal my doom?—

No, I have asked her fully—ay, and she—

Those eyes—ah, naught but light divine as  
love's

Could so illumine, so transfigure her!

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO.*

HAIJO. Alone, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes.

HAIJO. Alone? Alone?—

With all those maidens praying for your presence?

MONASKA. I dodged behind a tree, then, when they  
left,

Came here.

HAIJO. A valiant warrior!

MONASKA. Yes—with men.

HAIJO. With women?

MONASKA. He with her I think is valiant  
Who waives what would be force.

HAIJO. And runs away?

MONASKA. Why, yes, if otherwise he might be un-  
gentle.

HAIJO. Your waste of time does not yet weigh  
upon you.<sup>29</sup>

You craved for love.

MONASKA. Ay, and you promised it.

HAIJO. You have it.

<sup>29</sup> MONASKA. My what?

HAIJO. You chose a life not long, but brilliant.

MONASKA. If so——

HAIJO. Is brilliant now, but will be brief.

MONASKA. Be brief?——

HAIJO. Enough, I hope, to make you ply  
Your opportunities.

MONASKA. And what are they?

HAIJO. You craved for love, etc.

MONASKA. Have it?—No, I have it not.

HAIJO. Your heart must be a very glutton then.

With all these maids——

MONASKA. And what are they—to love?—

HAIJO. They chose you, yet you turn your back upon them.<sup>30</sup>

MONASKA. Chose me, and not I them.

HAIJO. You courted them.

MONASKA. Oh, no.

HAIJO. You sighed, you smiled, you sued, and wooed.

MONASKA. You overstate——

HAIJO. What made you leave Waloon?

MONASKA. I leave her?

HAIJO. You.—When, just before the dance,  
She talked with you aside, and begged you not.  
Were you so wholly satisfied with her,  
That was the time to show it.

MONASKA. But—the king—  
His proclamation, and the highest honor——

<sup>30</sup> MONASKA. But you know why: I turn my back on lust  
That I may turn my face to love.

HAIJO. Poor fool,

But one life can you live, and yet you lose it!

MONASKA. But one love can I keep, and I shall  
keep it.

HAIJO. Too bad you had not thought of that before.

MONASKA. Before?

HAIJO. Ay, ay, before the maidens chose you.

HAIJO. You have it now. You gained it leaving her.

MONASKA. I left her for a moment only.

HAIJO. So.

Great fires are kindled in a moment only

Where hearts are tinder, and a glance a spark.<sup>31</sup>

MONASKA. But how could I have known the choice meant this ?

HAIJO. Who knows the fruitage of the seed he plants?—

Like seed, like fruit.

MONASKA. The seed was very small.

HAIJO. The fruitage large?—Yet both were one in kind.

MONASKA. Nay, tho' my transient look went wrong,  
my feet

Have followed righteousness. Ah, sire, you know

The only harvests heaven can ever find

Unfold from germs dropped near enough to hell

To fear its heat and grow away from it.—

Why was it wrong to seek the highest honor ?

How could one know it could not come with her ?

HAIJO. You think that one small man's experience

Embraces in its clasp the whole broad earth?—

Nay, it is finite. Every path has limits.

<sup>31</sup> Why there——

MONASKA. Aha, those dusky robes of priests

Astride the broken beam of every ray

That bridged my prison's gloom have not been ghosts

Climb up to mountain-tops, you turn away  
From flower and verdure, spring and warmth,  
to dwell

With rock and weariness and thirst and chill.

MONASKA. Oh, this is preaching! And you promised me

A brilliant life——

HAIJO. Life brilliant far beyond  
Your highest hope.

MONASKA. Nay, nay, you promised love.

HAIJO. The choicest maidens of the realm are yours.

MONASKA. But not Waloon!

HAIJO. Is his experience then  
So strangely brilliant who is loved, forsooth,  
By one maid only?

MONASKA. It may not be brilliant,  
But like a star in heaven it fills with light  
One point—that where the gods have placed it.

HAIJO. You—  
Why, you are a sun round which mere stars revolve.  
Your dignity has larger, broader range  
Than gains fit homage from the love of one;—  
Which, if you have not learned, you should be taught.

MONASKA. And yield Waloon?

To haunt my love alone? They have been fiends  
To turn it to a curse.

HAIJO. Blame your own choice.



That what lifts up the one must lower the other?  
Why, when we reach the highest earthly place  
Must this be balanced by the spirit's fall?

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—other MAIDENS and  
WALOON, who is back of them.*

(MONASKA *continues—pointing to WALOON.*)

Wapella, there is heaven; and all the world,  
A world that will the more pollute my soul,  
The more I try to cross it, lies between  
Myself and it, and keeps me here in hell.

CURTAIN.

## ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*Interior of a room or hut hung with curtains, evidently used as a prison for MONASKA. Entrance at the Left Front. Curtain rising discloses MONASKA dressed in gorgeous apparel. He has on a garlanded head-dress and in his hand a large lyre-like musical instrument. KOOTHA, who apparently has just finished robing him, stands regarding him.*<sup>32</sup>

*Enter—from the Left—HAIJO.*

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Good day.

HAIJO (*motions to KOOTHA to retire.*)

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA.*

MONASKA. I have my doubts if it be good.  
Each time you come to me and call it so,  
Your coming makes me more your prisoner.

<sup>32</sup> KOOTHA. You seem a rising sun. Each time the  
crowd

Renew their gaze on you, your splendor grows.

MONASKA. And when, at last, they tone me to a  
pitch

That no new height of splendor can transcend,



HAIJO. Of course, if you will yield not to our ways——

MONASKA. If I gulp not the feast you gorge me on,  
And bury all my soul beneath the spoils  
Of foul and glutton appetite—why then  
I will not prove the bloated beast you wish.

HAIJO. We hope that you will prove a god.

MONASKA. What forms  
Your test of godhood?

HAIJO. What is it shall bring  
The spirit of the fair-god back to earth,  
When once again his white-winged vessels leave  
Their land of ease, and brave the sea for us?

MONASKA. I know not—What?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. Yes, yes,  
I see—perhaps I wronged you. You may light  
These fires of fierce temptation round me but  
To test my metal.—Have I triumphed then?

HAIJO. Triumphed? O'er what?—I spoke of sacrifice.

MONASKA. And I have sacrificed low love for  
higher.

HAIJO. You call that sacrifice?

To get more halo, will they burn me up?

KOOTH. Oh, no, not that!

MONASKA. How long now will it be  
Before this play will climax?

KOOTH (*looking towards Left*). Some one comes.

MONASKA. What? Is it not?—

To give up what is earthly for the heavenly?—

Turn from the serpent coiled within the loins

To follow in the flight of that fair dove

Whose wings are fluttering within the heart?

HAIJO. To turn from those you loathe to those you  
like?—

I did not speak of that.

MONASKA. Ah, not of that?

Of what?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. That sacrifice

Is due to self.

HAIJO. And if it be?

<sup>33</sup> HAIJO. May be, too,

That what you speak of, is too fine for some

To care to handle.

MONASKA. Care not for the spirit?—

What are your gods?

HAIJO. The sovereigns of our temple.

MONASKA. The outward temple only, not the in-  
ward?

HAIJO. You deem the sovereigns of the two may  
differ?

MONASKA. I do. I know of priests who judge of  
gods

Like altars by their gilding, to whose greed

One god in hand is worth a score in heaven.

MONASKA. Why, sire,  
You think to force my fate ; and if you do,  
There may be sacrifice, but not by self.

HAIJO. That does not matter.

MONASKA. Does not?—in a spirit—  
You would make godlike?

HAIJO. Should it? Why?

MONASKA. Because,  
Each time you try to mould a spirit's life  
With fingers grappling from the fist of force,  
You clutch but at the air, at what is far  
Too fine for force to handle.<sup>ss</sup>

HAIJO. May be, so.  
And you will not be ruled——

For every time they kneel to touch their puppet,  
It shakes to sprinkle gold-dust on them.

HAIJO. Hold !

Where were you reared to such impiety?

MONASKA. Where sun, moon, stars rained from the  
blue above

And flowers were fountained through the green  
below,

Where lights we knew not what, but they were  
heaven's,

Looked down on eyes that looked up from the  
earth,

And men, whatever might impel their souls,  
Were guided onward by a goal to mate it.

MONASKA.

By what you urge?—

I cannot.

HAIJO. Yet they chose you as their god.

MONASKA. Then it befits me like a god to live.

Oh, sire ! those are most worth our help on earth  
Whose eyes look up, and he who stands above  
them,

HAIJO. Ay, and by priests and prophets.—Tell the  
truth.

MONASKA. Yes, there were those who dreamed, and  
those who deemed

In darkness they saw forms that had been earth's,  
And heard their words, and they believed it true  
That there was life behind the sights we see.  
But those who stood the highest of the high,  
And knew our poet-king were taught to look  
Upon a God beyond the reach of men.

HAIJO. Beyond their reach, what were he worth !  
Young man,

You have your priests, your temples, ay, we know  
it,

And have but one religion.

MONASKA.

And we speak

One language too, but differ in the accent.

The language gives the passwords of the race,

The accent keys the culture of the home,

And some were welcome at the royal home.

HAIJO. And there were taught religion ?

MONASKA.

There we heard

The poems of our prince ; and prized them not  
Because his tongue controlled us, but his truth.

Would he fulfill their soul's ideal, must show  
A life worth while their looking up to see.

HAIJO. Well, then, prepare to die.

MONASKA.

To die?

HAIJO.

To-day.

MONASKA. Ye gods! I had not thought of that—  
so soon?

HAIJO (*contemptuously*).

Religion of a poet!—upside down  
And inside out, to fit each freak of fancy!

MONASKA. Religion of a man, sire. You would say  
One cannot see the spirit save through forms.  
Yet who can see through forms, except as these  
Obscure the spirit? Be it so, why, then  
Our king was right to bid us use our eyes,  
Yet not believe that what we saw was all.  
And what we cannot see, yet feel exists,  
We cannot think of, save as we imagine.  
And so the phase that best reports the spirit  
Is that of poetry,—so said our king.

HAIJO (*sarcastically*).

His was a vague religion!

MONASKA.

Not so vague

As that religion is whose forms befriend  
A life to which all laws within the soul  
Are foes. Our king with his one queen would  
never

Have sanctioned, much less led himself, a life  
Like that. Oh, something surely must be wrong  
When that which rules without rules not within.

HAIJO. And you will not be ruled,—etc.



So soon?—why, you had promised I should have  
My fill of love!

*Exit—Left—HAIJO, paying no heed to his words.*

MONASKA, *noticing this, goes on.*

What fool is more a fool—

What foe is falser—than one false to self?—

And false, forsooth, because of flattery—

Nor of the soul—but of this outward frame,

Frame destined for a shattered wreck to-day.

No, no!—not that—it cannot be! No, no;

It is against all nature I should die.

What have I lived for, if I am to die?

How sinks my heart within me! Frail, faint  
heart!

And it had so much life! I thought its thrills

The rilling of a fount whose brook should flow

Out to a sea of life, as wide as earth,

And upward to a golden clouded heaven.

Why, all my moods—they banner spring-time yet,

The buds but just unfolding, scarce a flutter

To balm the breeze with their sweet promises!

Must all be now cut off?—uprooted?—what?

The prickliest cactus clutches, at the last,

The flower toward which it grows; and shall these  
nerves,

All tender to the touch of life, so live

Themselves, so hungry to be fed, yet void

Of all with which hope pledged them to be filled—

Shall they be cheated out of this they craved?

Are all the visions of the fancy frauds  
 That fool our faith, anticipating joy  
 That never comes? Is that mysterious power  
 That prompts our lives to be, and pushes on  
 Toward what it promised them, so vilely weak  
 That, like a knave who fears to be outwitted,  
 It needs must lash and lure us with a lie?—  
 Yet now—O heaven! I will not so believe it.  
 I cannot; no.—

*Enter—Left—KOOHA.*

Here comes one who will tell me.

KOOHA (*to MONASKA, who looks at him sharply*).

Well, sire?

MONASKA. That priest has left me.

KOOHA. Yes, I see.

MONASKA. He says I am to die.

KOOHA. Most mortals do.

MONASKA. He says to-day.

KOOHA. Bad jobs are at their best

When nearest ended.

MONASKA (*in surprise*). You!—indifferent?

KOOHA. Same thing—am old.

MONASKA. And so are hard?

KOOHA No, soft;

Have learned to yield to what could not be  
 blocked

By my opposing it. I know no rose  
 That blooms but fades.

MONASKA. Yet men——



KOOTHA.

Oh, yes, yes, men

Are different, I know. I know, for men

Not only fade but worse—

MONASKA (*distressed*).

Why picture it?

KOOTHA (*intentionally harsh*).<sup>34</sup>

I own no pigment dull or vile enough.

MONASKA. You deem these foul drafts bitters fit  
to whet.

An appetite for death? Man, I am young.

KOOTHA. Be thankful, then, that you have not  
grown old,

Worn out, diseased and full of pain.

MONASKA.

To think

<sup>34</sup> I own no pigment dull enough.—You know  
What human life is?—all a fight of soul  
To keep the body sweet,—a fight a bird  
Or beast knows nothing of. A babe when  
born

Is dipped in water; every following day  
Is dipped again. If not, ere long will come  
Disease and death, and, when a mortal dies,  
His fellows all thank heaven that they have  
hands

To keep the fight up for him; for, if not,  
Be he not burned or buried in a jiffy,  
The air of heaven may find the spirit sweet,  
But not the air of earth—pugh!—well he left  
it!

MONASKA. You judge of men by their outsides.



That all this glowing blood within these veins  
Should be spilled out, before my soul has drunk  
The pleasure that is in them.

KOOTHÄ. When thus drunk,  
The veins will be exhausted, have no stock  
To treat the sense with longer; and the soul,  
Intoxicated with the joys of earth,  
Will be too heavy weighed to rise above them.<sup>35</sup>

MONASKA. Nay; not of low desires I spoke. I  
meant

That I had never tasted love.

KOOTHÄ. Then you  
Have never found it bitter.

MONASKA. Cynic!

KOOTHÄ. Oh, no!

Some of our people here so love a man  
They feast upon him. Who, pray, could know  
more

Of his insides? They say—their sense is  
trained—

That nothing ever tastes as much like man  
As what, say, has like tastes,—a boar.

MONASKA. Enough!—

<sup>35</sup> MONASKA. But I——

KOOTHÄ. The worst of prisoners is a soul  
Severed from its own realm by appetite  
That lets naught pass that pays no toll to greed.  
Mere soulless brutes are better than are men  
With souls that love but that which they can lust for.

KOOTHHA.

One

Must be what earth has made him.

MONASKA.

Let me die

Before I learn a lesson sad as that!

KOOTHHA. Wise prayer! Ay it is mercy lets us die

Before our souls decay—makes life more sweet

To those who have to live it with us here.

MONASKA. No, no! You do not understand—

Waloon——

KOOTHHA. I understand the world. It frames her  
soul,

And yours, and souls in this world fit their frames.

MONASKA. You deem my disposition too despotic

To be appeased by service of her love?

Yet not myself I think of, but of her.

KOOTHHA. Think of her as she is then.

MONASKA.

How is that?

KOOTHHA. A woman.

MONASKA.

What, pray, is a woman?

KOOTHHA.

What

Is made to woo a man.

MONASKA.

What man?

KOOTHHA.

What man?——

Why, any man.

MONASKA. You villain, to say that!

KOOTHHA. Humph! I have seen the world, and  
tell you truth.

You deem the truth is villainy?—it is—

The truth about this world.

MONASKA. You think Waloon——

KOOTHATH. Will mourn you?—Yes, a while; but  
woes like hers

Are troubles which a kindly Providence

Will always raise up some man who can cure.

MONASKA. Waloon—I must believe she knows  
this now——

Has made a solemn vow, if aught should come

To me, to serve as priestess in the temple.

KOOTHATH. Oh yes; oh yes; with you to be her god.

MONASKA. Sad, lonely servitude!

KOOTHATH. Oh, no.

MONASKA. With none

To love?

KOOTHATH. But there are others there.

MONASKA. What for?

KOOTHATH. To represent the god.

MONASKA. You mean——

KOOTHATH. Oh, no!—

No, not this week, nor month, not that, not that.

But when the time comes—when this lonely soul

Desires content, and cannot leave the place

Without dishonoring herself and us——

MONASKA. Your evil mood is master of your  
thought——

KOOTHATH. Say, makes my conscience conscious that  
no law

Can legislate the devil out of life.

You block a maiden of one lover——

MONASKA.

Knave!

KOOTHA. Nay, some would call him both a knave  
and brute—

Who failed to make her seem less lonely.

MONASKA (*angrily*).

The king

Would not permit this.

KOOTHA.

No?

MONASKA.

He would?

KOOTHA.

You see—

The king—he chiefly represents the god.

MONASKA. What?—I have heard he loves her.—

Can this be

A plot of his to get her, will or nill?

You mean to say——

KOOTHA.

I do not need to say it;

I think a man might, if he had some sense,

Put two and two together.—Times will come

When they two will be two together. Humph!

One ought to guess the rest.

MONASKA.

And ought to swear

To level every wall that can shut out

The sun that brings to light man's every act—

The only weapon that can ward off ill

From souls allured to wrong through secrecy.—

And you—what cause had you to hint this to me?

KOOTHA. You thought Waloon would suffer——

<sup>36</sup> KOOTHA. Dishonored.

MONASKA. Why, you seem a priest?

MONASKA. So she will.

A thousand deaths were better for her.

KOOTH A. Whose?—

(*Insinuatingly.*)

You mean the king's?

MONASKA (*suddenly changing his manner*).

Are you a native here?

KOOTH A. Not I.

MONASKA. Of what tribe then?

KOOTH A. Sh—sh—of yours.

MONASKA. Mine? mine?

KOOTH A. I said it—captured years ago.

MONASKA. And here? <sup>36</sup>

KOOTH A. Enslaved.

MONASKA. You wish me?—

KOOTH A. You alone,

Of all the captives we have ever taken,  
When tempted, have not let them drain your veins  
Of healthful soul-strength, to inject therein,  
In place of it, their foul sense-fevering virus.

MONASKA. And you would save me?

KOOTH A. Do you think a man  
Can save a god?—It is the god saves men.  
You see this point here?

(*Pointing to a sharp protuberance on one end  
of the musical instrument carried by*  
MONASKA. MONASKA examines it.)

KOOTH A. I am what priests would be, did they believe  
In being what they seem,—a man yet not a man.

I have known a man

Who had no weapon——

MONASKA. Yes, I see the point!

KOOTHA. A time will come when you stand near  
the king.

If then you choose to give a benediction,  
The people's eyes will all be looking downward;  
And if there be confusion, and some gate  
About the pyramid be open, then

Quick feet might pass it, ere they could be tript.

MONASKA. When is it that I stand so near the  
king?

KOOTHA. Just when he bids you give this lyre to him.

MONASKA. And I will give it!—What comes just  
before?

KOOTHA. Our adoration.

MONASKA. What just after?

KOOTHA. You

Begin to mount the pyramid. Meanwhile,  
Keep dropping off you, one by one, your robes.  
The king takes first this lyre, and Haijo next  
Your head-dress; then, the other priests the rest.

MONASKA. Till everything be taken from me?

KOOTHA. Yes.

MONASKA. Before the people?—an indignity!

KOOTHA (*sarcastically*).

They will have done your spirit so much honor,  
It will be too much honored for this body.

MONASKA. You mean the body will be too dis-  
honored

For any spirit to remain in it.

KOOTHA. Oh, not dishonored ere the godship leaves.—

Then what does flesh devoid of god deserve?

MONASKA. Damnation, if devoid of godship mean  
Devoid of spirit to defend the flesh.—

And so they kill me?

KOOTHA. In the end they do.

MONASKA. They mutilate me first?

KOOTHA. That lasts not long.—

You are to see Waloon now.

MONASKA. See Waloon?

How cruel both to her and me!

KOOTHA. Oh, then,

If you wish not——

MONASKA. Nay, but I do—and you—

You are to watch us, as has been your wont?

KOOTHA. Why—?

MONASKA. It will be my final word with her.—

Were you to be a god, what would you give

To speak that word and not be overhead?

KOOTHA? Eternal benediction.

MONASKA So will I.

Or god or spirit, here I pledge you it.

KOOTHA. I shall not overhear.

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA.*

MONASKA (*soliloquizing*). One hope is left.

I have the lyre—



(*Making motion of using lyre as a weapon.*)

Can give it to the king.<sup>37</sup>

(*Looking toward the Left.*)

But ah,—she comes. I must not think of self,  
But of this better self. If any soul  
Had ever need yet to believe in God  
Through a belief in man, that soul is hers.

*Enter—Left—WALOON and KOOTHA, who bows to*

MONASKA.

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA.*

WALOON. Monaska.

MONASKA. Here I am, Waloon.

WALOON. You know

The truth?

MONASKA. I do. Oh, love, but it is hard.  
You knew it all these days?

<sup>37</sup> Though I may die, I need not leave Waloon  
To her worst enemy,—that spider-soul  
Bating his web of lust with my pure love,  
And, for his foul embrace, entrapping thus  
The vainly fluttering wings of her fair spirit.

<sup>38</sup> MONASKA. A fool that I have been. But who could  
think

Humanity could be so base?

WALOON. Be what?

MONASKA. So base, so devilish.

WALOON. Who has been this? when?

MONASKA. Who? when?—Why, everybody.—You  
must know?—



WALOON. I feared—

MONASKA. It was

For this I deemed you jealous of me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. A fool that I have been.<sup>98</sup> I, all my life,

Have served a spirit larger than myself.

These limbs but fit it on a single side,

Their utmost only half what it would have.

And now, athrill with spirit-arms that stretch

Up toward the heavens and onward toward  
heaven's love,

My balanced being had embraced in you

That other side. We are not two, but one.

And—think—to part two factors of one life

Is murder—not of body but of spirit.

WALOON. Monaska — what?— Monaska, are you  
mad?

The king?—this Haijo?—

WALOON. No, what is it then?

MONASKA. They are to kill me ; and you had not  
heard?

WALOON. But you are god!

MONASKA. What, what?—you say this? you?

And you believe it right that I should die?—

WALOON (*in surprise and reproach*).

Monaska!

MONASKA. Have I no friends left? not one?—

Not even you?—you wish to kill me too?

WALOON. No, no, not that—

MONASKA. I, all my life, Waloon, etc.

MONASKA. Not yet, not quite.

WALOON. But think—you are the god.<sup>39</sup>

MONASKA. To hear you say so, I could think it too.

Thank heaven, thank heaven! But if I leave you here,——

WALOON. I still will love you—serve you in the temple.

MONASKA. Nay—say not that!

WALOON. I must though—if I love you.

MONASKA. You must?—and why?

WALOON. Because their souls are cursed

Who loved the god, and serve not in the temple.

MONASKA. Is that what they have taught you?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. A part

Of that instruction which they call divine?

(WALOON *nods*, and MONASKA *talks aside*.)

I thought so!—and they say they make me god.

No, no; they make me devil!—Would they could!

What happy hours in hell would heat the hate

My heart could hurl at what they call divine!

<sup>39</sup> MONASKA. Do you believe this?

WALOON. I?—why should I not?

MONASKA. Have always heard it, eh?—and most of us

Commune with reason through our memory;  
And not the work of our own minds we heed,

WALOON. What said you?

MONASKA. Said I? said I?—It was naught  
But practicing to be a god. You know  
A coming glory casts a glow before it.  
Those who shall be the lords of fowldom gobble  
A gobble at times before their gills are grown.

WALOON. You seemed in anger.

MONASKA. So are gods at times.—  
They think of men.

WALOON. Of women too?

MONASKA (*changing his tone*). Oh yes;  
Of women:—they are said to be in bliss.  
Waloon, you love me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. Will always love me?

WALOON. I will.

MONASKA. Then if a devil come to you,  
In human shape, and say he represents me,  
Swear you will not believe him—though the  
king!

WALOON (*startled*).

What can you mean?

MONASKA. Believe him, I will damn you—  
Not only I—but all the gods there with me.

But rôte-repeated phrases framed by others.—

Do you believe me then to be a god?

WALOON. You must be.

MONASKA. Your god, yours, Waloon?

WALOON. My god.

(WALOON *draws back in fear.* MONASKA'S *tone changes.*)

Waloon, are you afraid of me, Waloon?

WALOON (*hesitatingly*).

Why—no—

MONASKA. I have a last request to make.

I have to die in public,—is that so?

(WALOON *bows in affirmation.*)

They strip and mutilate me first?

WALOON. You mean

When—when they tear your heart out?

MONASKA (*in horror*).

Tear?—what, what?—

While I am living, feeling, tear my heart out?

WALOON. Oh, do not speak of it! It—let me rest.

(*Almost swooning, and seating herself.*)

MONASKA. You faint!—Oh, horror!—and for me, Waloon?

(*Bending over her, and talking huskily and rapidly.*)

We have but one brief moment more together.

(*Trying to rouse her, and succeeding.*)

Wake!—there is one thing you must promise me.

When I am gone—their ghastly deed been done—I wish you to recall me as I am,—

<sup>40</sup> MONASKA. Swear it. So your soul,  
As I depart this life, may draw mine own

One fit for all things almost, save to die,  
 Each factor, organ, limb of me complete,  
 And, at this moment, hot against the fire  
 Blazed through me by your love-enkindled eyes,  
 No sinew but is trembling with the draft  
 Of that delicious flame; and yet none too  
 Not strengthened by a power divine like that  
 Propelling all creation,—I am god,  
 Not man. Nay, nay! Remember me as god.  
 You must not see that unveiled, writhing frame  
 Weak, color-void, save where the death-blood  
 dyes it.

Waloön, you must not be there. I shall writhe  
 More like a god to know you are not there.—  
 But go you where we met first—in the woods—  
 You know the place—to me the holiest place  
 My life has ever known! Waloön, go there.  
 Oh, swear to me you will.—My soul will swear  
 To meet you.

WALOON. What?

MONASKA. By all that makes me god,  
 In form, perchance, in spirit certainly.—  
 Will you, Waloön?

WALOON. I——

MONASKA. Swear it.<sup>40</sup>

WALOON (*lifting up her hand*). I—

MONASKA. Thank heaven!

Off in the current of that sympathy  
 Forever sweeping from my life to yours,

*Enter—Left—KOOHA.*

KOOHA. Your time is up.

MONASKA. Farewell, Waloon.

WALOON. Farewell.<sup>41</sup>

*Enter—Left—HAIJO with two ATTENDANTS.*

MONASKA (*to WALOON*).

Things may turn brighter than you fear, Waloon.

WALOON. Could they be darker? Oh, my god,  
my god!

(*She bows before MONASKA, clinging to his hand.*)

KOOHA (*to HAIJO as he points to WALOON*).

Note how complete is her devotion, sire.

HAIJO (*to KOOHA, but at the same time motioning to WALOON*).

Remove her.

(*Pointing to MONASKA and speaking to the ATTENDANTS.*)

Lead him forth.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*). Farewell.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*). Farewell.

Away from ways where human wills outwit  
The wisdom that has made earth what it is,  
To where, in that true temple of the spirit,  
The winds are whispering what men know not of,  
And flower and leaf are trembling like the heart  
That feels the presence of the power divine.—  
There go I, darling—you?

WALOON.

I too, etc.

MONASKA. Do not forget—we meet where only gods are.

WALOON. Yes—there.

MONASKA. Have faith and hasten.

WALOON. Yes, farewell.

*Exit—Left—WALOON.*

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Now comes the hour in which you triumph.

The people at the temple wait for you

To do you adoration.

MONASKA (*lifting up his hands*).

With their hands?

HAIJO (*also lifting up his hands*).

To lift your spirit to the skies.

MONASKA. You think

I crave that?

HAIJO. Most men would.

MONASKA. A wingless hand

Lifts only to a wingless height. A rôle

Not past the common reach of common men

Cannot incite uncommon aspiration.<sup>42</sup>

CURTAIN.

<sup>41</sup> Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter word farewell,

So bitter when the lips belie the heart

That knows too well that life will not fare well.

<sup>42</sup> Lead me on.

*Exi.—at the Left—MONASKA, led by the two ATTENDANTS.*



HAIJO *to* (KOOTHA).

How does he seem to take it?

KOOTHA. Just like a god when made by man; or, if

You like not that, a man when made by a god.—

Is there much difference between the two?

HAIJO. And how Waloon?

KOOTHA. She thinks as all the world do;

So lives enough in hell to please a priest.

HAIJO. You villain!

KOOTHA. Yes, I always do your bidding.

HAIJO. I yet will rip your robes, and turn you  
off.

KOOTHA. Oh, no, no! Am too useful to you here.

HAIJO. Your usefulness is at an end.

KOOTHA. Oh, no.

Have learned too much of you.

HAIJO

*(who has moved toward the Left, as if to exit,  
turning about suddenly).*

What said you then?

KOOTHA. That I could prove so useful here to others.

HAIJO. Ungrateful cur!

KOOTHA. Nay, do not say ungrateful.—

Nay. I am thankful for what you have taught  
me.

HAIJO. My curses on you!—To the sacrifice!

*(HAIJO moves towards the Left Entrance.)*

KOOTHA *(aside)*.

The two things go together. And how kind,

When one has curses loaded on him so,

To let him load them on another!

HAIJO *(turning toward KOOTHA suddenly)*.

What?

Away.



*Exit—at the Left—KOOTHA.*

His insolence must end, or I  
Must find a way to put an end to him.

*Exit—at the Left—HAIJO.*

SCENE SECOND:—*Same as Scene in Act Second.*

*Enter—through the gateway,—in a procession marching to the music of the orchestra, ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, MAIDENS, PAGES, HAIJO, the KING, MONASKA sitting in his chariot, and apparently playing his lyre, and, near the chariot, KOOTHA. WARRIORS end the procession, and station themselves near the gates to guard them. They are not closed. The ATTENDANTS and PRIESTS station themselves at the Right of stage facing Left; the PRIESTESSES and MAIDENS at Left of stage facing Right. The PAGES in Front of pyramid. MONASKA descends from chariot and stands beside HAIJO, facing the pyramid. KOOTHA stands nearer the gate. The KING ascends the pyramid a few steps, and, standing in front of the rugs forming a seat near the base of pyramid, faces the audience. The following is then chanted:*

Oh, not what life appears to be,

Is what in life is true.

Inveiled behind the forms we see

Are things we cannot view.

What but the spirit working through

The guise men wear to what they do

Reveals the force that, foul or fair,  
Awakes and makes the nature there.

The sunshine shows the worth of suns,  
The moisture, of the shower ;  
The stream, of rills from which it runs,  
The fragrance, of the flower ;  
And, oh, the spirit when it springs  
Above the reach of earthly things,  
As fall the limbs that feed the shrine,  
Reveals the life to be divine.

(HAIJO *ascends the pyramid a few steps, and  
stands beside the KING facing MONASKA,  
who mounts a lower step and whom  
HAIJO's hands can touch.*)

THE KING. Now once again, unveiled for mortal  
gaze,

Immortal mystery and man have met.

The heavens bend low to touch the earth, and  
earth

Is lifting up its longing hands to heaven.

HAIJO (*lifting both hands*).

Oh, ye that dwell less in the earth and sky

Than in the meditations of the mind,

We thank thee that the power of old imposed

On ministers of earth can downward call

(HAIJO *here places both palms on MONASKA's head.*)

Upon a form in fashion like their own

The presence of the gods' own power above,

Till in a human form it sits enthroned.

*(As he utters the last words, the KING takes MONASKA by the hand. MONASKA mounts the pyramid between the KING, who is at his right as he turns to face the PEOPLE, and HAIJO who is at his left. The moment MONASKA stands on the step between the KING and HAIJO, both the latter and all the PEOPLE kneel, while all chant the following :)*

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the sun that brings the light,  
All hail the rays that shower,  
And wake the barren wastes of night  
To germ and leaf and flower.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the life behind the sun,  
All hail the gods that dwell  
Where men whose earthly race is run  
Are borne, and all is well.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won!

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the form of him who dies,  
All hail the soul that wends  
Up through the skies, and onward hies.  
All hail the gods, our friends.

*(The stage grows darker, indicating an approaching storm.)*

KING *(rising, as do all the PEOPLE)*.

Now comes the deed that all the gods await,  
The final act of solemn joy that gives  
The life we prize to those that reign on high.  
But ere his lyre be given to the king,  
Let those appointed for the sacred task  
Be led here to conduct their holy charge  
On his most holy way.

*(HAIJO moves, as if to descend the pyramid, but stops, and turns back upon hearing the voice of MONASKA.)*

MONASKA *(to KING.)* Your majesty?—

Sire, may I ask?—

KING. What would you?

MONASKA.

A request

If I may speak.

HAIJO *(to KING)*.

Sire, he needs nothing.

MONASKA (*to KING*).

Slight

The last request of him who is your god?

KING (*to MONASKA*).

Say on.

MONASKA. I merely thought, sire, that my spirit,  
To be inspired the better toward the light,  
Should gaze upon yon rising sun; but here  
It cannot,

(*Pointing toward the gateway at the Rear.*)

KING.

Not?

MONASKA (*motioning toward the guards between the  
pyramid and the gateway.*)

Could these but step aside!—

KING (*to an OFFICER at his Left*).

Yes, let the guards there stand aside, nor hide  
The sunlight from the sacrifice.

HAIJO (*to KING, making a gesture of dissent*).

But, sire—

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

I seek this of the king.

KING (*hesitating, and looking from MONASKA to  
HAIJO, then addressing the OFFICER again*).

As Haijo wishes.—

You need not give the order.

(*To HAIJO.*)

Now proceed.

Let those appointed for the sacred task  
Be led here to conduct their holy charge  
On his most holy way.

(HAIJO descends the steps of the pyramid.  
*Those about separate to let him pass them.*  
*Exeunt—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO,*  
*followed by procession of PRIESTS. A*  
*sudden peal of thunder with lightning.)*

MONASKA (*to KING, availing himself of the general  
 alarm at the suddenness of the peal*).

You dare deny me?

The gods have joined me in my last request.  
 Beware, lest by the charm yourselves invoke  
 These gods, that you but half believe in, check,  
 In ways that pride like yours deserves, the  
 course

And curse of most foul infidelity.

KING. Well, well, it matters little.

(*To OFFICER, and gesturing toward the gateway.*)

Officer,

Give orders that the guard there stand aside.

(OFFICER moves toward the gateway and ges-  
*tures. The GUARD move toward the Right*  
*KOOTH takes a station between the pyramid*  
*and the gateway. KING continues to*  
 MONASKA.)

Now are you ready?

MONASKA. If the man be naught,

Let not the spirit that you deem divine  
 Depart, ere it invoke the powers above  
 To rest in endless benediction here.

KING. This proves how wisely you were chosen god.—

(To PEOPLE.)

Prepare, ye people, for a benediction  
Which he whom all men worship now vouchsafes.

(PEOPLE kneel, and bend their heads. MONASKA, lifting one hand, motions to the GUARD near the gate that they too kneel. KOOTHA, by motions, seconds his wish, bidding them all kneel down, which they do, bending their heads forward, and casting down their eyes. They are in front of the gateway, with their backs toward it.)

MONASKA (noticing that the KING is still standing).

I would include you too, sire.

KING.

Me?

MONASKA.

You too—

(The KING kneels. While he is doing so, MONASKA lifts both hands and says—aside.)

Now pray I on, until the heavens all flash,  
Then trust in them to end it, peeling down  
Their own high benediction on myself.

(To the PEOPLE in a slow, loud manner.)

This is—my—benediction—for the people.

(Bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder. MONASKA hurls the lyre down upon the head of the KING, then flies past KOOTHA behind the SOLDIERS, and through the gateway backing at the Right.)



KING. Help, help!

KOOTHATHA (*running toward KING and motioning GUARDS to do the same*).

What is it?

KING (*to OFFICER, who is bending over him*).

He has murdered me,

KOOTHATHA. Oh, murder, murder!

(*To the GUARDS.*)

Shut the gates. Let none

Escape.

(GUARDS *hasten and close the gates backing at the Right.*)

OFFICER. Where is he?—Stop him.

KOOTHATHA (*standing on a step of the pyramid at the Back Center and looking toward the Right*).

Ah! too late!

CURTAIN.



## ACT FIFTH.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act First. The darkness of an approaching storm.*

*Enter—from the Left—*WALOON.

WALOON.<sup>43</sup> The voice of thunder?—Can it be that he

<sup>43</sup> WALOON. Yes, yes, it is the place. No doubt of that.  
Yet, in the dark, is all so vague and wild.  
How the whole air is weighted with the gloom !  
Even to draw it in, my lungs, o'ertaxed,  
Would rather choose not breathe than bear the  
burden.

These clouds are curtained like a funeral pall,  
Fit funeral pall, round my dear dying hope.—  
My dying hope?—Oh, selfish, cruel soul,  
To think of it when, even now, perchance,  
That dear, dear heart, so eager-spiced by love,  
Whose each pulsation, like a paddle's beat  
Seemed furthering some canoe's o'erladen prow  
Where it should rest and empty at my feet ;—  
That dear, dear heart, so pliant to my wish  
That, at my lightest breath, the brightening  
smiles

Would open round his lips in hues as fair

Would speak to me through that?—No, not through that.

Not he!—He loves me.—Yet he may have changed.<sup>44</sup>

I almost had forgot he is a god.

Though what would gods be for, if man were good?

And if he be not good, what are they for,  
Except to punish him?—and am I doom'd?—

Why not?—Is not my spirit in rebellion?

It may be not the god in him but man,  
The man they rightly killed, that tempted me  
To leave the temple and to wander here.

And now the god, then prisoned in the man,  
May wreak his vengeance on me.

*(Thunder.)*

Hark—again!—

And rain too! I must find a shelter. What?—

*(Looking toward the Left.)*

As rosebuds parted by the breeze of May ;  
That dear, dear heart, the germ of all he was—  
The sweetest outgrowth of the sweetest life  
This earth has ever molded into form ;  
To think that even now a heart like that,  
Its nerve-roots quivering in their agony,  
Is being torn out from the bleeding breast  
As if some foulest weed that could pollute  
A soil that, just to hold it—that alone—  
Is more than sacred ! Oh, how can the heavens

Can they be soldiers?—Can I be pursued?

*Exit—at the Right—WALOON.*

*Enter—from the Left—TWO SOLDIERS.*

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

FIRST SOLDIER *(looking toward the Right)*.

A woman, I am sure.

SECOND SOLDIER. If so, not he.

No noise!—Were he to think himself pursued  
He might escape us.

FIRST SOLDIER. That could never be.

The woods are wholly circled by us now;  
And him we know to be inside.

*(Moving toward the Right Upper Entrance.)*

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

SECOND SOLDIER *(looking earnestly toward the Right  
Upper Entrance, but moving toward the Left)*.

This way!

I saw a form there coming; and the price  
Of capturing by surprise is keeping silence.

Be so unjust? Far better not to think  
Than think but of that fearful, bleeding vision.  
Would, would that I could veil it out—but no!

<sup>44</sup> Some tell us that the fairest forms on earth,  
Most full of mirth and softness and caress,  
Whose mildness tames life's wild, coquettish blood  
Leave in the tomb their loveliness and charm,  
And go thence, fiends.—And he?—no, no, not  
so!—

FIRST SOLDIER. Ay, you are right. No wise men  
spring a trap

Till sure their prey is in it. We withdraw.

*Exeunt—at the Left—*TWO SOLDIERS.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—*MONASKA.

MONASKA *(soliloquizing)*.

At last, the place ! I feared I should be lost,

So many in pursuit, and everywhere,

Before, behind, on every side of me,

Who know the ground so well, and I so ill !

Strength speeds the feet, but knowledge aims the  
bow,

And where the one but just begins the race,

The arrows of the other cleave the goal.

Who could have thought so many cross-roads  
here

And short-cuts to a pathway well-nigh straight ?

At last, I seem now to have dodged the foe ;

And if I find Waloon—what then ?—I fear

We might attempt escape in vain.—Perchance

It may be best that she should not be here,

To die disgraced if found with me—no, no ;

<sup>45</sup> What sanguine brain is mine ! How know I  
this ?

To most men no disgrace can loom like theirs

Who dare do aught save by the grace of custom.

Where earth's esteem is what all strive for first,

Did she but dream of life I plan for her,  
 Disgrace from its foes would to her seem  
 honor! <sup>45</sup>—

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

(MONASKA looks toward the Right.)

Who come?—more warriors?—No,—my soul—  
 she?—yes—

Ye gods, if I have not deserved the doom  
 Of deepest hell, for her sake, god me now.

*Enter—from the Right—WALOON.*

WALOON. Monaska!—Oh, ye angels, can it be?—  
 (*Kneeling.*)

Nay, blast me not that these unworthy eyes  
 Should have presumed to gaze where earth is  
 blest

With this transcendent vision.

MONASKA.

Yes, Waloon,

You see me.

WALOON. You?—Oh, love, chastise me not.

MONASKA (*aside*).

Nay, I will not chastise her with the truth.

(*To WALOON, taking her by the hand.*)

Rise up, Waloon, rise up. I merely love you.

Her customs make them cowards to the call  
 Of conscience; and the foulest crime  
 Seems not a curse, if it be only common.  
 Waloon too—could I ever dare reveal  
 To what departure from all common ways,

WALOON. You love me?—what?—this poor weak fainting flesh?

(*She rises.*)

MONASKA. Yes, it is this I love.—I thank you, friend,

You had such faith, and came here.

WALOON. Thank the gods

That I have lived to do what pleased a god.

MONASKA. Waloon, do I fulfill your soul's ideal  
Of what a god should be?

To all that she deems holy, I had led her?  
What right have I, more than these priests have  
here

To slay me for the safety of their souls,—  
What right have I to shade her future life,  
Or slay her, as it may be, for my love?  
And were she now to come and find in me  
A murderer, where she hopes to find a god,  
A coward, driven in fright from ordeals  
Which she had prayed would prove him fit for  
heaven,—

Oh, how might she abhor these treacherous arms,  
Thrown open to receive her! how detest  
Lips that to keep her love must keep their lies!  
What has my rashness wrought? Is it so well  
For one man to resist what all men wish?—  
The customs that the centuries have crowned?  
How many have dared all to thwart the world  
And only thwarted good the world could do  
them!

*(The stage begins to grow brighter.)*

WALOON. Ah, more, far more.

IONASKA. If I came back to live on earth with  
you——

WALOON. Nay, hint not that. Earth would be too  
much heaven.

IONASKA. And if I were to tell you this, Waloon,  
That, far away from here, there lies a realm  
Where gods like me can live with maids like you,  
But that, to go there, you must rend yourself  
Forever from the land that is your home,

I might have passed from earth upon a throne,  
Revered by all men, and beloved by her,—  
Her god!—and shall I now become her fiend?—  
Live on condemned by her, because I dared  
To fight against a world that all should serve?  
Ah, if my dying could have given one heart  
That comfort of the spirit which all crave,  
How could my soul have wrought a godlier deed?  
We live our lives for use; if men misuse us,  
Far better so than that we lose our use!  
And yet,—what is our use?—Oh, would some  
power

Could tell us how to balance, in our lives,  
The rule of others and the rule of self!  
How can we, when the two conflict, serve both?  
And which one should we serve?—which first?—

For me,  
Till spirit seem no more than matter is,  
I hold it that which rules me through the  
spirit.



Where dwell your friends and kindred, would you go?

WALOON. Though you be god, you know not woman's heart,

If you believe I would not.

MONASKA. Swear it then.

WALOON. I swear——

MONASKA. To leave this land and all you love here,

And fly to live alone with me forever?

WALOON. And fly to live alone with you.

MONASKA. Forever?

WALOON. I do.—What moved?

*(She points toward the Left. Stage grows darker again, with a sound of distant thunder and slight flash of lightning.)*

MONASKA *(looking toward the left)*.

It seemed a flash from weapons.

WALOON. The woods are full of warriors, as I think.

MONASKA *(aside, as he moves from her and looks around him)*.

I see—are all around each side of us.

O heavens, our time has come!—Yet move they off.

We have a moment more.

*(Pointing to the moss-covered bench, apparently hidden behind a tree near the Right Upper Entrance.)*

Waloan, in here!



WALOON (*gazing around, and apparently seeing the SOLDIERS, then seating herself on the bench, where MONASKA sits beside her*).

I know not what it means.

MONASKA.

You never heard

Of hosts that come with gods to visit earth?

Waloön, were I to tell you that the realm

In which the gods dwell could be reached by you

In one way only,—in the self-same way

That severs in the temple soul from form

In him your priests and people choose as god?—

WALOON. Then I would thank the force that severed  
me

From all that could weigh down a soul so light

That but for them it might soar up to  
heaven.

MONASKA. Swear you mean truly what you say,  
Waloön.

WALOON (*lifting her hand*.) I swear it.

MONASKA (*motioning her to drop her hand*).

Wait—could you return again

And be a priestess in the temple there,

As you have told me that you would become,

With all the honor that a priestess has,

And all the consciousness of deeds divine,

And could you, as the years wore on, forget

The love you once had borne this god——

WALOON.

No, no.

I never could forget that.

*(Stage from here on keeps growing brighter.)*

MONASKA.

Hear me through.

Your king is absolute. He could do all

Your heart desires. What say you, should there  
come

A time when he—he loves you now, Waloon—

Should choose you for his queen. If this, Waloon,

This exaltation over all the earth,

Were your bright destiny, say, would you choose

To die, die here alone with faith in one

Whose only welcome for you is a blow?—

*(Doubling and lifting his fist.)*

Would you choose this?

WALOON.

I would.

MONASKA.

In truth?

WALOON.

I would.—

*(Half rising, and looking toward the Left.)*

Who is that coming?

MONASKA *(looking the same way, then at her).*

Do not be afraid.

Why should a soul with faith sublime as yours

Fear aught?—Your love alone, if nothing else,

Could here create of me the god you think me.

*(Hurriedly and nervously, as he induces her to lie on  
the moss-covered bench.)*

These come to summon both of us to heaven.

Here darling, rest your head upon this mound.

Cast one look more at me, then let me veil

These loving, earthly eyes from all of earth.

A look like this must never see the stroke  
That drives the soul-light out of them.—There,  
there,

You are content, my darling, you are sure?—  
Content to live with me in spirit only?

WALOON. I am. I am.

MONASKA. Farewell.—I mean **farewell**  
To earthly presence.

*(Placing a branch or wreath over her eyes.)*

Now to angel hands

I leave my angel—nor a whit too soon.

*(Gazing anxiously toward the Left.)*

WAPELLA *(from behind the Left Second entrance).*

Monaska.

WALOON *(aside).*

Who is that?

WAPELLA.

Monaska.

MONASKA *(rising).*

What?

I know that voice.

*(To WALOON.)*

Lie still, dear. I return

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA.*

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA *(moving to meet WAPELLA).*

What?—Wapella?

WAPELLA.

Yes,—with friends.—

To save you.

MONASKA. How can this be? How came you

To seek me here?

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—KOOtha.*

*(The stage is brilliantly illumined, and warriors enter from every side.)*

WAPELLA.                    We tracked you. Weeks ago,  
When learning what would be your fate, I fled.  
I found our comrades, many still not slain.  
We all returned, and watched here in the woods.  
Then Kootha met us—vowed to do his best  
To save you, and this morning, when you flew,  
We watched, we dodged, we circled round your  
path,  
And now have trapped you. We shall all  
escape.

*(In surprise, as they approach WALOON.)*

Waloon is with you?

MONASKA *(taking WALOON by the hand)*.

Yes.—Rise up, Waloon.

WALOON *(rising and gazing about in a dazed way)*.

And who are these?

MONASKA.                    Kind friends to welcome us,

And lead us to the realm of which I spoke.

WALOON.    The realm?—What realm?

MONASKA.                    What realm, Waloon?—My heaven.

CURTAIN.

END OF THE DRAMA.

## COLUMBUS.



# COLUMBUS.

---

## INTRODUCTION : PLACE AND TIME.

This drama is intended to be a study, psychologic rather than historic, though not unhistoric, of the character of Columbus, as manifested and developed in connection with his experiences before, during, and after his discovery of America. The general outline of the plot is as follows :

ACT FIRST: *In Portugal.* SCENE FIRST: A public square. Talk about the plans of Columbus and about himself. His entrance, his introduction to Felipa, and invitation to her house. SCENE SECOND: Room in the house of Felipa. Reasons why Columbus hopes for success, the failure of his hopes, and his betrothal. SCENE THIRD: Same room ten years later, rearranged as study of Columbus. Hounded by his creditors and wronged by the King, he loses Felipa by death and decides to leave Portugal.

ACT SECOND: *In Spain.* SCENE FIRST: A Spanish camp at midnight. Columbus has enlisted as a soldier, is ridiculed for his schemes, has a talk with Beatrix, is present at an attempted assassination of the Queen, and thus comes to meet the King. SCENE SECOND: The Council of Salamanca, called to confer with Columbus and discuss his projects. A summary of the popular objections urged against them. SCENE THIRD: The exterior of the convent of La Rabida. To prevent Columbus from leaving her country, and to insure the success of his plans, the Queen pledges to him the Crown jewels of Castile.

ACT THIRD: *In Transit.* SCENE FIRST: A street in Palos near its harbor. The difficulties and opposition encountered by Columbus when preparing to sail, coming from his friends, as Beatrice, and from his enemies, who try even to destroy his boats. SCENE SECOND: The deck of his ship at sea. The mutineers, their talk when alone and when with Columbus, and his dealing with it. The midnight discovery of land, and the morning approach to it.

ACT FOURTH: *In Triumph.* SCENE FIRST: Room in a house in Spain. Columbus welcomed by Beatrice, and urged to secure benefits from the Crown; and his description to her and to Diego of his voyage and the new land. SCENE SECOND: Reception at the palace of Barcelona by the King, Queen, and populace. SCENE THIRD: Dining hall in the house of Cardinal Mendoza. The egg story.

ACT FIFTH: *In Chains.* SCENE FIRST: Camp in Hispaniola. Opposition to Columbus on the part of noblemen and imported criminals. Placed in chains by his enemies. SCENE SECOND: House in Seville. Death of Columbus. SCENE THIRD: A final tableau with hymn, representing a vision of the dying Columbus, portraying the progress and present condition of America.



THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS APPEAR ONLY  
IN THE FOLLOWING ACTS.

---

*In the First Act Only.*

James of Mallorca,  
Correo,  
Tailor,  
Grocer,

Waiter,  
Felipa,  
Dona Correo,  
Woman.

*In the Second Act Only.*

Fernandez,  
Talavera,  
St. Angel,

Zalora,  
Perez,  
Other Monk,

Attendant.

*Only after the First, in the Second and later Acts.*

King Ferdinand,  
Gutierrez,  
Sanchez,

Arana,  
Beatrix,  
Queen Isabella,

Mendoza.

*Only after the Second and in later Acts.*

Escobar,  
Pintor,

Roldan,  
Citizen.

*Only in the Fifth Act.*

Velasquez,  
Indian,

Young Diego,  
Fernando.

*What moves me seems beyond all conscious thought ;  
Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird  
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,  
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,  
And find it rational ; yet why I first  
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.*

*COLUMBUS, III, 1.*

*Think not I lived my life  
To beg men for a badge to brag about !—  
Enough, if I have been an influence.*

*IDEM, V, 2.*

## CHARACTERS.

(CHRISTOPHER) COLUMBUS.	The Discoverer of America.
DIEGO (COLUMBUS).	} Brothers of Christopher Co-
BARTHOLOMEW (COLUMBUS).	
FONSECA.	Archdeacon of Seville, Trav- eler in Portugal, afterwards Bishop of Badajos, Palentia, and Burgos; then Patriarch of the Indies.
BREVIESCA.	A Portuguese friend of Fon- seca, then later his Secretary, Treasurer, and Agent in Spain.
KING FERDINAND.	Of Aragon, and, after Mar- riage, of Spain.
GUTIERREZ.	Gentleman of the Spanish King's Bedchamber, and Officer.
SANCHEZ.	Officer, Inspector-General of Columbus' Expedition.
JAMES OF MALLORCA.	President of the Portuguese Naval School.
CORREO.	Husband of Sister of Felipa, Columbus' Wife.
FERNANDEZ.	Physician and Scientist of Spain
MENDOZA.	Archbishop of Toledo, Grand Cardinal of Spain.
TALAVERA.	Bishop of Avila, Confessor to the Queen.
ST. ANGEL.	Receiver of Ecclesiastical Rev- enues of Aragon.
ZALORA.	} Bishops of Spain.
ARANA.	
PEREZ.	A Monk, subsequently Prior of the Convent of La Rabida near Palos.

ESCOBAR.	{	Sailors with Columbus, Settlers in the New World.
PINTOR.		
ROLDAN.	{	Subtreasurer in Hispaniola.
VELASQUEZ.		Eldest Son of Columbus.
YOUNG DIEGO.	{	Youngest Son of Columbus.
FERNANDO.		
TAILOR.	{	In the First Act.
GROCER.		
WAITER.	{	In the Second Act.
MOOR.		
OTHER MONK.	{	In the Fifth Act.
ATTENDANT.		
INDIAN.	{	Wife of Columbus, Mother of young Diego.
FELIPA (PERESTRELLO).		
BEATRIX (ENRIQUEZ).	{	Companion of Columbus after Felipa's death, Mother of Fernando Columbus.
QUEEN ISABELLA.		
DONA CORREO.	{	Of Castile and, after Marriage, of Spain.
WOMAN.		
MAID.	{	Sister of Felipa, wife of Correo. In the First Act.
		In First and other Acts.
CITIZENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, COURTIERS, SAILORS, SETTLERS, WOMEN, ETC.		

# COLUMBUS.

---

## ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street or square in Lisbon, Portugal. Backing at the Right, a wineshop, in front of which are two tables each with four chairs about it. Backing at the Left, a convent wall ending against a chapel, the door of which faces the audience. Entrances at the Right Center through the door of the wineshop; at the Left Center through a curtain hanging in the doorway of chapel; and at the Right and Left Sides through streets. The curtain rising discloses FONSECA and JAMES OF MALLORCA seated at the Right. The following is chanted in the chapel.*

O Life divine, from thee there springs  
All good that germs and grows,  
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings  
The harvests to their close.

O Life divine, thou art the source  
Of truth within the soul;  
Thou art the guide through all the course  
That leads it to its goal.

O Life divine, what soul succeeds  
In aught on earth but he  
Who moves as all desires and deeds  
Are lured and led by thee!

*Enter—Left Side—BREVIESCA, and sits at Left table.*

FONSECA (*to JAMES*). You came to see?

JAMES. That man Columbus.

FONSECA. Him?

A crank,—and worse, a creaking crank!

JAMES. Without

Some crank to creak of it, men might forget  
The wheels of thought.<sup>1</sup>

BREVIESCA (*to self*). Must wait till church is out ;

Then meet by accident—go home with her,

And fish an invitation to her house—

A lovely girl, Felipa!—As I live—

*Enter—Left Side—DIEGO.*

That man I met when traveling in Spain!

Is always looming up. I wonder what  
Should bring——

DIEGO (*to BREVIESCA*). Good-day to Senior Bre-  
viesca.

BREVIESCA (*rising*). Good-day to you.

<sup>1</sup> The wheels of thought were made to move them on.

FONSECA. You place thought on the right track  
once, you find

What moves it on is not what moves it off.

They differ.

BREVIESCA (*to himself*). I must wait, etc.

<sup>2</sup> BREVIESCA. Are candid.

DIEGO. Wish to be. For that I changed.  
God started man ; man's deviltry the priest.

DIEGO (*looking toward the chapel*). Your servant,  
Senior.—So!—

At your devotions that you told me of—  
Front door ones, too!—No wonder you deemed  
strange

My studying for the priesthood!

BREVIESCA. But you said

That you had turned from it.

DIEGO. Oh yes! Truth is

That I too am in love—but love myself.<sup>2</sup>

FONSECA (*to BREVIESCA, rising and going toward  
him with JAMES*). Is this not Senior—?

BREVIESCA (*to FONSECA*). Senior Breviesca?

FONSECA. And I, Fonseca—Spaniard—met you  
once

In Seville. You recall?—

BREVIESCA. Archdeacon—yes.

You honor me.

FONSECA. You pleased me when we met.

For one, I like the thing God started best.

BREVIESCA. Like others, eh?—yet like yourself.

DIEGO. I do;

That is, we two do—God and I.

BREVIESCA. And now

They style you, “Your Irreverence”?

DIEGO. I am reverent.

BREVIESCA. A different point of view!

DIEGO. If looking down,

You seem the one; if looking up, the other.

(*Introducing JAMES.*)

Professor James—Mallorca—naval school.

BREVIESCA (*introducing DIEGO*).

And Senior Diego of——(*hesitating*).

DIEGO.

The world.

BREVIESCA.

Quite true!

DIEGO. A traveler, knowing little—would know more.

JAMES. A wish to my own heart! I came to meet

The mariner Columbus here.

*Enter—Left Center—FELIPA, CORREO, and DONA CORREO.*

BREVIESCA. So? (*Then seeing FELIPA.*) Ah!

DIEGO (*to JAMES, as he looks at FELIPA*).

A pretty point, too, for his exclamation.

JAMES (*to DIEGO*). Would you see more of it?

(*To FELIPA.*) Good-day.

FELIPA and DONA CORREO.

Good-day.

CORREO (*to all*). Good-day.

JAMES (*introducing DIEGO*).

Allow me, Captain, Senior Diego,

<sup>3</sup> WAITER.

Red or white?

JAMES (*to all*). What say you?

DONA CORREO.

None for me, thanks.

JAMES (*to FELIPA*).

You?

FELIPA.

Nor me.—

JAMES (*to the others*). The gentlemen, at least?

CORREO.

I will perhaps.



A traveler like yourself.—

(*introducing to ladies*) Seniors C'rreo,  
And Seniorita F'lipa Perestrello.

Will sit?—and Waiter?

*Enter—Right Center—WAITER.*

Wine here.<sup>3</sup>

*Exit—Right Center—WAITER.*

(*All seat themselves at the tables, from left to right, in this order: first empty chair, then DIEGO, D. CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA and FONSECA. JAMES continues to CORREO.*)

Was that man

Columbus in the church?

CORREO.

Not met him.

JAMES.

No?—

A sailor, drawing maps now for our school—  
FONSECA. Who should be kept to that and facts—  
not draw

So much upon his fancy.<sup>4</sup> Put it thus:

If what he says be right, the church is wrong.

JAMES. I thought it. (*to other gentlemen.*) You  
too?—White, not so? Its hue  
Will fit the sunny air, and make us think  
Of drinking in the sunshine!

<sup>4</sup> JAMES.

You should hear

His arguments.

JAMES. Oh, not so bad as that!—has not found out.

FONSECA. If what he says be wrong, his dupes will  
drown. (to CORREO.)

Not so?

CORREO. It is the first time yet that I  
Have heard of him.

FONSECA. You will hear soon enough.  
The surest proof we men are not all fools,  
Is in the way we bruit them when we find them.

DIEGO. Ay, and the surest we are not all brutes,  
Is in the way our thinkers make us mind them.

*Enter—Right Center—WAITER with a bottle  
and wine-glasses which he sets before the  
gentlemen—They pay him.*

JAMES. A friend of his, eh?

DIEGO. Yes.

CORREO. Have known him long?—  
Can tell us of him?

DIEGO. Is from Genoa ;  
A mathematician, studied at Pavía.  
Since then, till now, for more than twenty years,  
A sailor and a soldier—in the scrubs

FONSECA. Say feel them—all their points  
Well dipped in pagan poison.

JAMES. Oh, not all !

FONSECA. Enough to make all deadly.

JAMES. Beg your pardon ;

At Naples, Tunis, famous for his fights  
 Against the infidel—last year, the man  
 Who clamped his frailer bark against a huge  
 Venetian galley, and when both took fire,  
 Driven to the waters, holding but an oar,  
 Swam in to Lisbon ; and that oar of his,  
 All that he brought here, may yet prove to be  
 The scepter-symbol of a mightier sway  
 Than your King ever dreamed of.

CORREO. Ah!—How so?

FELIPA. Yes, yes !

DIEGO. His plan is now to sail around  
 The world ; and in the trail he leaves behind  
 Loop all to Portugal.

FELIPA. Around the world?

JAMES. Oh, you should hear him talk!

FONSECA. No, no, should not—  
 A mad dog to be muzzled!

DIEGO (*to FELIPA*). You should not—  
 Unless you wish to think and feel, and thrill  
 To feel, there is a larger world than ours.

BREVIESCA. In one's imagination.

DIEGO. Be it so.

But I lack scent to follow up your trail.

FONSECA. You know a priest should save the world  
 from lies?

JAMES. Have no scent yet !—am senseless ?

Imagination is the soul of thought.—<sup>5</sup>

*Exit—Right Center—WAITER.*

*Enter—Left Center—COLUMBUS.*

Ah, here he comes to argue for himself.

*(Rising and extending hand to COLUMBUS.)*

Good-day.

<sup>5</sup> BREVIESCA. Well, take the soul, but we will keep to sense.

*(FONSECA nods at him approvingly.)*

DIEGO. Humph ! many a joke would better not be cracked.

The kernel——

BREVIESCA. Is not entirely to your taste ?

FONSECA. Well, well !—Quite frank for strangers !—

JAMES. Come, come, come.

Enthusiasm needs a margin.

FONSECA. But

We may not need enthusiasm.

JAMES. So ?—

And you say this ?—a priest ?

BREVIESCA. And, pray, why not ?

JAMES. Why not ?—Why, friend, enthusiasm is

The essence of religion——

DIEGO. Valueless

Without its uplift and its oversight.

If these it lack, it is a lifeless corpse

Not measured by its worth but want of it.

*(to JAMES)*

Not true ?

JAMES. I think your training has been good.

DIEGO. It came from him we speak of.

COLUMBUS (*aside*). What! you here?

DIEGO (*aside to COLUMBUS*). Yes, but no one knows.

We two are brothers. Better so, perhaps.

COLUMBUS. I see—can help me more.

JAMES (*rising and greeting COLUMBUS*).

The Captain! Welcome.

FELIPA (*to CORREO*).

How I wish

That I had known him!

CORREO.

You?

FELIPA.

Why, any man (*pointing to DIEGO*)

To kindle fire like that—

CORREO.

Must have enough

To keep a maiden warm and cosy, eh?—

Think you that follows? I have known of men

Whose thought would flash like lightning, light-  
ing up

Half heaven besides the whole of earth; and yet

A whirlwind, did you trust to its caress,

Would never lead you in a madder dance.

DIEGO. Not true of him we speak of.—One less  
mad

Does not exist.

FONSECA.

Oh, you seem bit by him!

JAMES. Come, come, the church is wise, perhaps,  
to put

Her brake on wheels that else might whirl us  
down,

But how about those wheels when mounting up?

*Enter—Left Center—COLUMBUS.*

DIEGO. Ah, here he comes to argue for him-  
self, etc.

(*Introducing COLUMBUS.*)

Permit—Seniora Correo—Seniorita Felipa Perestrello—the Archdeacon Fonseca, Senior Breviesca—Captain Correo—sailor of experience.

(*All bow to COLUMBUS.*)

COLUMBUS (*to ladies and CORREO*). It gives me joy to meet you.

CORREO. Shall we sit?

(*All sit from left to right in this order: COLUMBUS, DIEGO, DONA CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA, and FONSECA.*)

JAMES. You come here every day, I take it?

COLUMBUS. Almost.

JAMES. Are making up for time you lost at sea?

COLUMBUS. Yes, making up and mounting up. I like The uplift of the services.

JAMES (*to FONSECA*). There, there, Archdeacon, one point scored against yourself! Dull not the blade that carves at your own feast.

(*to COLUMBUS in explanation.*)

Oh, nothing serious!—an argument

About good churchmen, and enthusiasts.

COLUMBUS. I see—and me. Yet men were told to preach

<sup>6</sup> COLUMBUS.

So?—How?

DIEGO (*to BREVIESCA*).

No, no;

The world has had too many men like you.

The truth to all the world.

(to FONSECA.)

You think it done?

No, no; I am no mere enthusiast.

BREVIESCA. And yet would sail across the unknown sea.

COLUMBUS. I would.

BREVIESCA. But that——

COLUMBUS. I have good reasons for.

FONSECA. And where, pray, do you find them?

COLUMBUS. Everywhere——

Without a single fact against them.

BREVIESCA. Ha,

Without a single fact!

COLUMBUS. Well, name one, then.

BREVIESCA. Enough for me, if one could cross the sea.

We should have found it out.

COLUMBUS. So?—There are lands  
Men have not known.

FONSECA. And that would make you brave  
The blazing waves, and have your ship burned up?

COLUMBUS. Ten years ago, the waters just beyond  
Cape Bojador were said to burn thus; now

FONSECA. And well for its own good! If lands  
were there,

The Lord would let us know it.

COLUMBUS. There are lands, etc.



Men sail them, far as Cape de Vere.

FELIPA.

Is true.

COLUMBUS. And they return with branches,  
leaves and flowers  
That float from further west; and you have read  
The ancients?

BREVIESCA. Yes, about Atlantis, yes;  
But that was lost.—Yet easily found, you think.  
I grant it—found by sinking.

FONSECA.

Ha, well said!

COLUMBUS. Oh, there are other tales! Late trav-  
elers too,

Like Marco Polo and John Mandeville——

FONSECA. Now, pardon me; but stick, man, to  
your text.

It was of facts that you began to speak——

COLUMBUS. And that which gives them value.

BREVIESCA.

Fancies, eh?

COLUMBUS. Not fact-full only, but a mind that you  
Deem fanciful, is needed, would a man  
Put this and that together, and build up  
The only structure that can make his facts  
Worth knowing.

<sup>1</sup> You have some sense.

CORREO (*aside to JAMES*). The Prince believes in him  
JAMES. If not in him, at least in enterprise.

COLUMBUS (*to JAMES*). Is just the meeting I had  
prayed to have.

Too good in you to further it !—will come.



JAMES (*rising*). True as gospel that ! But now  
I must be going. (*to COLUMBUS.*)

You will come with me?—

Another map—I would explain. Besides,  
Prince Henry will be there to-day.

(*All rise.*)

BREVIESCA (*to COLUMBUS*). And he  
Would let you sail your ship up to the moon,  
Were he not in it.

FONSECA (*to BREVIESCA*). Good ! I like you, man.<sup>7</sup>

CORREO (*to COLUMBUS*). And we shall see you soon  
at our home too ?

BREVIESCA (*aside*). At their home—what ? that  
madman, and not me ?

COLUMBUS (*to CORREO*). I keep quite busy and  
have little time——

FELIPA (*to COLUMBUS*). But we have maps my  
father made ; and these  
You might find helpful.

COLUMBUS (*to FELIPA*). Thank you. I will come.<sup>8</sup>

CURTAIN.

<sup>8</sup> FELIPA and DONA CORREO. Good-day.

COLUMBUS and JAMES exchange bows with all.)

*Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS and JAMES.*

CORREO (*to FELIPA and DONA CORREO*). But we  
too must be going.

*They bow to those that are left on stage. Exeunt*  
—*Right*—CORREO, FELIPA, and DONA COR-  
REO, followed by FONSECA.

DIEGO (*to* BREVIESCA). Ah, Senior Breviesca, even  
here

Enthusiasm has been king to-day ;—  
Within a single hour thrown wide apart  
The palace bars, and parlor doors that guard  
The prettiest girl in Portugal.

BREVIESCA. Oh, yes !

But wait you till the end come.

DIEGO. In the end  
As the beginning, nothing thrives but spirit.  
If trusted, it survives too, every time.  
A prince——

BREVIESCA. Is mortal——

DIEGO. Is a lord of earth ;  
And on the earth he sometimes has the power  
To make a man immortal.

BREVIESCA. Humph ! How strange  
You like that egotist—insufferable !

DIEGO. Why, no. The insufferable is you—  
I mean to him. He dreams of destiny,  
His whole soul in his work. That soul speaks  
out

And like a sovereign. Souls are sovereign always.

BREVIESCA. One's destiny, you think, is made by  
talk ?

DIEGO. One's destiny was never yet fulfilled  
By one whose coward conscience dared not give  
Expression to the spirit that inspired it.

*Exeunt—Right*—BREVIESCA and DIEGO.

SCENE SECOND.—*Parlor in the house of DONA CORREO and FELIPA at Lisbon. A deaf elderly Chaperon and FELIPA sit working in the rear. Entrances at Right and Left.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Enter—Right—DONA CORREO in outdoor dress as in last Act.*

FELIPA. I feared that we should not be back.

Our Captain

Columbus will be here to-day. They say

No doubt that he will get the ships.

D. CORREO. I doubt it.

FELIPA. Prince Henry promised him——

D. CORREO. The Prince is ill.

Yet, could I, I would like to stay with you.

Give my excuses, please—ay, ay, and yours.—

Breviesca too is coming.

FELIPA. That man, humph !

D. CORREO. We all accept the suit.

FELIPA. Except the one

That should be suited.

D. CORREO. Whom we all so trust,

We trust her wisdom also.

(*Kissing FELIPA.*)

With the Captain

Be not too cordial.

FELIPA. Not too cordial ?

D. CORREO. No.

Cordialities that make the backward friends

But tempt the forward to presumption. Force,

Alive to clear its own approaches, flouts

A welcome meant for weakness.

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS carrying a roll of maps.*  
*(FELIPA looks toward her Chaperon.)*

How fortunate my Chaperon is deaf!

*(to COLUMBUS)* Good-day to you.

COLUMBUS. Good-day: was good enough  
 For me before you called it so.

FELIPA. With all  
 Your disappointments?—It is true! Prince  
 Henry——

COLUMBUS. Has promised all I wish. I shall  
 succeed.

*(They sit together on sofa, while COLUMBUS hands  
 her the maps.)*

FELIPA. He is forward?

D. CORREO. A civil man enough! But then they  
 say——

FELIPA. The one that everybody's bid can bind  
 Is everybody's bondsman.

D. CORREO. But I know  
 The neighbors——

FELIPA. And I know myself. The wise  
 Make self the mistress of their choice, I think.

D. CORREO. Now, now, fair play! Fair play in  
 argument,  
 Will catch our thoughts before it throws them  
 back.

They call him flighty.

FELIPA. So are birds—and so  
 Are—angels——

D. CORREO. What?

FELIPA. Thank God!

COLUMBUS. Ay, ay! Oh, I have sailed in nights,  
Dark nights, and prayed to heaven for one small  
star

To guide me. Now it sends the Prince and you.

FELIPA (*unrolling the maps and looking at one.*)

You do me too much honor.

COLUMBUS. Could I? Nay;

A soul that summons all that does one's best

To do still better, sits upon a throne

Than which none higher is conceivable.

FELIPA. I was not conscious——

FELIPA. And every kind of life  
Above the common.

D. CORREO. Why, my girl!

One might suppose——

(*Looking toward window at Right.*)

But see! He comes. I go.

Be on your guard and think. Good-bye.

(*Kissing her.*)

*Exit—Left—DONA CORREO.*

FELIPA (*to herself*). And think?—

I need that caution?—when this beaker all

(*Placing her hand on her heart.*)

Is brimming to its overflow?—And think?—

When every thought is radiant with his form

Like surging sea-waves glancing back the sun?—

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS carrying a roll of maps.*

COLUMBUS. Nay, nor is a child  
Of aught in her of movement or of form,  
That, fitting sweet ideals of loveliness,  
Makes fancied grace and beauty visible.

FELIPA (*looking down at the map*). And yet, I had  
not thought my father's maps——

COLUMBUS. Ay, they confirm twice over all my  
plan——

Not they alone, but your directions with them.

FELIPA. Mine? (*Sitting with one hand resting on  
the map.*)

COLUMBUS. Yes, your fingers pointing out the course.  
It all is there, just there beneath your hand.  
A sailor steers the way his compass points.

FELIPA. (*Looking down at her hand on the map*).  
Is that your compass?

COLUMBUS. It might compass me——  
I mean my soul.

FELIPA. That little hand? Oh, what  
A little soul!

COLUMBUS. Do souls have size? One might  
Be universed in this; yet not contained  
(*Pointing to her hand.*)

In all the universe outside of it.

FELIPA. To put your soul thus in another's hand,—  
Would that be wise?

COLUMBUS. Why not?—the hand that serves  
The soul one loves may serve but selfishly,  
And yet serve best the one who trusts to it.

FELIPA. But should it fetter him?—

COLUMBUS. Then would he thrill  
In every atom of his frame to feel  
Its fingers' throb and pressure.

FELIPA. Would not bound  
Away?

COLUMBUS. Away and up, but always back again,  
Like grains of sand in earthquakes.

FELIPA. Foolish man!

COLUMBUS. Why, only God is wholly wise; and I  
Am but a man—so never quite so manly  
As when—why, say—made foolish.

FELIPA (*rising, as does also COLUMBUS*).

Some one comes.

*Enter—Right—a SERVANT, bringing a note.*

FELIPA. A note for me—from whom?—

(*Opening and reading the note.*)

*Exit—Right—SERVANT.*

Can this be true?

Bad news for us! Oh very, very bad!—  
The Prince is dead.

COLUMBUS. Prince Henry? What?—No, no!

FELIPA. It must be so. You see who sent it—look.  
(*Handing the note to COLUMBUS, who reads it.*)

COLUMBUS. Impossible! Heaven cannot be malicious.

What? build so high a structure for my hope,  
Then knock the prop from under? All, all gone?

FELIPA. There may be others.

COLUMBUS. May be?—There are none.



FELIPA. But you have me still.

COLUMBUS. That is it. We must  
Forget all this—at least for years and years.—  
Oh, I know what it means!—have seen years like  
them.

FELIPA. Forget all this?

COLUMBUS. You do not understand.  
Prince Henry was my patron. Backed by him,  
Success was possible; I felt I trod  
An equal plane with others of your suitors.  
I now am worse off than a beggar.

FELIPA. No!

You have your pencil—still can draw——

COLUMBUS. Yet not  
The outlines I had hoped—of that new land,  
And you, its princess. No; there looms a face  
With more care-lines upon its wrinkled brow  
Than e'er I blacked a map with.

FELIPA. There are ships  
That still need captains.

COLUMBUS. Could one see their sails  
Like arms, white-surpliced, praying heaven for  
wind,

<sup>10</sup> FELIPA. But you can wait—you are so strong !—  
can wait——

COLUMBUS. I can—but you—when lit by hope,  
rebuffs

Are merely clouds aglow where dawn brings light  
But when no ray of hope is visible,  
The dark seems full damnation.



Yet keep his prow still turned away from that  
Which he had vowed to heaven that he would  
seek? <sup>10</sup>

FELIPA. Why——

COLUMBUS. No, deny it not. I know it, feel it.  
Your mother, sister, brother—yes, I grant  
They tolerate me; but when patronless  
And penniless, it were a different tale.

FELIPA. Nay, nay; that cannot be! But they  
with me

Will feel how noble is a man like you——

COLUMBUS. A pauper and fanatic——

FELIPA. No, a man  
Who, all alone, can stand with but one friend,  
His own brave soul, and trample underfoot  
A hissing world that, coiling like a snake,  
Would clutch him to its clod and hold him there.

COLUMBUS. Too much! To-day you think it, but  
to-morrow——

Next year—in ten years——No, I have no right  
To put you to the test. No, let me go—  
Farewell.

FELIPA. You say this?—

I thought——

COLUMBUS. Oh, I!—yes, I can wait forever.  
The light is in me. But could you see through  
These forms that cloak it, worse than worst of rags,  
Discourtesy, suspicion, and contempt  
Of those who know Columbus as the fool?

FELIPA. Will you fare quite as well without me?

COLUMBUS. Felipa, nay, it cannot be.

FELIPA. You think  
A woman's heart, if tested through long years,  
With burdening love would break? You think it  
kinder

To break it at the start?

*Enter—Right—BREVIESCA shown in by a SERVANT.*

COLUMBUS (*not observing BREVIESCA*). Felipa, no—

A faith like yours—my God, what shall I do?

I would not harm you, yet have done the harm.

BREVIESCA (*sarcastically to the two*). Ah, so!—I  
see I come too late—

FELIPA (*aside, anxiously to COLUMBUS*). Except  
For one thing!

COLUMBUS (*to BREVIESCA*). Yes—we are betrothed.

*Exit, with sarcastic bow—Right—BREVIESCA.*

*Exeunt—Left—FELIPA and COLUMBUS.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Working room in the house of COLUMBUS. Maps and charts, hanging on the walls, and*

<sup>11</sup> WOMAN. Is he at home?

MAID. Not now.

WOMAN. What seems he doing?

MAID. Oh, just the same as ever!

WOMAN. Nothing, eh?

(*To the other Women, who have remained near the door.*)

*lying on a large table at Back Center ; also books, instruments for navigation, and implements for measuring and drawing. Window at Right. Entrances at Right Side Rear and Left Side.*

*The curtain rises disclosing a MAID and WOMEN, the latter are handling charts and implements on the table.)*<sup>11</sup>

MAID. You really should not touch them.

WOMAN. No? Why not?

MAID. He would not like it.

WOMAN. Oh, of course not! but

He need not know it; need he?—

*(Pointing to a chart.)*

What a blotch!

MAID. A chart, you know.

WOMAN. A chart?—A chart of what?

I never saw a chart like that—looks like

A crazy quilt. And so he wastes his time

On things like these?—Felipa dying too!<sup>12</sup>

*(Taking up a sharp instrument.)*

Come in. *(to MAID)*

We thought that we should like to see—etc.

<sup>12</sup> No wonder!—Think of it!—Ten mortal years  
Of this, and no one knows what more. At night,  
I would not dare to stay alone with him,  
Would you?—say, would you?

MAID. Why! I—no—he never—

Not safe in hands like his!

*(Knocking at the door at the Right.)*

Hark! What is that?

Can it be he? Say, you can let us out

*(Starting for Left.)*

The other door, not so?

MAID.

No need of that!

Is no one but the tailor.

WOMAN.

Sure of it?

*(Crossing room and looking out window at Right.)*<sup>13</sup>

*(Opening door at Right and leaving it open.)*

*Enter—Right—Tailor.*

MAID *(to TAILOR)*. Is out.

TAILOR.

Oh, yes, I know—is always out—

Out of his head at least. Were he but out

My clothes, it would be better.—Left no word?

WOMAN. Of course not. You would be afraid,  
of course.

I had a cousin once who went insane,

And all his family had to play insane

To keep him company. The sport was royal

Till, sure that he was royal and they slaves,

He ordered off their heads.

MAID.

And then?

WOMAN.

And then

They left off playing, and made war on him;

And so dethroned him. They should do so here;

The sooner, too, the better! Look at this:

MAID. He bade me say that he expects the king——

TAILOR. If all the kings that are expected came,  
Few would be left for subjects.<sup>14</sup>

MAID. He expects——

*Enter—Right Side—suddenly, the GROCER.*

GROCER. Tell him his expectations are too old.

Fresh epectations, like fresh eggs, may hatch.

Not so with stale ones, though, however white.

WOMAN (*turning from window at Right, where she  
has been looking out, and gazing at the GROCER*).

The grocer, eh?

(*Speaking to the other women.*)

And all the family

Are coming—and the Captain too. I saw them.—

Will be a scene here. I prefer the back-ground.

<sup>13</sup> MAID. Comes every day.

WOMAN. What for?

MAID. To bid us think

Of Adam's fall that made men civilized,

Wear clothes, and bear the curse of paying for  
them.

<sup>14</sup> I will strip

And cage his bareness for a jail-show. Ugh!

MAID. But, really, he is honest. He expects——

*Exit—Left—WOMAN, followed by the other WOMEN.*<sup>15</sup>

GROCER (*to MAID, and holding a paper toward her*).

I cannot fill this order.

MAID.

But you must.

His wife is needing it.

GROCER.

But I myself

Cannot afford a wife——

TAILOR.

When keeping his.

*Enter—Right—DONA CORREO and CORREO pushing  
FELIPA in a chair upon wheels.*

MAID (*to GROCER*).

His wife is ill. You would not let her die?

GROCER. Not I, but he; and there are other  
shops——

MAID. But we have tried them all.

GROCER.

Then try the jail——

They feed men there—or let him sell——

DONA CORREO (*bowing to GROCER*). You say?

GROCER (*pointing toward charts and implements on  
table*). He ought to sell these things and pay  
us off.

<sup>15</sup> TAILOR (*to GROCER*).

Suppose we club together—ay, let fly

Our blows at him together—down him sooner!

<sup>16</sup> An honest man would sell these traps; not let  
His creditors go begging.

GROCER.

Ay, or come so.

DONA CORREO. Not paid you yet? Oh, well, you may be right!

FELIPA (*to* D. CORREO). They may be right? Why, this would ruin him.

DONA CORREO (*to* FELIPA). Not outside things that men can take away

Bring ruin, but the things that stay within,  
Which would they could take!

(*To* GROCER and TAILOR.)

He himself is coming.

*Enter—Right—*COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS (*to* GROCER and TAILOR). You seek for me?

TAILOR (*holding his bill toward* COLUMBUS). I brought your bill.

GROCER. And I.

TAILOR. We say an honest man——

COLUMBUS (*motioning toward* FELIPA). But not, please, now.

My wife is ill.

TAILOR (*pointing toward the table*). We say—your sister too—<sup>16</sup>

COLUMBUS. My brothers will be here to-day.

(*appealing to* FELIPA.)

You think it too.

(*to* COLUMBUS.) You see it in her face.

TAILOR (*half aside*). Oh, he sees nothing! Give one's brain a whack.

It flies from earth to stars—but all in here.

TAILOR. And they?

COLUMBUS. Will bring me proofs of favor at the court.

TAILOR. If so?

COLUMBUS. Why, they will bring me what will pay  
A score of times and more your paltry bills.

GROCER (*to* TAILOR). What say you? Shall we  
wait? Fact is, one finds

It hard to break old habits.—Shall we, eh?

(TAILOR *bows in acquiescence.* GROCER *continues to*  
COLUMBUS.)

But see we get what balances our claim,

(*pointing to his head.*)

COLUMBUS (*referring to implements on table*).

These are the tools I work with—all of them.

GROCER. Humph, they work poorly. Better give  
them up!

COLUMBUS. The king——

TAILOR. For ten years we have heard of him.

COLUMBUS. Your bill is only three months old.

TAILOR. Yes ; this one.

COLUMBUS. The present king has not been on the  
throne.

But——

GROCER. All kings are the same to us—as you  
Will find

COLUMBUS. You need but wait——

TAILOR. Have learned that lesson.

<sup>17</sup> FELIPA. But yet the king took interest in his charts,



Or we shall weigh these things against them yet,  
*(Pointing to the table.)*

And sell them too by weight.

*Exeunt—Right Side—*GROCER *and* TAILOR.

COLUMBUS. No doubt they will.

Too often in the judgments of this world  
 Worth yields to weight.

DONA CORREO. A scandal and disgrace—  
 A scene like this in my own sister's house!

FELIPA. Why, sister, when the king——

DONA CORREO. Oh, dear, you know  
 That tale is fiction, like the most things here.<sup>17</sup>

FELIPA. Oh sister!

And sent for them.

DONA CORREO. Ay, ay, and found out so—  
 Quite likely—that he cannot draw at all—  
 Except from his own fancy. Who wants that?  
 A visionary man produces visions;  
 And in the world that is, men want what is.

COLUMBUS. Why, madam, I am accurate.

DONA CORREO. Perhaps.  
 Who knows it though? Yourself? If one besides,  
 He too has made your own discoveries.  
 And if no mortal knows it, all will judge  
 By what they hear. What do they hear of you?

CORREO. Humph, I can tell.

*(to COLUMBUS.)*

Forgive me; it is time  
 You knew the truth. I thought, perhaps, to lease  
 A ship that you could sail,—make money by,  
 But——

COLUMBUS (*aside to CORREO*). Cruel, talking thus to her!

(*to FELIPA.*)

The other room will be far better, dear,  
Than this. And they?—they but exaggerate.  
They hurt my feelings? Oh, why, why, why, why,  
You never saw a fisher catch a fish  
Whose hook would not get tangled in the line.  
Just wait, and see me get the better of them.  
You trust in me. There.

(*Gesturing to MAID to wheel FELIPA.*)

I am coming soon.

*Exeunt—Left—MAID wheeling FELIPA in her chair.*

DONA CORREO. Been too long from practice?

CORREO. No, no ; worse !

DONA CORREO. Is but an idler, as they think ?

CORREO. Worse yet—

One who should not be trusted, sure to do

The wrong thing for the right.

COLUMBUS. And you say that ?

CORREO. Not I, but those that give you reputation.

COLUMBUS. Am I to blame ?

CORREO. Who else is, pray ? They say

That you would sail but heaven alone knows  
where.

And I confess, I half believe you would.

FELIPA. Oh, brother ! etc.

<sup>18</sup> COLUMBUS. I think that you forget. How many men

DONA CORREO (*to* CORREO). Yes, yes. The time  
has come to tell him truth.

(*To* COLUMBUS)

You think us cruel. What are you, yourself?

(*Pointing toward the Left.*)

See what ten years of this have made of her?

I come, and find her wanting everything—

Food, physic—nearly dying at your hands.

COLUMBUS. Do not say that.

DONA CORREO. Humph! It is time I did.

COLUMBUS. She still believes in me.

DONA CORREO. As infidels

In their Mohammed, and are cursed for it.<sup>18</sup>

*Knocking at the Right, COLUMBUS opens the door.*

Of humble, foreign birth demand and get  
A summons to an audience with the king?  
Say that of such importance that the king,  
To weigh it, calls his wisest counselors?  
Who argue it for days, with some, at least,  
That side with him whom you think stands  
alone?

DONA CORREO. How many side with him?

COLUMBUS. Enough to make  
The king request his charts—the work of years  
That you think wasted.

DONA CORREO. That was months ago;  
And nothing followed.

COLUMBUS. There is too much life  
In truth of any sort, when sown, to doubt

*Enter—Right—*DIEGO and BARTHOLOMEW.

COLUMBUS. My brothers, welcome !

DIEGO (*to COLUMBUS*).

So to you.

(*to DONA CORREO and CORREO.*)

And you.

BARTHOLOMEW. And all.

(*All greet each other.*)

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*). You bring me news?

DIEGO.

Ay, by and by.

(*Glancing at DONA C. and CORREO.*)

COLUMBUS (*to DONA C. and CORREO*). You will excuse us?

DONA CORREO.

We will leave.

*Exeunt—Left—*DONA C. and CORREO.)

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*).

This news?

DIEGO (*sadly*). My brother, can you bear it?

COLUMBUS.

I have borne

With much.

DIEGO.

Yes, you have been misunderstood,

Misjudged, maligned; but all were less than this.

Its growing. I have made a good beginning.

DONA CORREO. A very small one.

COLUMBUS.

So a seed is too,

Whose growth is great. When one awaits the  
dawn,

A flush is better than a flash, which oft

But bodes a rush-light.

COLUMBUS. How so ?

BARTHOLOMEW. The king——

COLUMBUS. He has not sent the money ?

BARTHOLOMEW. The money ?

COLUMBUS. Yes, his agent promised it.

BARTHOLOMEW. We had not thought you cared so much for that.

COLUMBUS. Not I, but these—my wife, my family.

The king sent here requesting all details.

It took me weeks to draft them, had to turn

My methods upside down and inside out,

And mass and multiply and magnify,

Till truth was large enough for all to see it.

Meantime, what gaze had I to fix upon

My earnings ? They all fled, and now——

DIEGO. I see.

No watch-dog keeps a creditor at bay

Like well-housed earnings.—But we heard no talk

Of pay.

COLUMBUS. When it was clearly promised ?—  
what ?<sup>19</sup>

*Enter—Right—DIEGO and BARTHOLOMEW, to whom COLUMBUS now turns.*

Ah, they come at last !——

My brothers, welcome ! etc.

<sup>19</sup> Then I, who trusted in the royal word

And gave it currency, am made for this

A charlatan who trades upon a cheat ?

DIEGO. And worse. He holds your charts.

COLUMBUS. He keeps them?—Why—  
With truth, the longer kept, the longer thought of;  
And thinking feeds conviction. On my soul,  
The king will let me sail yet. You shall see.

BARTHOLOMEW. Oh no, not you!

COLUMBUS. Not me, not me?—and why?

DIEGO. My brother, all your draughts, your work  
for years

Rest like a charter in another's hands.

That other is the pilot of a ship

Now sailing west; and his head is decreed

To wear the wreath for what your own conceived.

COLUMBUS. Impossible.

DIEGO. I tell the truth.

COLUMBUS. His name?

DIEGO. A secret—but no cowardly soul like his  
Will ever cross the sea.

COLUMBUS. I could prefer  
He should, than by a failure earn my scheme  
Discredit.

DIEGO. Which he surely will.

COLUMBUS. Too true! <sup>20</sup>

What reasons could they have?

DIEGO. Enough of them  
In such a world!—You, you have genius, brains;

<sup>20</sup> DIEGO. Oh, curse the king!

COLUMBUS. But could you have conceived

And those without them must get even with  
you,

If not by higher then by lower means.

You are original and they derived;

And thought full-centered in itself, owns not

A parentage that puts another first.

And you are foreign, they are Portuguese.

COLUMBUS. But such dishonor in a king!

DIEGO. Why not?

A king is human; place is relative;

Down honor, and you boost dishonor up.

Make men in common kneel, and common men

Stand up like giants. Banish out of sight

The bright minds, and the dull ones beam like  
beacons.

*(A knocking is heard at the Right Side Entrance.)*

*Enter—Left—the MAID.*

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS *(to MAID)*. Well?

MAID. Your wife desires to see you.

COLUMBUS. I come; but there is knocking at the  
door.

*Exit—Right—MAID.*

*(COLUMBUS continues to his brothers.)*

If she were not so ill now, I should leave  
This Portugal forever.

Such baseness?

DIEGO. Why ask me? Am I the devil?



BARTHOLOMEW. Yes; you should.

COLUMBUS. There certainly is elsewhere enterprise  
 With honesty. I think that I should try  
 The court of England. You have seen their men:—  
 White skinned, the spirit just behind the face,  
 Their very faults the proof they are not false;  
 Too impudent for truthlessness, too bold  
 To stab behind one's back, too proud of push  
 To trip with little tricks, too fond of sport  
 To keep one down, when down.

BARTHOLOMEW. Why, I might go there.

COLUMBUS. You might and would, Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW. I will.

*Enter—Right—MAID.*

COLUMBUS (*to MAID*). A visitor?

MAID. A message from the king.

DIEGO. We thought it coming. Now you are  
 prepared.

COLUMBUS. My soul demands in one whom I obey  
 A moral equal, at the least. It comes  
 In vain.

(*To MAID.*)

And messengers?

MAID. Yes.

COLUMBUS. Show them in.

*Exit—Right—MAID. The eyes of COLUMBUS*

<sup>21</sup> COLUMBUS. With what intent?

BREVIESCA. To satisfy you—

COLUMBUS. Me?

Why, I am satisfied remaining here.



*follow her, and look through the door, which she leaves ajar.*

BREVIESCA? He alone makes both of them  
Birds of most evil omen.

*Enter—Right—BREVIESCA and another man, attended by MAID, who exits at Left. All bow.*

Gentlemen?—

And will you sit?

BREVIESCA. I thank you, no. The king  
Sends here requesting you to visit him.

COLUMBUS Requesting me to visit him? For what?

BREVIESCA. Your charts.—He would examine them  
with you.<sup>21</sup>

COLUMBUS. He sends me then the means with  
which to go?

BREVIESCA. How so?

COLUMBUS. The money? or conveyance?

BREVIESCA. What?

COLUMBUS. I need the one or other.

DIEGO. Certainly.

BREVIESCA. But when the king demands——

COLUMBUS (*in a hesitating way*).

He promised me

A sum of money for my charts. He must——

BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.

COLUMBUS. He demands?

Ah, not for my sake,—but for his, you come.

He sends me then, etc.

BREVIESCA. You dare dispute the royal will?

COLUMBUS. I dare

Do nothing to impugn the royal honor.

*Enter—Left—MAID, evidently in distress.*

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS. Why, what is it?

MAID. She—seems—dying.

COLUMBUS. What, what? my wife?

*(Starts for the door—Left—BREVIESCA makes a gesture of disapproval.)*

BREVIESCA. Give us your answer first.

COLUMBUS. You press this now?

BREVIESCA. We represent the king.

Do you forget that he must be supreme?

COLUMBUS. I do in presence of a Higher King.

Oh, what has happened?

*Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS and the MAID.*

BREVIESCA. What we shall report.<sup>22</sup>

CURTAIN. END OF ACT I.

<sup>22</sup> *Exeunt—Right—BREVIESCA and other man.*

DIEGO (*pointing toward Left*).

If she be flown, I fear we all must fly.

BARTHOLOMEW. But why should he so suffer!—I  
half think

In truth to spirit there is that which makes  
All earth its enemy.

DIEGO. Yet conquers it.

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST:—*A Spanish camp by night, illumed by distant red camp-fires. Backing at the Left a royal tent with curtains before its entrance. To the sides at right of stage, connecting with Right Side Second Entrance, the tent of COLUMBUS, its curtains drawn aside revealing a cot or lounge on which two or more can sit, also a chair or two. Just outside the same tent on the side toward the center of stage, a log on which two or more can sit. To the sides at Left of stage, trees. Entrances at the Left Center through the royal tent; at the Right Side Rear, behind the tent of COLUMBUS; at the Right Side through his tent; at the Right Side Front, between it and the audience; and at the Left Side, Rear and Front through trees.*

*Enter—Left—a MOOR.*

MOOR. Darkness for deeds of darkness! Thank the stars,

I well nigh touch the queen's pavilion; yet  
In all this Christian camp, blood-red as life,  
Not one suspects the Moor—this heathen worm  
Who wriggles toward its core. Her tent!—steal in!  
(*Addressing his steel dirk as he looks at it, then lifts it upward.*)

Be that my motto: Steel in, till you start.

The spirit of the queen, steel it away.

Hark!—some one comes here. Let me hide.—Aha!

*(Looks around, then apparently hides himself  
in the folds of the canvas at the Back Side  
of the tent of COLUMBUS.)*

Convenient folds these!—Thank you, Christian friends.

*Exit the MOOR—Right—behind the tent of  
COLUMBUS.*

*Enter—Right—through this tent, DIEGO and COLUMBUS, dressed as a soldier.*

*(The two are at first inside the tent; but, as they talk, they gradually come out onto the stage in front of it.)*

COLUMBUS. Have heard from England and Bartholomew?

DIEGO. I have.

COLUMBUS. He had success?

DIEGO. They thought us fools.

And how fared you in Genoa and Venice?

COLUMBUS. They knew we were.<sup>23</sup>

DIEGO. Then we must give it up?

COLUMBUS. My voyage?

DIEGO. Yes.

<sup>23</sup> I half believe that flight

Was all that saved me from a mad-house. Oh,  
The world plays tyrant to the soul would serve it.  
It treats him like a female relative

COLUMBUS. Not till I die; and that  
I will do soon as hope dies out of me.

DIEGO. You have enlisted?

COLUMBUS. It will help me on.

Men judge of us by standards in themselves;

And so like us when they see us like them.

Kings take to tales, too, writ with points like  
this—

*(Pointing, with a gesture, to his sword.)*

To underscore “your humble servant” when  
He signs requests.

*Enter—Left Side—at the Rear two young  
OFFICERS. They stand looking at Co-  
LUMBUS and DIEGO, making signs to in-  
dicate that they consider COLUMBUS out of  
his mind. COLUMBUS notices them.*

DIEGO. And have you met the king?

COLUMBUS. Am waiting for a chance——

DIEGO. It promises?

What seem your prospects?

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the officers*).

Watch those men and see.

We ape sign-language here. Theirs means “Co-  
lumbus.”

Whose drudgery is deemed supremely paid

By her own love. But when the wage one wants

Is not within one, love is never paid.

DIEGO. Yes, yes; I fear that we must give it up, etc.

The women, children, all have learned it, too.  
And point it now and then with exclamations.

DIEGO (*glancing angrily at the men*). Outrageous ! I  
will stop them.

COLUMBUS (*staying him with his hand*). Why, what  
use ?

Far better have men point at us and laugh,  
Than never have them point to us at all.

DIEGO. Do you say this, who were so sensitive,  
High-spirited ?

*(The Officers cross the stage and Exeunt at the  
Right Rear.)*

COLUMBUS. One may have so much sense  
It holds the spirit down. Besides, our spheres  
Are stagnant and need movement. Make men  
take

You gravely if you can ; if not, what though  
They laugh ? You move them that way. There  
are times

The tiniest tinkling that can tap the air  
Rings up life's curtain for its grandest act.

<sup>24</sup> To appease what he esteems as God.

DIEGO. How so ?

COLUMBUS. A woman craves attention and a home.  
Her lover's mission, let it oft withdraw

His ear or sphere from her, seems then her rival.

DIEGO. It would not, did she love the man's true  
self.

DIEGO. You talk as if all friends were lost.

COLUMBUS. Nay, light,

It trails the shadow. It is those with friends  
Are sure of foes; and only those with neither  
Are sure of neither.

DIEGO. Then you have friends?

COLUMBUS. Yes.

DIEGO. What class of people?

COLUMBUS. Oh, both Dukes and Dons;  
And, to make life complete, at least one woman.

DIEGO. Aha!

COLUMBUS. The image of my lost Felipa.

DIEGO. You mean to marry her?

COLUMBUS. Had I the wish

I could not have the will. Her family  
Are not agreeable——

DIEGO. To you?

COLUMBUS. To her,

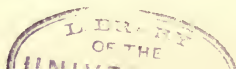
When seen with me; and—well!—enough  
For one man to have sacrificed one woman.<sup>24</sup>  
This one is but a sister, name more sacred

COLUMBUS. Mayhap, and yet the kinds of love men  
feel

For mistress and for mission are so like!——

What, if behind the mission's love should be  
Some sentient spirit too in realms unseen?

These women may be right. They may have  
rivals.





Than wife, I think, as wives go now.

DIEGO. She thinks

This too?

COLUMBUS. She should, and you?

DIEGO. I think, perhaps,

You ought to marry her.<sup>25</sup>

*Enter—Left Side Front—the MONK, JUAN,  
PEREZ, another MONK, and the officer  
SANCHEZ.*

COLUMBUS (*looking toward the MONK*). Why, who  
are these?

PEREZ (*to COLUMBUS*).

God greet you friends.

But what Felipa felt I could not help.

Yet may avoid its repetition.

DIEGO (*doubtfully*). Humph!

COLUMBUS. This one is but a sister, etc.

<sup>25</sup> COLUMBUS. No! I have vowed

Religiously—

DIEGO. And might not be the first

Religion led astray.

COLUMBUS. Astray! how so?

DIEGO. A brotherly or sisterly regard

Grows up from family relationship.

Train boys and girls together, side by side,

As in one loyal household, holding all

Humanity, and then perchance, may love's dis-  
honor

Seem foul as incest, and imperilers of it,



COLUMBUS. His messengers are welcome.

PEREZ. And doubly so if from Jerusalem ?

COLUMBUS. The holy city ?

PEREZ. Yes. The grand Soldan  
Of Egypt sent us.

COLUMBUS. With a message ?

PEREZ. Yes.

He vows, in case the Spaniard will not stay  
This war against the Moor, to rouse the East,  
Pull down all Christian churches, and beneath  
Entomb their worshipers.

COLUMBUS. He thinks this threat  
Will influence Ferdinand ?

No longer vehicles of life humane,  
Unsouled of self-control, all flag themselves  
The death-trucks that they are, and make health  
scud

From their contagion as from carrion.

COLUMBUS. You mean——

DIEGO. The young are not so trained in Spain—  
Not schooled to know each other, soul by soul,  
And nothing but the soul can outweigh sense.

COLUMBUS. In general, true !—but she——

DIEGO. Our lives reflect  
The light of our surroundings. What are here ?—  
Accurséd customs that mistrust the soul,  
Ay, robe its every feature in their rags,  
Draped all to hint unshapeliness beneath.  
Away with earthly habits that can hide  
God's image framed within !

SANCHEZ. It should not.

PEREZ. No.

COLUMBUS. But must the faithful suffer?

PEREZ. They do now.

At each pretext oppressed, reviled, and robbed  
Of property and freedom, flayed and hung,  
And heaven knows what; for it gets most of  
them.<sup>26</sup>

DIEGO (*glancing at the MONKS and speaking aside to*  
COLUMBUS).

They seek the king—might speak for you,  
not so?

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*). They might.

(*To the MONKS.*) Would you not rest with us  
to-night?

PEREZ. We thank you—and your name?

(*DIEGO and the others as COLUMBUS gestures*  
*to them, enter tent of COLUMBUS and sit.*  
COLUMBUS *sits on the log to the left of his tent*

<sup>26</sup> SANCHEZ. That should not be.

PEREZ. Ah, when what should be is,  
What is will be beyond this earth.

SANCHEZ. When once  
Old Spain's white line of ships have tailed for  
good

This flying kite here of the Moor, and cleared  
The blue about us, there should rest no ship  
Not steered to right our brethren there.

*with his back to center.)*

COLUMBUS. Columbus.

PEREZ. Oh !

Have heard of you.<sup>27</sup> (*Keeps silent.*)

COLUMBUS. The silence of the good  
Damns more than bad men's curses. Yet my  
aims

Are one with yours—to speed the truth to all.  
But “all” means more than most men deem.

PEREZ. The wise  
Aim not beyond their reach.

COLUMBUS. The faithful aim  
Wherever they are called.

PEREZ. You heard the call  
Just made ?

COLUMBUS. And not a breast could out-thrill mine  
With indignation at the tale.

PEREZ. It failed  
To stir your lip to pledges.

OTHER MONK. Not one.

PEREZ (*to SANCHEZ*). Would you go ?

SANCHEZ. Ay, I would.

PEREZ. The time may come——

<sup>27</sup> COLUMBUS. Heard good ?

PEREZ. Why ?—

COLUMBUS. Ah, have not.

I understand.

COLUMBUS. When heaven crowns

My present plan——

PEREZ. You will be like your mates,

Ennobled, rich, and found a family.

COLUMBUS. My western mission is for Christ  
alone.

Pray heaven with me that I fulfill it; then

I vow to live a life like yours, and more——

To give it to this eastern mission. See——

*(Drawing his sword and showing the cross forming  
its hilt.)*

This cross—it aims the sword I wield!—will  
find

No final rest, till waved above the crescent.

PEREZ. You seem a holy man.

*Enter—Left Center, from the royal tent,—  
BEATRIX, advances across the stage,  
touches COLUMBUS on his back, then with-  
draws toward Right Side Rear, behind his  
tent.*

COLUMBUS. Nay, none is that.

When men seem holy do not think of them,

<sup>28</sup> this time of night?

Have you forgot? Your father——

BEATRIX.

Is a bird,

Flown southward, wrong, forgetting for a time

The winter whence it fled?

COLUMBUS.

But there are ways——

But of the cause that has affected them.

(COLUMBUS rises, as if looking for BEATRIX.)

PEREZ (*to the other MONK*). He seems inspired by purposes well worth

The world's regard.

OTHER MONK. He does.

COLUMBUS (*aside as he looks behind him*).

Who comes?—I think

I know her. (*To DIEGO*) Diego, will you guide our friends

Across the pathway to our other tent?

One waits here who has business with me.

*Exeunt—Right—through the tent of COLUMBUS, DIEGO, SANCHEZ, and the MONKS.*

*Enter—Right—from behind the same tent, BEATRIX.*

COLUMBUS. You, Beatrix? and here?—<sup>28</sup>

BEATRIX. These worthy friars  
Just in your tent, I hear, will see the king.

They might commend you.

COLUMBUS. Yes, I thank you.

BEATRIX. Well?

BEATRIX. I am not welcome then?

COLUMBUS. Oh no—not that—  
But unexpected.

BEATRIX. I have heard you say

Good fortune would be so.

COLUMBUS. You bring it, then?

BEATRIX. One door ajar to it. These worthy, etc

COLUMBUS. More?

BEATRIX. You seem cold.

COLUMBUS. The night is.

BEATRIX. I am not.

COLUMBUS. No, no, forgive me.

BEATRIX. I have more to say.

The Dona Bobadilla——

COLUMBUS. Your old foe?

BEATRIX. New friend ; for your sake made and  
kept a friend.—<sup>29</sup>

This Dona Bobadilla has in view

To urge your claims upon the queen.

COLUMBUS. She has?—

What is it makes a woman serve as you

A mere enthusiast without success?

BEATRIX. No need were there to serve one with  
success.

COLUMBUS. But failure——

BEATRIX. Shows a spirit as it is.

It throws one's manhood into full relief,

Stript of all circumstance and accident.

COLUMBUS.<sup>30</sup> The world is full of brains, and all  
the brains

<sup>29</sup> By courtesies limbering my stiff limbs of pride  
Till limp and limping as humility.

COLUMBUS. But really——

BEATRIX. Really, when one's inward sense  
Of mastership outweighs an outward show  
Of servitude, why, one but serves herself.

Of whims, and all that gives the whims more worth  
Than blood that churns them up to consciousness,  
Is that they leave the brain and live in deeds.

Mine have not done this yet.

BEATRIX (*sitting on log to left of tent of Columbus, and in doing so, letting the shawl that she has worn fall from her on to the log behind her. Columbus stands at the right, and after a little while sits beside her*).

The deed that best  
Proves each man's workmanship is what he is.  
If God be the eternal, he who shows  
Eternal perseverance falls not far  
From fellow-craft with Him.

COLUMBUS. You, like a myth,  
Are not inspired, but yet inspiring; not  
Religion, but could make a man religious.

BEATRIX. You speak in figures.

COLUMBUS. We all live in them.

BEATRIX. What then?

COLUMBUS. Why, they are beautiful.

BEATRIX. And this

Gives life its beauty?

COLUMBUS. Ay, and interest.

For every time a spirit veiled in them

<sup>30</sup> COLUMBUS. This heart of mine were heavy were it not  
Made light and bright by eyes that can detect,  
Beneath all veils disguising what it is,  
Its one sole virtue—You forget that all





COLUMBUS. Do not say that—

BEATRIX. I could imagine times  
When one I know would seem divine.

COLUMBUS. Wait, wait!—  
How near together heaven and hell may be!

BEATRIX. Yes; only earth and earthly thinking  
make

It possible for sense to deem them two.

Throne God in hell, all heaven would burst the  
gates

And dream of blessed rest, though every foot  
Were sea'd upon a prostrate seething devil.

*(The shawl drawn by the MOOR disappears from the log behind BEATRIX. Just as it does so, COLUMBUS catches sight of it. The MOOR starts back and wraps the shawl about him. COLUMBUS rises.)*

COLUMBUS. What moved? *(to BEATRIX who also rises.)*

Your shawl—

BEATRIX. Was taken?

COLUMBUS. Yes—drawn off.

BEATRIX. Some one was listening?

COLUMBUS. Yes—keep still.

*(Exit—Left Center—through the royal tent—  
The MOOR. COLUMBUS sees him.)*

I see

A form. It disappeared there in your tent.

BEATRIX. My shawl on?

COLUMBUS. Yes.

BEATRIX. Why, all the ladies' tents—

The queen's—are reached through that. I follow.

COLUMBUS. No—

A thief,—assassin, may be. No, let me—

*(Advancing toward the royal tent.)*

BEATRIX *(stopping him)*. Be thought a culprit?—  
never!

COLUMBUS *(handing her a dirk.)* Then take this,

And call me. I will keep in hearing.—God!

I cannot bear to let you go.

BEATRIX. I must.

*Exit—Left Center—through the royal tent*

*BEATRIX with the dirk in hand.*

COLUMBUS. How brave in her! Yet what could  
one expect!

How brave in her to let me know her love!

And what unnatural, unmanned man am I,

Who does not, will not dare, return it her!

Strange mixture life is of the right and wrong!

Should one be good, or kind? and which is  
which?

How much that seems in line for both is but

A ray that falls to form a pathway here

From the rent forms of clouds beyond our reach

Which, while they let the light in, bring the  
storm!

VOICES *(within the tent at Left Center)*. Help, help!

COLUMBUS. Who called?

BEATRIX (*appearing at Left Center.*)

Columbus, come!—A Moor

Has killed the guard.

COLUMBUS.

You rouse the camp.

(*Calling aloud*) A Moor!

*Exit Left Center, COLUMBUS.*

BEATRIX (*calling aloud*). A Moor!—

*Enter—Left Side Rear, Second and Front—SANCHEZ and SOLDIERS. BEATRIX points to Left Center.*

In there!—may kill the queen—a Moor!

*Exeunt—Left Center—SANCHEZ and SOLDIERS.*

VOICES (*from within the royal tent at Left Center*).

Ay, ay, take this and that.

*Enter from Left Center, SANCHEZ, COLUMBUS and SOLDIERS dragging a dummy form of the MOOR.*

SANCHEZ.

Here—drag him out!

Is dead already—Humph!—is limp enough

To make a rug of at the door.

*Enter—Right Side Rear—other SOLDIERS, the officer GUTIERREZ and the KING.*

GUTIERREZ.

The King.

(*All salute. The KING looks at the MOOR.*)

KING. Who is he?

SANCHEZ.

An assassin—sought the queen—

Surprised the guard.

KING. He did not reach her?

SANCHEZ.

No.

(*Pointing to COLUMBUS.*)

Well nigh! He tracked him in. We mastered him.

KING (*to COLUMBUS*).

Ay, ay! Your name?

COLUMBUS.

Columbus.

KING (*to all*).

Now to rest.

(*To COLUMBUS.*)

But you may come with me—Would see you further.

*Exeunt—Left Center—*KING, GUTIERREZ,  
COLUMBUS, SOLDIERS, BEATRIX.

*Exeunt at other entrances, OMNES.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Council Chamber in the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen at Salamanca. Dark wood paneling in ceiling and walls. A long table in the Rear with chairs behind it and at both ends. Entrances at Right and Left sides. Enter—Left—ZALORA and FERNANDEZ.*

<sup>31</sup> FERNANDEZ.

And, say, does that

Make preachers, eh? sensational? You should know.

ZALORA. You think sensations are acquired?

FERNANDEZ.

I know

A soul that squeals well, is a soul well squeezed.

FERNANDEZ. All here ?

ZALORA. Oh yes. One must obey the king.

FERNANDEZ. He must suppose the times ahead  
are dark.

ZALORA. How so ?

FERNANDEZ. In giving us this *pastime* here.

ZALORA. We have our holy days and holidays.

I sometimes wonder which are holier.

FERNANDEZ. What, what ! and you a priest ?

ZALORA. An old one—yes.

Like other earthly things, our lives move on

Half light, half shadow, and with me

The shadows came in youth.

FERNANDEZ. Your brilliancy

Developed late, eh ? like a winter's dawn—

Or lightning from a cloud. But you are right.

This life is like a bladder-air-ball. If

You press its youth-side in, you, by-and-by,

*Enter—at Right—ST. ANGEL and PEREZ and exchange greetings with FERNANDEZ and ZALORA.*

Will bulge its age-side out.<sup>31</sup>—Not so ?—Tell why

These balls—our children's balls—are like a  
bishop.

Sensation is the step-son of depression.

You step on——

ZALORA. Oh, go to !—that spoils the form.

ST. ANGEL. What form ?

FERNANDEZ (to ST. ANGEL). Why, of a ball.

(to ZALORA). Not so ?—Tell why, etc.

PEREZ (*laughing and pointing to ZALORA*).

Because, like him, they usually are *round*?

ST. ANGEL. And sometimes, though not always,  
*holy*, eh?

ZALORA (*good-naturedly*).

Why point your wit with personality?

ST. ANGEL. Oh never, when the person is *around*.

But now the child's ball?

FERNANDEZ. Why, the *bawl* is made  
(*Brings his hands down as if ordaining, and also  
striking a blow.*)

By laying on of hands.

<sup>32</sup> Should know. You sent for us.

ZALORA. And why for me?

Am I an expert on insanity?

FERNANDEZ (*to ZALORA*). Oh no, your place is on  
beyond an *expert*.

TALAVERA. A present pert?

FERNANDEZ. Beyond that too.

ZALORA. How so?

FERNANDEZ. Beyond an *xpert* is a *y-z-pert*.

ZALORA. Quite low down in the alphabet of wit!

FERNANDEZ. I know—the *last* of it—just where  
you *shoe* it.

FONSECA (*to ARANA in another part of the hall*).

But think—the danger.

ARANA. He will never sail!

FONSECA. Not that I mean, but in his theories.

You know they contradict the church.

ARANA. If this

Be true—

(*All laugh.*)

*Enter—Right—*MENDOZA *and* TALAVERA.

*Enter — Left —* ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA  
*and others. All in, or entering, the hall*  
*exchange greetings.*

TALAVERA (*to* FERNANDEZ). What were you doing?

FERNANDEZ. Our duty here—ordaining nonsense.  
You  
Should know.<sup>32</sup>

TALAVERA. You all make too much light of this.

FERNANDEZ. What better can enlighten dullness,  
pray,

FONSECA. It is,—is very serious.

FERNANDEZ (*to* FONSECA). And what of that? I  
say the best of physics

For seriousness is laughter. Where is bile,  
Well tickled throats will throw it up.

FONSECA. To fool  
With fools is feeding folly.

FERNANDEZ. Feed a fool  
On folly, and he grows so fat with it  
That soon all wisdom's world that he would sit on,  
Would it not die itself, must make him *diet*.

BREVIESCA. Is too light-weighted—off his balance  
now.

FERNANDEZ. If off his balance, balance him, ay,  
ay—

Get *even* with him—no great task for you!

TALAVERA. Come, come. You all, etc.



Than *making light* of it?

BREVIESCA.

No enlightening him! <sup>33</sup>

*All begin to take places around the table, though not yet to sit. TALAVERA goes to the central seat behind it, MENDOZA to his right, and ST. ANGEL and PEREZ to the right of MENDOZA. FONSECA, BREVIESCA, ARANA, ZALORA and FERNANDEZ are at TALAVERA'S Left. Others go where there are places.*

FONSECA. We soon shall show you.

ST. ANGEL (*to PEREZ*). Show us, as I think,  
Birds of *another's feather*—birds of *prey*.

PEREZ. In *praying* they do priest's work.

ST. ANGEL.

Yes; in that—

And making mortals humble. One with aught  
To plume himself on, will not go unplucked.

<sup>33</sup> ST. ANGEL. That must be proved.

ZALORA.

Aha! You seem his friend.

Then tell us, if you can, our mission here.

ST. ANGEL. Why, to report about Columbus.

FERNANDEZ.

Humph!

*About him, eh? How far about him, pray?*

ST. ANGEL. The truth.

FERNANDEZ. What, what?—are not to exercise  
Our minds?—let them revolve about, and then  
Evolve——

FONSECA. Oh, cease your jesting!

FERNANDEZ.

Jesting?—No.



But see—the victim.

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS.*

TALavera (*to those in the chamber*).

Friends, the Mariner.

(*To COLUMBUS and all.*)

I think that you have met before.

(*COLUMBUS and all exchange greetings.*)

And now<sup>34</sup>

*The others sit. TALavera motions to COLUMBUS to do the same, which he does at the extreme right.*

(*To COLUMBUS.*)

They say you wish to have a fleet and men,  
And outfit, too, involving much expense.

What reasons have you?

COLUMBUS.

To extend the sway

We form a body sitting on Columbus.

An old hen, even, doing this, I say,

Would hatch out something.

ZALORA.

Wait now. You will find

Enough old hens here to bring forth, at least,

What they will think worth while their cackling  
over.

<sup>34</sup> We get to work. Where thought appeals to  
thought,

The only sovereign is the wisest word,  
Which sometimes is the last word ;—any way,  
Is always of the spirit, and needs not  
Accoutrements and courtesies of form

Of Spain and Christianity in lands  
Where now they are not known.

TALavera. That wish is ours.

What proof have you, though, that these lands  
exist?

COLUMBUS. Reports of mariners—authority—  
The nature of the world.

TALavera. Do these off-set  
The dangers?

COLUMBUS. Which ones?

ARANA. Like the boiling waves  
Of Africa, and giants on the shores.

COLUMBUS. Mere fables, all! Why, I myself have  
sailed

To Guinea, past where these were said to be.<sup>35</sup>

Vicenti, too, some scores of leagues beyond

To prove its prestige. We can waive them, then,  
And let the spirit prompt us as it may.

(*Turning to COLUMBUS.*)

<sup>35</sup> And have you never heard of Eudoxus  
Of Cyzicus, who left Arabia  
And reached Gibraltar! how too from Gibraltar  
The Carthaginian Hanno, sailing back,  
Came to Arabia?

FONSECA. All pagan lies!

COLUMBUS. A statement that confutes a general  
faith

At risk of reputation; yet meantime  
Confirms our natural reasoning, seldom lies.

The Cape St. Vincent, came on floating wood  
Carved by men's hands.

ZALORA. Ay, from some other ship.

COLUMBUS. Then lost in many places. Wood  
carved thus

Was found by my own brother-in-law, Correo.

And plants and trees too drift thus from the west.

FONSECA. Washed there, washed back.

COLUMBUS. No, different in kind

From any in the East. They found besides

Two men's forms cast upon the isle of Flores,

With features not at all like men known here.

ARANA. And what of that?

COLUMBUS. The men—not only they—

The trees, the plants, are like in kind to those

Described by Polo and by Mandeville

Who would have said this, had it not been true?

Yet that it should be, what more natural?

ZALORA. But sailing east is not the same as west.

COLUMBUS. Enough is known to warrant even that.

FERNANDEZ. St. Brandan and the seven cities, yes!

But these have always melted into clouds

To those who sought them.

COLUMBUS. Other lands are told of.

MENDOZA, Atlantis, eh?

COLUMBUS. Yes, and Antilla too,

Well known to Carthage, Aristotle says.

And many a modern vessel has been driven

Where shores have been described by accident

And other signs of—

As found in those great lands of Gengis Khan  
And Prester John, far in the Indies.

ARANA. They

Were east, not west.

COLUMBUS. Just so, both east and west.

FERNANDEZ. What, what?

BREVIESCA (*to FERNANDEZ*). You see——

COLUMBUS. It seems a contradiction.

It would not, did you think the world were  
round.<sup>36</sup>

ARANA (*to COLUMBUS*). And, if the world were  
round—What, then, forsooth?—

Could sail around it, without tumbling off?

FONSECA (*to ZALORA*). Ay, or without the water's  
tumbling off?

ARANA. Same thing.

FERNANDEZ (*good naturedly to COLUMBUS*).

FONSECA. Desert Islands.

COLUMBUS. No.

Vicenti, twenty-score of leagues beyond, etc.

<sup>36</sup> FONSECA (*laughing*). No, never, no!

ARANA. No never!

ZALORA (*to COLUMBUS sarcastically*). You are right.

COLUMBUS. There is authority for thinking this.

ARANA. For fancying it, yes; or anything.

COLUMBUS. But Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny

Say one can sail from Cadiz to the Indies.

TALAVERA. Yet wait. Besides this, is it not a fact

That they too calculated three years' time,—

Enough to starve a ship's crew ten times over——

I think that you must be the man  
That once I heard of, though I never saw him,  
Who wants to turn the whole world upside-  
down——

FONSECA. Where roots of trees bear leaves, and  
rain spurts up.

BREVIESCA. Oh, he would feel at home there—let  
him go!

His head feels upside down without the going.

FERNANDEZ. You wait and hear the whole tale.  
They examined

The feet of those they found at Flores ; not so ?

ZALORA. They did?

FERNANDEZ. Oh yes! and found them shaped  
like spiders',

Made to walk up like this.

*(Gesturing with his hands.)*

Before her cruise could compass it?

COLUMBUS. Some did ;

Yet, judging by the globe of Ptolemy,

Compared with one Marinus made, of Tyre,

A third of it alone rests unexplored,—

Eight hours of twenty-four. You measure this.

It seems not more than seven hundred leagues.

FONSECA. You measure it ?—The whole of it is  
fancy,

ARANA. Yes ; —not a ray of reason in it.

FONSECA. No.

ARANA (*to COLUMBUS*). And, if the world were round  
what, then, etc.

BREVIESCA. Like those one sees  
Clawed on a pictured devil.

FONSECA. If he sail,  
He soon may see them too upon a real one.

TALAVERA. Severe!

FONSECA. I mean it; ay, I speak the truth.  
The holy father, St. Augustine, shows it:  
Men formed like this—to walk thus upside-  
down—

Could not be sons of Adam.<sup>87</sup>

ARANA. Right!

BREVIESCA. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. But are you sure these men are not  
like us?

FONSECA. Humph, you would practice many  
years before

You walked with your heels up.

COLUMBUS. But there, as here,  
The earth may seem to be below one.

ARANA. Ah!

We grant to fancy, man, a certain flight—

<sup>87</sup> Did they live,

It would upset our whole historic base  
Of Christian faith.

ARANA. Just so!

FONSECA. To argue it  
At all—grant it conceivable—involves  
Clear heresy.

ZALORA. Hear, hear!

ARANA. Quite right! etc.





The heavens might seem as like a tent as here.  
FONSECA. They only might ? The Scripture says  
they do.

You make it doubtful ?

BREVIESCA. Heretic !

ARANA. Too true !

COLUMBUS. My one desire, the purpose of my life  
Is to become an earthly instrument  
Through which the Scriptures may become fulfilled,  
That all the ends of earth—they are ends now—  
Be brought together with one Lord and God.

FONSECA. What good would this do, if His word  
were false ?

COLUMBUS (*in surprise*). You think I doubt it.

FONSECA. We have heard you term  
Its affirmations figures, argue down—  
And that with pagan proofs—the fathers. Truth  
Can never change.

COLUMBUS. We can.

FONSECA. And change it ?

COLUMBUS. Change  
Its bearings for us. Truth is of the heaven :

TALAVERA (*to BREVIESCA*). Oh, you mistake his  
meaning !

BREVIESCA (*looking around incredulously*). What ?

FERNANDEZ (*to BREVIESCA*). Yes, yes.

<sup>39</sup> The one is infinite, the other finite :  
The one expressed in light itself, the other  
In forms that but reflect light ; and the truth,  
Made such but by reflection, cannot flash



The mind regarding it is of the earth.<sup>39</sup>

Give blind men sight. At first their new-viewed  
sun

Will stand still in the heaven. But give them  
time,

That sun will set and rise. Then give them  
space,

Lift them a thousand miles above the soil,

It may do neither.

ARANA. Dangerous doctrine that!

FONSECA (*to* COLUMBUS). No truth then, eh?

COLUMBUS. Yes; truth enough for all.

But truth expressed is coin to use, not hoard.

For when it bears the stamp of times too old,

It loses current value.

FONSECA. Hear that ! hear !<sup>40</sup>

COLUMBUS. The moonlight guides us, if we have  
no sun.

But forms that loom at midnight lie to those

Who know them in the day ; and in the day

No judgment of the distance can be true

Except for him who pushes on to reach it.<sup>41</sup>

An equal ray to every view-point.

SEVERAL. Oh !

COLUMBUS. Give blind men sight, etc.

<sup>40</sup> Why, that blasphemes tradition ! Just as if  
Antiquity itself did not prove truth !

<sup>41</sup> FONSECA. Hold ! Hold ! Enough of this ! There is  
a law

*Enter—Right—an ATTENDANT.*

TALavera (*rising*). A moment, gentlemen.  
(*To ATTENDANT.*)

What is it?

ATTENDANT.

Sire,

The royal courier.

TALavera. Ah, has come so soon?  
(*To all.*)

Then for to-day our conference must end.

(*All who are sitting rise.*)

COLUMBUS (*to TALavera*).

And I withdraw?

TALavera (*bowing in assent and adieu to COLUMBUS*).

We thank you for your candor.

(*COLUMBUS bows to all the council, and the council to him.*)

*Exeunt—Right—COLUMBUS and ATTENDANT, showing him out.*

FONSECA (*moving with others toward the Left*).

But we must see we have no more of it.

FERNANDEZ (*to ZALORA, TALavera and MENDOZA, who are walking behind FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA and others*).

A spark in hayloft! bull in porcelain!

Will bring the whole church crackling round us yet.

That ought to be enforced here. We shall see!

COLUMBUS. The world will see in time that I am right.

No theory spun for concepts immature

Can ever fit their full maturity.

*Exeunt — Left — FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA and others.*

MENDOZA (*to FERNANDEZ*).

But racy as a bull fight?

FERNANDEZ.

In the which

The bull did some tall tossing.

*Exeunt — Left — First MENDOZA, then ZALORA, TALAVERA and FERNANDEZ.*

PEREZ (*to ST. ANGEL*).

Did you hear?—

Strange words for him.

ST. ANGEL.

No; I have always found

The light mind is the bright mind. Wit and wits

Are twins; without the other each is lacking.

*Exeunt — Right — ST. ANGEL and all others.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of the Convent of La Rabida, near the little seaport of Palos, in Andalusia, in Spain. Backing, a wall, behind which are hills, trees, and a distant sea-view. At the right, a gateway opening into the Convent. At the left, trees, etc. Entrances at Right Side Rear, behind the Convent; Right Side, further forward, through a gateway opening into the Convent; Left Side Rear and Front through trees.*

*Enter — Right Side Rear — BEATRIX, a MAID, and DIEGO in out-door costumes.*

BEATRIX. I could not keep him back.

DIEGO.                                You tried?<sup>42</sup>    Make friends  
Of little souls.    Humph! they are common.

BEATRIX (*offended*).                                What?

DIEGO.    A spirit's measure is its outlook.    Find  
A man horizoned by the whole broad world  
Who sees it all in all, he stands a son  
Of God!—is here to do his Father's work;  
And you should join in it, or not join him.

BEATRIX.    Why should he go to France?—no  
sailors there.

DIEGO.    A spirit conscious of a higher mission  
Is always on the wing.

BEATRIX.                                You know our king  
Gave weight to what he argued, promised ships?

DIEGO.    But would not place my brother in com-  
mand.

BEATRIX.    Far safer so.

DIEGO.                                For whom?

BEATRIX.                                Your brother.

DIEGO.                                What?

You talked of his own safety to my brother?

BEATRIX.    Why, he had done his duty, sown the  
seed;

Then why not leave the rest with Providence?

<sup>42</sup> DIEGO.                                You tried to block  
His pathway, eh? but he looked over you—  
Beyond you?

BEATRIX.    Humph! poor treatment from a friend!

DIEGO.    And you would fill his whole horizon then?

DIEGO. Fling seed to seas, or bid it root in winds;

But do not trust your thoughts to Providence.  
Their soil is in humanity, nor there  
Spring, grow, or ripen without husbandry.

BEATRIX. He talked and argued——

DIEGO. Oh, to talk the truth  
Is easy as to breathe. To live the truth,  
And, mailed in its pure radiance, burn to black  
The shade its white heat severs, needs a strength  
To suffer hatred and inspire to love,  
Half hell's, half heaven's, and wholly Christ's.<sup>43</sup>

BEATRIX. You think

That we shall see him here?

DIEGO. Why yes, I think  
That they will find him; if so, bring him back.  
He would not miss a meeting with the queen.

BEATRIX. You say she lunches with the monks to-day?

DIEGO. I heard so, yes——

(*Pointing toward Left Side Rear.*)

And look you—she is coming.

BEATRIX. I have some faith in her.

DIEGO. Faith always waits

BEATRIX. Why—in a friend——

DIEGO. Is easy, yes ; make friends, etc.

<sup>43</sup> BEATRIX. And yet

If others go——

DIEGO. So far off is the goal,

On perfect womanhood. Show men a form  
 Whose outward symmetry of nature frames  
 A symmetry of soul, whose pure-hued face  
 Complexions pureness of the character,  
 Whose clear sweet accents outlet clear, sweet  
     thought,  
 Whose burning eyes flash flame from kindled  
     love,  
 And all whose yielding gracefulness of mien  
 But fitly robes all grace-moved sympathy,—  
 Ay, find a soul whose beauty of the shield  
 But keeps more bright the blade of brain because  
 Of what seems merely ornament,—to her  
 All men will yield a spirit's loyalty.  
 The fairy-goddess of the world of fact,  
 Dream-sister of the brotherhood of deed,  
 An angel minister as well as queen,

And so unseen, that all but faith will fail;  
 And this they lack.

BEATRIX.                      But yet, you told him, too,  
     You thought it vain to leave here.

DIEGO.                                      Feared it vain.  
     But you, you urged him to submit, not sail,  
     Nor push his claims upon the king.

BEATRIX.                                      Of course.

DIEGO. Poor, lonely man !

BEATRIX.                      His own fault—would not have  
     A soul go with him.

DIEGO.                      Why should he? To minds  
     In which the spirit so subdues the sense,

The splendor of her station lifts her high.  
But like the sun that she may light us all.

*Enter—Left Side Rear—the QUEEN and ATTENDANTS,  
among them ST. ANGEL.*

*Enter—at the same time—at Right Side  
through the convent's gateway, MONKS,  
among them PEREZ, behind them SANCHEZ  
and COLUMBUS.*

PEREZ (*to the QUEEN to whom all do reverence*).

We feel much honored by your presence

QUEEN. Nay,

You are the ministers of higher power.

The honor comes to me.

BEATRIX (*to DIEGO in the rear*).

Look there—your brother.

DIEGO. So they have found him.

BEATRIX. Hark—they speak of him.

A lack of sympathy itself is absence.

BEATRIX. But you will join him?

DIEGO. Like a faithful slave

Whom word, not thought, commands.

BEATRIX. Why should not I go?

DIEGO. You could not live contented with a man

With no home either for himself or you.

He must have told you this.

BEATRIX. Home seems a state,

Not place.

DIEGO. A state of happiness, and that

He knows he could not give you.

BEATRIX. Do you think, etc.



PEREZ. Your majesty, your couriers have returned.

They found the Mariner.

QUEEN. Yes, and where?

PEREZ. Far up

The mountains, just beside the boundary.

QUEEN. Alone?

PEREZ. Alone.

(*Introducing COLUMBUS.*) The Mariner.

(*COLUMBUS salutes the QUEEN.*)

QUEEN (*to COLUMBUS*). As I hoped.

And you were leaving us?

COLUMBUS. I was.

QUEEN. Why so?

COLUMBUS. I have an aim in life.

(*BEATRIX, in her gestures towards DIEGO, to which she tries to attract the attention of COLUMBUS, expresses disapproval of his answers which follow here.*)

QUEEN. I thought the king

Had promised ships.

COLUMBUS. He had.

QUEEN. And officers.

COLUMBUS. Not those for such an undertaking.

QUEEN. You

Can go with them.

COLUMBUS. Your pardon, but—I beg—

Excuse me.



QUEEN. Why?

COLUMBUS. I have no time to waste.

QUEEN. To waste?

COLUMBUS. Full eighteen years ago I first  
Made known my plan. I am no longer young.

QUEEN. Why, ships and men, and you to sail with  
them!

COLUMBUS. Sail off, sail back—I have no time to  
waste.

QUEEN. You think they would not persevere?

COLUMBUS. The goal  
Is not of their discerning.—Why should they  
Be thought the ones to bring it to the light?

QUEEN. But they——

COLUMBUS. To them it seems a madman's whim,  
A thing to flout;—to me the one conception  
Of all that is most rational and holy.  
Which, then, would give his life that it might  
live?

QUEEN. Why, we had hopes that none would need  
do that.

COLUMBUS. And hopes well based; yet any man  
who sails

Across that unknown sea must have far more  
Than enterprise, experience, caution, skill,  
Knowledge of sail and compass, wind and star.  
The soul must be embarked upon the voyage  
With aims outreaching all that but concern  
The narrow limits of this earthly life.

QUEEN. How few such men ! Where would you find your crew ?

COLUMBUS. Wherever minds are subject to ideas.

QUEEN. And where is that ?—You judge men by yourself.

COLUMBUS. I would not dare to boast such difference,

Or so humiliate my humanity,  
As to presume it possible that aims  
Inspiring my own soul, if rightly urged,  
Would not inspire, too, many another.

QUEEN. Yes,  
I can believe it, with yourself to urge them.  
And were you given command, would you collect  
A crew and sail with them ?

COLUMBUS. No man can reach  
A problem's right solution, if he fail  
To calculate aright the means.

QUEEN. Of course—  
And that——

COLUMBUS. Has not been done in this case.

QUEEN. No ?  
What more would you require ?

COLUMBUS. Ten times the sum  
That has been promised.

QUEEN. Ten times ?—ten times that  
Is not in all the treasury.

COLUMBUS. I would give  
The whole I have—both property and life.

SANCHEZ. And I.

QUEEN. You would?—Yet rich!

SANCHEZ. I would.

DIEGO (*coming forward and bowing before the QUEEN*).

And I,

Though I have nothing—only what you see.

ST. ANGEL. Your Majesty, with men like these,  
preparing

To root their very spirits out from earth,  
That they may thus transplant them where the  
world

Will reap a richer fruitage, what were Spain,  
Were she to grudge a void from which were  
scraped

A paltry heap of gold! All were too mean  
To pedestal aright the lasting fame  
That would be hers, did they attain their end.

QUEEN. How true!—and yet the royal treasury——

ST. ANGEL. Are there no treasures elsewhere than  
in that?

QUEEN (*hesitating a moment*).

There are. If I be queen, let me be queen  
Of Spain's rich spirit as of Spain's rich soil.  
I will—there is a treasure.—What to Spain  
Are her most precious treasures, that star most  
The crown that they surround with living light?  
Mere jewels, think you?—Nay, not these, but men.  
And if I give the one to gain the other, who  
Could strike a better bargain? Ay, I will—

I pledge you the crown jewels of Castile.

I pledge you the commandership. Enough !

When ready, you shall go.

COLUMBUS (*falling on his knees before her*).

God bless the queen.

(*The others fall on their knees beside COLUMBUS.*)

CURTAIN.    END OF ACT II.

## ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street in Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. Backing, a distant harbor, with ships. At the Right, a porch before the house of BEATRIX. At the Left, other houses. Entrances, Right Side Rear, behind the house of BEATRIX; Right Side Second, through a door opening from this house onto the porch in front of it; Right Side Front, through the street in front of this house; Left Side Rear and Front, through streets.*

*(The curtain rising discloses COLUMBUS and BEATRIX, standing on or near the porch.)*<sup>44</sup>

BEATRIX. I cannot bear to have you sail !

COLUMBUS.

Nor I

To leave you.

<sup>44</sup> COLUMBUS. Now I must off, and see the ships.

You know

How long I have been gone.

BEATRIX.

You met the queen ?

COLUMBUS. And king, and got their last instructions.

BEATRIX.

Oh, etc.

BEATRIX. Yet——<sup>45</sup> how can you ?

COLUMBUS. I have told you !—

What moves me seems beyond all conscious  
thought;

Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird  
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,  
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,  
And find it rational; yet why I first  
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.

*Enter—Left Side Rear—DIEGO.*

DIEGO (*to himself, as he looks at BEATRIX*). Like  
all the other women in the town,

<sup>45</sup> BEATRIX. Yet——

COLUMBUS. I must.

BEATRIX. Oh, yes, you must !

COLUMBUS. Our lives are finite, but the aims of  
life

Are infinite, and crowd on every side.

Whate'er we strive to reach, in thought, in  
deed,

At last, some one aim surely tips the scales ;

As it has weight, its rivals are thrown up.

BEATRIX. Yes, even she who loves you.

COLUMBUS. I had hoped,

Now that my project seems, at last, afloat,

That your soul would be buoyant as is mine.

BEATRIX. Yes, yes, but yet can it be worth the  
price ?

COLUMBUS. I know your meaning,—loss of life,  
perhaps,

Is leagued to keep him back, eh? It is not  
 In nature that a man obey a woman.  
 And human ways, when not in nature, bode  
 Inhuman tampering somewhere. He should know  
 That none can turn to *she* the pronoun *he*  
 Without an *s* that puts a hiss before it.

(*To COLUMBUS.*)

My brother?

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*). Ay?

DIEGO. Have business (*DIEGO and BEATRIX bow  
 to each other*).

And all for which some prize life,—ease and love.

But,—ah, who would not feel it is worth this?—

And others go with me who think the same.

BEATRIX. Some call them fools

COLUMBUS.

Some?—where?

BEATRIX.

In all the streets.

COLUMBUS. Here?

BEATRIX. Yes.

COLUMBUS. They are fools, if this life be all;

And fools, if they but claim that it is all.

For, risking dangers thick as mid-sea-mists

In war, in wave, men's deeds outdo their words

And prove they serve a grander sovereignty,

Whose realms outreach all death-lines.

BEATRIX.

Is it these

You seek in that cloud-circled, storm-set sea?

Ah, how can I let them out-price your life?—

Or how can you?

COLUMBUS. So often I have told you!—etc.

COLUMBUS. I know it—(to BEATRIX),  
Will find you later. Now, you will excuse me.

*Exit—Right Side Second—into her house, BEATRIX.*

DIEGO. You should have come before. That  
woman's gowns

Are always clinging to you—look as if  
She thought to make a woman of yourself.  
Confound their sex!

COLUMBUS. Not all now! There are some——

DIEGO. Some men too; but in all of Spain, not six  
To man your vessels of their own free will.

Why not?—Because not fit to go with you.

How many women, think you, fit for it? <sup>46</sup>

COLUMBUS. You talk as if you feared for me.

DIEGO. I fear

For all the expedition. Have you heard  
The news?

<sup>46</sup> COLUMBUS. Be not so hard on them.

DIEGO. No, they are soft,  
More soft than cats, and mew, too, ay and  
scratch.

Have seen their blisters! ay, have seen a man  
Whose very soul had been scratched out by  
one.

<sup>47</sup> DIEGO. As if

The howlings of their wives and mothers here  
About their ears, could bring them less of hell  
Than howlings of the wind upon the sea!



COLUMBUS. What is it?

DIEGO. Nothing that is good.

COLUMBUS. The ships are——

DIEGO. Floating. You may thank the guards.  
The crews have all deserted.

COLUMBUS. What?—<sup>47</sup> But yet  
The government——

DIEGO. Yes, they have sent around  
Arresting some, imprisoning others. You  
Will have your crew; for they have found a  
source  
Beyond exhausting.

COLUMBUS. What is that?

DIEGO. The jail,  
Which, like an Arab-shirt turned inside out,  
Will shake its lice upon you.

COLUMBUS. That, at least,  
Will give us men.

COLUMBUS. The women have persuaded them to break  
Their word with us?

DIEGO. Why, yes. Who else would, eh?  
What woman ever cared about her word—  
Her own word or her husband's? Bless her jaws!  
They have so many words, why care for one word?

COLUMBUS. Oh, waive the women! Is it true the  
crews  
Have all deserted?

DIEGO. Almost all.

COLUMBUS. But yet, etc.

DIEGO. If you can call them men.<sup>48</sup>

What can you ever do with such as these  
When three months out at sea?

COLUMBUS. I shall depend  
Upon my officers.

DIEGO. You know them then?  
You never know a coward soul till cowed  
By gusts out-winding his own self-conceit;  
And garbs they guise in, never cloud the air  
In time for us to brace the fence they fell.  
I would that I were going with you.

COLUMBUS. No;  
All that we settled. One should stay behind  
To guard our interests here.

*Enter—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ.*

DIEGO. And will be needed  
Far more than you could guess. This officer  
Will tell you,—is the one has been in charge.

GUTIERREZ (*exchanging salute with COLUMBUS*).  
Are glad to see you, Senior.

COLUMBUS. Thanks.  
The ships are safe and ready?

GUTIERREZ. Guarded, Senior,  
All night, all day. Some men here took an oath,  
Perhaps you know, to scuttle them.

COLUMBUS. They did?

<sup>48</sup> These creatures, whom a life-long fear of light  
Has trained for treachery stabbing in the dark;  
Sneaks, too irresolute and indolent

But they have not succeeded.

GUTIERREZ. No, of course.

We always guard a ship, when once impressed  
For royal services, like treasure. Still  
They came within an inch of it.

COLUMBUS. How so?

GUTIERREZ. We thought that Breviesca was your  
friend.

COLUMBUS. Quite otherwise, I fear.

GUTIERREZ. And I, but yet,  
As agent of Fonseca, Bishop of——

COLUMBUS. O, worse and worse! The bishop, I  
believe,

Would be assured that only truth had triumphed,  
If I and all the crew were drowned.

GUTIERREZ. Ah, so?

Well, they have tried it.

COLUMBUS. What?

GUTIERREZ. To have you drowned.

COLUMBUS. You mean?—

GUTIERREZ. Tried to corrupt the calkers.

COLUMBUS. No!—

Are sure of that?

GUTIERREZ. I overheard.

COLUMBUS. Good God!—

This man Breviesca?

To push by worthy means to worthy ends.  
But I would trust in waves adrift for hell  
As much as in a rudder held by knaves.  
What can you ever do with such as these, etc.

GUTIERREZ. It was he.

COLUMBUS. And you?—

GUTIERREZ. We turned the calkers off; and had  
a task

Impressing other. That performed, we put  
A soldier back of every one to calk

His pores with steel unless he calked the ships'.

COLUMBUS. They now are ready?

GUTIERREZ. All things ready, Senior.

COLUMBUS. We sail to-morrow, then.

GUTIERREZ. Meantime, perhaps—

Your pardon—you will hold yourself unseen?

COLUMBUS. Why so?

GUTIERREZ. To save a conflict with the mob.

COLUMBUS. You mean that——

GUTIERREZ. They might keep you here by force;

<sup>49</sup> DIEGO. Why, very victims burning at the stake  
Could never cause a cloud more black than seems  
To hang above the town to-day.

<sup>50</sup> DIEGO. Of course. A man but in his public  
thought

Antiphonals the public sentiment.

A woman does it in her private thought ;

And woe to lovers who dare say their say

Without a little clique that, echoing it,

Can make it seem, at least, a little public.

COLUMBUS. But can you blame her—

DIEGO. Trend to fashion? No.

You flaunt the flag of fashion in a crowd

And, in the bee-line of their rush to tail

Or sacrifice your life, and readily,  
To save their friends,—the friends they deem are  
doomed.<sup>49</sup>

COLUMBUS. Your hint has value. I will join you  
soon.

*Exit—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ, after saluting.*

COLUMBUS *continues to* DIEGO.

So so ! You note what influenced Beatrix.<sup>50</sup>

Find Pinzon—Perez—Say we sail at dawn.

DIEGO. I will.

*Exit—Right Side Front—DIEGO.*

COLUMBUS (*to himself, looking toward the Left, then  
at the house of BEATRIX*).

I ought

To say a word more here.<sup>51</sup>

*Enter—Right Side Rear BREVIESCA, accompanied  
by a CITIZEN.*

Its leading, one could pick the women out  
Without their having skirts on.

COLUMBUS. I must send

For Pinzon. He expects me at his house.

DIEGO. Let me go.

COLUMBUS. Thanks, and say that I must wait,

And meet him at the ships. Find Perez too,

And tell him that we sail at dawn, and wish

The sacrament. You say that we will use

The little chapel there beside the dock.

<sup>51</sup> When courtesy

And caution balance in the scales, the heart

Is kinder than the head, if not more wise.

BREVIESCA (*stepping between COLUMBUS and the house of BEATRIX*).

Good day.

COLUMBUS. Ah ! Senior Breviesca !

BREVIESCA. I

Would speak to you.

COLUMBUS. You have your wish.

BREVIESCA. I bring

An invitation from the bishop.

COLUMBUS. Which—

Fonseca ?

BREVIESCA. Yes.

COLUMBUS. And where is he ?

BREVIESCA. Why, at

The monastery.

COLUMBUS. On the other side

The town, not so?—What would he with me?

BREVIESCA. Talk

About the mission that the church has planned.

<sup>59</sup> BREVIESCA. Is right, though !—Is no Spaniard ;  
no—a dog

Of Genoa—no Christian—a Chris-*chien*.

COLUMBUS. My work the queen has ordered. I  
should do it.

BREVIESCA (*laughing and pointing to the house of BEATRIX*).

Yes, yes, the *queen of hearts*.

CITIZEN. A pretty game !

Queen taken by a *knave*.

COLUMBUS. These matters have been all arranged.

BREVIESCA. But he

Would see you.

COLUMBUS. He can see me at my ship.

BREVIESCA. His work prevents.

COLUMBUS. Then give him my regrets.

BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.

COLUMBUS. I am not

Within his jurisdiction.

CITIZEN Ho ! hear that.<sup>52</sup>

COLUMBUS. My answer has been given.

CITIZEN. Frightened eh ?—

Aha !—would get behind the soldiers there.

(*Pointing toward the ships and harbor at the Left.*)<sup>53</sup>

BREVIESCA (*approaching COLUMBUS as if to lay his hand on him*).

Say, will you go with me ?—I think you will.

COLUMBUS. It might be well

To imitate the mien of gentlemen.

BREVIESCA. And you of Christians, and obey the bishop.

<sup>52</sup> COLUMBUS. A man who lives for others, not for self,

Has little fear for self ; yet care for them

May give him caution. I have weighty reasons

For keeping eyes upon the ships.

CITIZEN (*sarcastically and looking significantly at*

BREVIESCA).

Oh, yes !



COLUMBUS (*knocking BREVIESCA down*).

Yes, yes, when down there with you, then I will.

*Enter—Left Side—GUTIERREZ with two SOLDIERS.*

*Enter—Right Side Front—DIEGO.*

*Exit—Right Side Rear—CITIZEN.*

DIEGO. What is it?

COLUMBUS. I am practicing, you see—

On criminals.—That man there set a trap.

But it takes two to make a trap work. He,

He was a genius, this man, played both rôles.

He set it and was caught in it.

*Exit—Right Side Rear—BREVIESCA, crawling anxiously away.*

DIEGO and GUTIERREZ start to follow and arrest him.

COLUMBUS motions them back with his hand.

No no !

DIEGO. And you, my brother? Such a patient man ?

COLUMBUS. Oh, patient! When a fire has been kept in

For eighteen years, blame not its blazing out.

Thank God it did not wholly blast the fool

Whose fumbling fouled it—thought it had no life.

The villain ! if I only could be sure

He would be better for the punishment !

DIEGO. You go now to the ships ?

COLUMBUS. Yes, very soon.

GUTIERREZ. Shall I go with you ?



COLUMBUS (*ascending the porch of the house of BEATRIX*). Wait here if you choose.

But yet, of all men taught the lesson, I  
By this time should have learned to go alone.

*Exit—Right Side Front—DIEGO.*

*Exit—Right Side—through the porch—COLUMBUS.*

GUTIERREZ *motions to the soldiers as if setting a guard about the house of BEATRIX.*

*Exit—Right Side Front—one SOLDIER.*

*Exeunt—Right Side Rear—other SOLDIER and GUTIERREZ.*

---

SCENE SECOND—*The deck of the ship of COLUMBUS. Backing, sky and sea; at first, invisible, because it is night; later visible, as at sunrise; and, if thought best, representing, in a panorama, a gradual approach of the ships to shore, the scenery moving from Right to Left. At the right is the bow of the ship. At the left, a cabin with a deck above it, on which SAILORS can stand. There are also masts, sails, and various arrangements which will readily suggest themselves as appropriate, ropes, railings, etc.*

*Entrances—Left Side Rear—and—Left Side Front—on each side of the cabin;—Left Side Second—into the cabin, as well as just*

*above the cabin on to the upper deck.  
Right Center—through a hatchway into  
the ship's hold.*

ROLDAN *appears at the bow of the ship, ESCOBAR  
near him, and PINTOR nearer the cabin.  
Other SAILORS also are present.*

ROLDAN (*looking off through the dark*). Oh, I am  
sick of this.

PINTOR. And I.

ESCOBAR. You wait.

Another storm will make you sicker still.

PINTOR. If it would only sicken him.

ROLDAN. Make him

Throw up, eh?

PINTOR. Yes, throw up the voyage.

ESCOBAR. That

Will come in time. But when it comes, my  
lad,

The ship will throw up us too.<sup>54</sup>

PINTOR. That it will.

ROLDAN. What means it all?—those weeks with-  
out a stir

<sup>54</sup> PINTOR. I know now  
How fish feel when they see the water boil,  
Just when we drop them in alive.

ESCOBAR. Are not  
More out their element than we are here,  
With these few planks between—then purgatory.

PINTOR. Nor any more sure, either, to be cooked.

ROLDAN. What means, etc.

Amid the waves, and then those heavy swells  
Without a stir amid the winds?

ESCOBAR. What means it?—

Why, like enough our ship is near the place  
Where all the waters pour down hill.

ROLDAN. You mean

The edge?

ESCOBAR. Why not?—In streams you always find  
Smooth, rapid water, waves, and then the plunge.

ROLDAN. Is quiet now.

ESCOBAR. So is a cataract

Just where it nears the brink.<sup>55</sup>

ROLDAN (*looking for approval to PINTOR and other  
SAILORS, who nod to him in confirmation of  
what he says.*)

Yes, we have heard—

ESCOBAR. You have?—Then you are all a set of  
fools.

PINTOR. I know it; but it never was our fault.

ESCOBAR. Not?—Whose?

PINTOR. The government's. It forced us here.

ESCOBAR. We were not kept here by it. What  
does that

<sup>55</sup> ROLDAN.

The holy dame !

Do you believe ?—

ESCOBAR. There must have been some cause.

What was it? There was not a wind.

PINTOR.

And when

There was, ten times to one time it blew west.

Is one man's will, and he a lunatic.<sup>56</sup>

PINTOR. A man should use his reason. Are we brutes?

ESCOBAR. No ;—worse than brutes when he comes.

Brutes, at times,

To save their lives, will turn upon a man.

But we—five score to one, but all afraid

To call our souls our own. Let him appear,

No wind like that will ever speed us home.

ESCOBAR. And what wind think you will, or can?

ROLDAN.

Or can?

ESCOBAR. Humph ! let him keep on here, a day  
or two,

These floating weeds will hold us like a vise.

ROLDAN. He calls them signs of land.

ESCOBAR.

Oh, yes, of land !—

That fatal land afloat in fatal seas

Entrapping in their meshes all the ships

That dare to venture near.

<sup>56</sup> ROLDAN. How did he ever gain the ear of Spain?

ESCOBAR. By talking. Most men's thoughts are  
led, you know,

In trains of their own talking. Talk them down,

They lose their leader. Keep on talking then,

They find in you another. Any sound

You choose to make, they take for sense. Why  
not?

That course has grown to be their habit.

PINTOR.

Oh,

Yet not through talk or thought he deals with us,

But force.

We fly like cry-girls from a buzzing bug  
One touch could crush in no time.

ROLDAN. But the court  
Has clothed him with authority.

ESCOBAR. Mere sheep  
Would not be driven by another sheep  
Though clothed in bear-skin, could they only hear

ESCOBAR. And he will find before he dies  
That men accept one's estimate of them.  
If he esteem them thinkers, give them thought,  
They turn to him like thinking beings ; but  
If he esteem them brutes, and give them force,  
They turn upon him like a brute.

ROLDAN. Should we,  
Ourselves ?

ESCOBAR. Why not ?—if he deserve it ?

ROLDAN. But  
If we should mutiny, and then go home—

ESCOBAR. The choice is not between this place  
and home ;

No, but the bottom of the sea and land.  
And other lands are fertile as are Spain's.

ROLDAN. You own no wife and children !

ESCOBAR. Humph, that means  
My life is not behind me, but before—  
With precious little left of it, and this—  
How much is time here worth, if in it all  
We live but slaves, and never know of good times ?  
The man who squeezes these all out our life—  
Wrings our last sweat-drop out to serve himself,—



And one may slip against a man, and he,  
When slipped against, may stumble overboard.  
If so, he drowns—but how?—he drowns himself.

ROLDAN. Hark!—He is coming!—Down—and  
clear from this.

*Exeunt—Right Center—*ROLDAN, PINTOR,  
ESCOBAR *and other* SAILORS.

*Enter—Left Side Second—*COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS (*to himself*).

He comes on plotting.—That is plain enough.  
How form and face—mere garments that they  
are—

Will hiss and wrinkle to a twist of thought!—  
Fools!—Yet without fools, where were sovereignty

What else could ever pick out, plying but  
A random sword, and prick and pin in place  
As many Spanish cowards as are here?

PINTOR. Yes, cowards all! What right, etc.

<sup>58</sup> What man of station in the land would not  
Be glad to hear that he had failed?

ESCOBAR. And all  
The rest will see that those who sailed beyond  
All others on a sea like this, have done  
The whole that Spain could ask.

ROLDAN. And still—

ESCOBAR. As if  
It were not right, when in a madman's hands,  
To use our reason, and resist him.

PINTOR. Yes.



For wise men?—they would find it harder work  
To do earth's thinking for it; harder work  
To string the nerves that center in one's brain  
Through all the mass, and rein it to one's will.—  
Can I do this with these men? or must I,  
I who have given all these years to it,  
Ay, and my young love too, my life, my all,—  
Must I turn back?—I will not, though they kill me.

*(Looking at paper in his hand.)*

These reckonings give seven hundred fifty leagues.  
How wise to make my false log for the crew!  
This now has passed six hundred; but without it  
I might have had more trouble. In the time  
I served King Renier, and went off to take  
The galley Fernandina; and my crew,  
In fright to hear two ships were guarding her,  
Had turned our helm, and thought we flew away;  
Ah, how I steered straight for her in the night!  
And fought her at the dawn!—So act I here.  
We men who think have duties due our kind.  
One duty is, to block their finding out  
What are our thoughts. Yes, they may learn too  
much.

The truth is not a plaything for a babe.  
Truth is a gem, and sometimes needs encasing.  
Yet, if we sail on long, the day will come  
When our true distance will be known.—What,  
then?  
What then?



VOICES (*beyond Left Side Rear*). He shall turn back!  
He shall! Will make him.

COLUMBUS. Hark! hark!—turn back? They dare  
speak out like that?

Oh, what a cruel destiny is mine  
To unfulfillment doom'd, if I do not  
What even heaven itself has never done,—  
Give patience to a world of restlessness!  
Oh, God, I think I serve thee. Give me power  
To calm these minds, as Christ could calm the  
sea.

*Enter—Left Side Rear—*ESCOBAR, ROLDAN, PIN-  
TOR, SANCHEZ, GUTIERREZ, *and others.*

Well, what is wrong?

ESCOBAR. We came to tell you, Senior,  
We think it time that we turn back.

COLUMBUS. Turn back?

A strange idea that!

SEVERAL. Oh, strange!

COLUMBUS. Why yes,

With what we saw to-day—the herbs and  
flowers.

PINTOR. Humph! they were seen before,

COLUMBUS. But not the same—

Not fresh and green; and then the small shore-  
fish

And birds too, birds of kinds that never sleep,  
Nor light, except on land—the singing birds  
That perched upon our mast.

ESCOBAR. If there were land—

Three times it has been called—we now have  
passed it.

COLUMBUS. We may be in a bay.

ESCOBAR. You would not steer

As Captain Pinzon wished.

COLUMBUS. The birds all flew

This other way. I thought them flying home.

PINTOR. We are not birds.

ESCOBAR. Are going home though.

ROLDAN. Yes.

COLUMBUS. A pleasant swim! The ship is going  
on.

SEVERAL. No, no.

COLUMBUS. Why, men, you said the same  
before.

Have you forgot how many of you cried,

Ay, cried, in fear of burning skies above

The Teneriffe volcano?—and I said

It would not harm you. Did it? Then shot by

Those meteors; and I said they too would pass.

Did I mistake? Then tireless western winds;

But east winds turned them. Then a glassy sea;

But billows broke it. Then came signs of land;

And now they multiply, as I had hoped.

If right, so far, then I have earned your trust.

ESCOBAR. Ugh! Those are old tales now.

SEVERAL. Yes.

COLUMBUS. Let them be.

The land toward which we sail is not unknown;  
Those who have seen it say, that all the gold  
In all of Europe grouped and fused to make  
A single mass, would hardly form one cliff  
Of endless mountain ranges that are there.

ROLDAN. Hear that now!

COLUMBUS. They would be enough to make  
A lord, at home, of every one of you  
Without the title; but, think you, the court,  
The courtiers, would not wish you this besides?  
You, who had burned through unknown darkness  
here

More brilliantly than comets through the sky?—  
I mean it, for the trail you leave behind  
Will write in deathless light around the world  
The endless glory of our Christian Spain.

ROLDAN and OTHERS. Yes, yes.

ESCOBAR. No, no, come on!

*(Moving toward COLUMBUS, and urging others to do the same).*

PINTOR *(to ROLDAN and those who hold back)*. Ay,  
you are pledged.

Lay hands upon him. Make him yield.

COLUMBUS *(as ESCOBAR gets near him)*.

Stand back.

I represent the king.

ESCOBAR. And we your slaves?

COLUMBUS. Far better so than slaves to one  
another.

Lay hands on me, not I alone will have  
 A score of masters. Look you to your mates.  
 You pledged yourselves to stand together?  
 What?—

Have you, or you, no foe in all this crew?  
 And now you place your life in that foe's hands?  
 When all he needs to raise himself in Spain  
 Is to speak truth of you,—you think he will not?  
 Ay, kill me, drown me, I shall be avenged.  
 When bad men band, then traitors fill the camp;  
 And, if a fair foe fail, the foul will not,  
 For in that fight are God and devil both.

ROLDAN. Humph! I must not be found here.  
*(Turning away with others).*

PINTOR. No, nor I.

COLUMBUS *(aside)*. At last the tide has turned.  
 Heaven help me now.  
*(to the sailors).*

I thought that I had officers and men  
 Too manly to see one man stand alone,—  
 That some would stand beside me. Was I  
 wrong?

SANCHEZ. No.

GUTIERREZ. No.

*(ROLDAN and those with him come beside  
 SANCHEZ and GUTIERREZ. They approach  
 COLUMBUS. ESCOBAR falls back).*

COLUMBUS. I thank you, men. I hoped as much.  
 And now—why you are my brave crew again;—

Have been so brave, I could not bear to think  
That you could fail of perfect victory—  
Here, too, almost in sight. How you would feel  
When, after that next voyage—which now we  
know

That some one else would make, did we go  
home—

You saw the wreaths and wealth that you alone  
Had really won, deck other heads and hands!

SANCHEZ. Well asked!

ROLDAN. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. You had forgotten this.

Well, now let us forget what just has happened.  
You know, men, that the same ship holds us all;  
And all that comes to you must come to me.

ROLDAN. It must.

COLUMBUS. Then let the matter rest. Enough!  
Now to your places.

*Exeunt—Left Side Front—Left Side Rear—  
and Right Center—all except COLUMBUS,  
who watches them for a moment, then con-  
tinues speaking to himself*

One more crisis passed!  
How many further?—Lord, how long! how long!  
(*Kneels a moment, then rises and looks off over the sea.*)  
Because a soul will gaze at darkness thus,  
It does not prove he sees—mere habit. Ah!

(*A slightly moving light appears through the*

*curtain backing at the Right, and another steady light at the Left slightly different from the first. COLUMBUS looks at the first.)*

What light is that?—It cannot be the Pinta's?

*(Looking at the light at the Left).*

No: it sails there—and yet—I thought—why yes.

*(Looking to the Left).*

The Nina is behind too.—Yet this light—

*(Looking again at the light at the Right).*

It cannot be a star!—Am I deceived?

*(Beckoning to Left Side Rear.)*

Come this way, please, Don Gutierrez.

*Enter—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ.*

GUTIERREZ.

Ay.

COLUMBUS *(pointing toward the Right Back).*

Can you see anything off there?

GUTIERREZ.

Why yes—

The Pinta.

COLUMBUS *(pointing to the Left Back).* No, is here.

GUTIERREZ.

Humph! so it is.

The Nina is ahead, then?

COLUMBUS *(pointing to Left).* No, look back.

GUTIERREZ. Yet some ship's light.

COLUMBUS.

It could not be a star?

GUTIERREZ. How could it be?

COLUMBUS.               The Inspector there: ask him.  
Inspector?

(*Calling to some one beyond Left Side Front*).

*Enter—Left Side Front—SANCHEZ.*

SANCHEZ.   Senior?

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Right Back*).

Can you see that light?

SANCHEZ.   Where?

COLUMBUS.               There, beyond the Pinta's.

SANCHEZ.                               Yes. I thought

The Nina was behind us.

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Left*).

So she is.

SANCHEZ.   What? can another ship have sailed off  
here?

COLUMBUS.   Another ship, eh? Watch it further.

GUTIERREZ.                               Why,——

I think it moves.

SANCHEZ.                               It does!

COLUMBUS.                               Not up and down

As if on waves, but to and fro?

GUTIERREZ.                               Just so!

COLUMBUS.   And some long distance to and fro.

(*The light makes this motion.*)

SANCHEZ.                               Shall call

The others?

COLUMBUS.               No, not yet, no false alarm!

GUTIERREZ.   You think it land?

COLUMBUS (*nodding*).   Inhabited by men.



GUTIERREZ. By men?—Good God!

COLUMBUS. Yes, you may well say good.

GUTIERREZ. I think I see what seems a line of surf

COLUMBUS. Perhaps. If so, the Pinta nears it.

Wait!

Is almost daybreak. We shall hear her gun.

SANCHEZ. Your order that a false report would rob

The starter of a chance to take the prize

To be given the first one who discovers land,

Will keep the signal back till they are sure.

COLUMBUS. Best so! If blind men all were born  
blind, none

Were cursed by losing sight. In nights like this,

Not unawakened hope I dread, as much

As wakening disappointment.

*(The report of a gun is heard.)*

What? so soon?

SANCHEZ. It must be true!

COLUMBUS. No doubt of it!

GUTIERREZ. No, none.

*(The stage is gradually becoming brighter  
with the approaching dawn. Voices of the  
SAILORS are heard.)*

COLUMBUS. The sailors! I must go now. You  
receive them;

And wait till I return. An hour as grand

As this one should be welcomed fittingly.

*Exit—Left Side Second—into the cabin, COLUMBUS.*

*Enter—Right Center—from the hold, ESCOBAR, ROL-  
DAN, PINTOR, and others.*



*Enter—Left Side Rear—others.*

(ROLDAN *rushes to the Right, and gazes towards where the light was first seen.*)

ESCOBAR. A false report, of course !

PINTOR. Of course, but then——

ROLDAN. Good heavens, it is true!

ESCOBAR. True?

ROLDAN. There is land.

ESCOBAR. It cannot be.

ROLDAN. It is. Look there.

PINTOR (*contemptuously, after looking not exactly where ROLDAN points*). A cloud.

ROLDAN. Cloud? No. As clear as daylight, man.  
Dry land.

ESCOBAR. It is, hurrah!

PINTOR. You think so?

ESCOBAR. Are you blind?

Is no mistake, it is land!

(*to the other SAILORS*).

Boys, hurrah !

SAILORS. Land, land !

ROLDAN. No doubt of it !

SAILORS. Hurrah !

*They embrace each other and make wild demonstrations of delight.*

ESCOBAR (*looking toward Left Side Second—and calling aloud*).

The admiral !

ROLDAN. Three cheers !

PINTOR. The admiral !

ROLDAN. He does not know it yet ?

SANCHEZ. Trust him for that.

SAILORS (*shouting*).

The admiral ! Hurrah ! The admiral !

SANCHEZ. "All hail the Queen," now. That will fetch him. Sing.

*(All remove their caps and chant the following) :*

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN.\*

All hail the Queen.

No thrills can fill the lover's breast  
For that first love he loves the best,  
Like ours that throb to each appeal  
Of her in whom, enthroned above  
The nation's heart, we see, we feel  
The symbol of the sway we love,  
The while we hail our Queen.

All hail the Queen.

No cause can rouse the soul of strife  
In men who war for child and wife,  
Like ours that, where her battles be,  
Know not of rest until above  
The foe that falls, enthroned we see  
The symbol of the sway we love,  
The while we hail our Queen.

\* "The crew were now assembled on the decks of the several ships, to return thanks to God for their prosperous voyage, and their happy discovery of land, chanting the *Salve Regina* and other anthems. Such was the solemn manner in which Columbus celebrated all his discoveries." (Irving's *Columbus* : Book VI., Chap. I.)

All hail the Queen.  
 No loyalty can make a son  
 Show what a mother's love has done,  
 Like ours who press through land and sea,  
     Our one reward to find above  
 Our gains that show what man can be,  
     The symbol of the sway we love.  
     The while we hail our Queen.

(*While this song is being sung, the scenery at the back of the stage moves from Right to Left, thus representing the gradual approach of the ship to land. Before the music ceases, COLUMBUS appears in full uniform on the Left above the cabin. He is clothed in scarlet. Behind him stands a standard-bearer holding aloft the royal standard, and on either side of this, two others hold the banners of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross flanked by the letters F and Y, the initials of Fernando and Isabel. (Irving's Columbus. Book IV., Chap. I., also Book VI., Chap. I.)*)

ROLDAN (*catching sight of COLUMBUS*).

See there !

ESCOBAR. Ah, there he is.

SAILORS. Hurrah ! hurrah !

ESCOBAR (*shouting to COLUMBUS*). Ay, you were right.  
   Were right !

ROLDAN. As he is always !

ESCOBAR. I told you so.

ROLDAN (*aside to ESCOBAR*).

You did?—What time was that?

PINTOR. The Admiral forever!

ROLDAN (*aside to PINTOR*).

Ay, since when?

(*Shouting aloud*).

Let him remember who have been his friends.

ESCOBAR. Ay, that he will.

ROLDAN. We knew you would succeed.

PINTOR. The greatest hour that Spain has ever known.

ESCOBAR. Gained through the greatest man that Spain has had.

(*To the SAILORS.*)

Here, swear him your allegiance. Down, men, down.

(*All fall on their knees before COLUMBUS.*)

COLUMBUS. I thank you, men, both for myself and those

Who sent us forth; and join with you to swear Allegiance to our sovereigns—more than this,

(*Pointing to cross upon the banner*),

To that far higher Power that they too serve Whose emblem is inscribed upon our banner.

In that we conquer. When we disembark Our hands will plant the cross just where we land. And now—you seem exultant—I confess To awe like that which Moses must have felt

When God's own hand had touched him as it  
passed.

I cannot stand—nay, let me kneel with you  
With praise, thanksgiving, and new-vowed devo-  
tion

*(They all kneel beneath the standard, and  
while the scenery, moving behind, represents  
the approach to land, after a few mo-  
ments of silence, except for the music of the  
orchestra, they chant the following :)*

O God of all things living,  
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,  
All gifts are of Thy giving,  
All gains by Thee supplied.  
The stars that make  
High aims awake  
Are but what Thine eye seest.  
The stroke and stress  
That earn success  
Are but what Thou decreest.

O God of all things living,  
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,  
All gifts are of Thy giving,  
All gains by Thee supplied.

O God, all good bestowing  
On souls that seek Thy way,  
Our hearts, with joy o'erflowing,  
Give thanks to Thee to-day.

In all the past  
Whose blessings last,  
Thy presence fills the story ;  
And all the gleams  
That gild our dreams  
Obtain from Thee their glory.  
O God, all good bestowing  
On souls that seek Thy way,  
Our hearts with joy o'erflowing,  
Give thanks to Thee to-day.

**CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.**

## ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.<sup>59</sup>—*A room in a house in Spain.*

*Entrances—Right Side and Left side.*

*Enter—Left Side—*BEATRIX.

*Enter—Left Side—*COLUMBUS *and* DIEGO.

BEATRIX. Returned? Thank God!

COLUMBUS. Yes, God alone could do it.

*(to DIEGO, as voices are heard from without.)*

In pity for me, Diego, send them off;

And say that I to-night will tell them all.

*Exit—Right Side—*DIEGO.

*(to BEATRIX.)*

How fares our son, Fernando?

BEATRIX. Grown and strong.

Is out just now—will not be back till noon.

I thought you coming when I heard the noise.

COLUMBUS. Ah, yes, as I remember, when I left,  
I roused a noise too.

BEATRIX. You have roused one now  
That all the world will hear.

COLUMBUS. You never praise  
A wind, because it makes the sea-waves roar:  
It may be empty, and it may do harm.  
A man should judge men's noises at their worth.

<sup>59</sup> In presentation, this entire scene may be omitted.



BEATRIX. To think I ever joined with them against you!

COLUMBUS. Why, what were woman's nature, void of fine

Susceptibility on edge to play

Society's deft weather-vane? You know

Society is like the atmosphere :

Is always round us, and is all alike—

All warm in sunshine and all chill in storm.

And you—you did not see me at the time,

Surrounded only by my friends.

BEATRIX.

If you

Had heard the talk!

COLUMBUS.

I heard too much of it.

BEATRIX. You found the land though!

COLUMBUS.

Yes, and such a land!

BEATRIX. As fair as this?

COLUMBUS.

A land of endless May,

And set in seas transparent as their skies;

Where every kind of spice, grain, fruit and flower

Teems in green valleys that need not be tilled,

All crowned on high by mounts, whose gold and  
gems

Lie on the surface.

BEATRIX.

And belong to you!—

What joy to feel that now it all is over!

COLUMBUS. All never will be over in this world.

The great care passes, but trails lesser cares

That aggregate no less of worry.

BEATRIX. True ;

But when the land was found——

COLUMBUS. One ship was wrecked ;  
And twice returning, too, we all seemed lost.  
If so, the whole would have been lost that now  
Is found.

BEATRIX. And then ?

COLUMBUS. I vowed a pilgrimage,  
Wrote out our story. Like the wine it was,  
I sealed it in a cask, and let it float.

BEATRIX. But reached the land !

COLUMBUS. Yes, first at the Azores  
As wet as fish, too. That was why, perhaps,  
The Portuguese there spread their nets for us,  
And not their tables.

BEATRIX. Nets ?

COLUMBUS. To trap us, yes.

BEATRIX. But why ?

COLUMBUS. To get our charts, resail our course,  
And claim the credit of it.

BEATRIX. They could not  
Have been successful.

COLUMBUS. Not if we had lived.

BEATRIX. But yet——

COLUMBUS. No but ! Our ship was driven then  
To Portugal itself—by accident,  
Of course : a storm came on—and there the  
court

Were soft as cats are, when they play with mice.

The fur, though, did not wholly glove the  
claw,

Nor cloak a plot to murder us. It failed.

Instead, Francisco de Almeida sails,

With secret orders from the envious court,

To cross the sea, and make our gain his own.

BEATRIX. But Spain will right you, give you  
titles?—fame?—

COLUMBUS. You rate them first?

BEATRIX. But wealth will come with them.

COLUMBUS. If I had worked for these, I had not  
lived

The life I have.

BEATRIX. If you have not worked for them

In part, at least, you are not what I thought.

COLUMBUS. How so?

BEATRIX. You mean that you could tamely waive

Your rights—your children's too—to fame and  
wealth?

COLUMBUS. I see—I had not thought.

BEATRIX. Oh, yes; a mind

May be so wholly filled with its own thoughts,

They crowd out thoughts for others.

COLUMBUS. Think you so?

I must correct the fault.

BEATRIX. You now have time.

How sweet to settle down upon your honors!

COLUMBUS. What, what?—You think I am pre-  
pared for that?

BEATRIX. You are not young.

COLUMBUS. No; fifty-eight.

BEATRIX. Not strong.

COLUMBUS. To-day there came a letter from the  
sovereigns.

It begs my presence to prepare with them  
A second expedition.

BEATRIX. You to lead it?

You will?

COLUMBUS. Why not?

BEATRIX. Why, you have earned your rest.

COLUMBUS. From whence?—I do not feel it given  
me here.

*(Placing his hand on his heart.)*

BEATRIX. Are not content yet?—What an ap-  
petite

Has man's ambition! all that gluts to-day  
But bringing greater hunger for the morrow;  
A fire consuming all it feeds upon,  
Still flaming upward and beyond it all.

COLUMBUS. True!—but of more that you apply it  
to,—

Of those desires that are but of the soul.  
I strove to find the Indies. Are they found?  
To plant the cross in all those lands; and yet  
Great lands wait undiscovered.

BEATRIX. Other ships

Are sure to sail and reach them.

COLUMBUS. Ay, they may.

But all that I can know is that the call  
Has come to me.

BEATRIX. Well, well, if you say must,  
Perhaps it must be. Still—if you be needed—  
You think you are—mark one thing: you can  
make

Your own terms with the sovereigns.

*Enter—Right—DIEGO.*

COLUMBUS. What?

BEATRIX. Your terms—  
Demand your rights, and mine—your son's and  
mine.

*Enter—Left—a MAID who speaks aside to BEATRIX.*

DIEGO (*aside*). Ah, nothing like a she-hand,  
skill'd in needles,

To prick man's vanity, and gown the hurt  
In vain disguises! When unselfish zeal  
Demands investment in the mail of force,  
He that of old had spirit to inspire  
Swings but a sword that cleaves a scar of greed.

(*To BEATRIX who is looking toward him.*)

As rich must he be as a king ere long.

That ought to satisfy you.

(*To COLUMBUS, referring to the crowd outside the  
house.*)

Yes, I sent

Them off.

BEATRIX (*to the two men, as she turns from talking  
to the MAID*).

Excuse me for a moment

BEATRIX *bows to COLUMBUS and DIEGO, and they bow to her. As BEATRIX turns away, DIEGO begins to talk aside to COLUMBUS, shaking his head as if disapproving of what she has just said. BEATRIX pauses near Right Side Entrance—to say aside—*

I

Must write at once to Dona Bobadilla,  
And have her tell the Queen our terms—Ours?  
—yes—

Yes, he has vowed a thousand times or more  
That what I wish, he wishes. They are ours.  
*Exeunt—Right—BEATRIX and MAID, who has waited for her just before the door.*

DIEGO (*to COLUMBUS, as if continuing a conversation*).

Will waive that then.—Now tell me of the people.  
COLUMBUS. A noble race, who live there in a state  
Almost of Paradise, their wants but few  
And nature so profuse—I tell you truth—  
They neither toil nor spin.

DIEGO. Nor spin? Why how  
About their clothing?

COLUMBUS. Is not needed.

DIEGO. What?

COLUMBUS. Oh, you get used to that!

DIEGO. Then how about—  
Their character?

COLUMBUS. Is not so much a thing  
Of clothes as Europeans think, perhaps.

DIEGO. But then——

COLUMBUS. The Turks keep faces veiled; turn all  
The body into private parts—what for?  
If ill-desire be fruit of thinking, germed  
In curiosity, to clear away  
Some underbrush, and let in light might help  
To blight the marsh-weed, and reveal, besides,  
Part of the beauty that brought bliss to Eden.

DIEGO. You mean——

COLUMBUS. That nothing like a length of robe,  
Material in substance and in sense,  
Can stole an anti-spirit-ministry.  
It bags what heaven made that the world may  
deem  
The bag well baited for a game of hell.

DIEGO. You talk in riddles.

COLUMBUS. Read a page or two  
From human nature, they are solved. Out  
there,  
Except with chiefs—it is the same, you know,  
With our high classes—people live in pairs,  
As birds do; and, myself, I saw no hint  
Of lust or competition. They all seem  
To love their neighbors as themselves, and own  
All things in common. Why, to us they gave  
Whatever we could ask; and often too  
Without the dimmest prospect of return.

DIEGO. They welcomed you?

COLUMBUS. They thought us fresh from heaven:

Our flesh was fair ; that wide, wild sea our  
slave.

Oh, what a race to be made Christians of !

DIEGO. What for ?

COLUMBUS. Why, only give such men religion——

DIEGO. With lives of love, and welcoming guests  
from heaven——

Where would you find much more in Christian  
Spain ?

COLUMBUS. Well, but——

DIEGO. Precisely what I mean—a butt.

COLUMBUS. You always will be butting some  
thing.

DIEGO. Yes,  
A family trait with both of us, I think.  
Were I a man of action like yourself,  
I might not doubt but do.

COLUMBUS. Not undo, eh?—

You mean you doubt my statements?

DIEGO. Hardly that,  
But I was thinking——

COLUMBUS. Thinking has its dangers.

DIEGO. Yes, but for it I should have been a priest.  
At present, am confessor but to you.  
And my advice is,—not to say to others  
What you have said to me.

COLUMBUS. Why?

DIEGO. It would make  
The world suspect you.





A luncheon waits: and I have news for you,  
Both bright and black.

COLUMBUS. Humph!—nothing bright can come,  
But brings beside it something in the shade.

BEATRIX. The court, so Dona Bobadilla writes,  
Will welcome you in state at Barcelona.

DIEGO. Well, that is bright. Now tell us what is  
black?

BEATRIX. That Pinzon's crew has reached Bay-  
onne; and there

The man has claimed your honors as his own.

COLUMBUS. What perfidy!—Would make us all  
turn back

Before we found the land, and after that  
A claim like this!

DIEGO. To herald his delight  
In what he made you do!—Yet not surpris-  
ing!

The train of genius marshals everywhere  
Distrust before success, and envy after.

*Exeunt—at the Right*—BEATRIX, COLUMBUS and  
DIEGO.

---

SCENE SECOND.—*Surroundings of a Pavilion, erected  
in front of the royal residence at Barcelona. In the  
extreme background, beyond an open place, is the ex-  
terior of the house of Cardinal Mendoza. In front*

*of this house, are awnings or curtains, which, at the conclusion of SCENE SECOND, are to be lifted or drawn aside in order to prepare for SCENE THIRD. To the Right are parts of the Palace, to the Left are pillars supporting the Pavilion. Within the Pavilion, at the Left, near the back of stage but in front of the open place, is an elevated platform on which are four throne chairs. Nearer the Left Front of the stage is a place for a choir.*

*Entrances :—Right Side Rear—into the open place beyond the Palace—Right Side Front—in front of the Palace ; Left Side Rear—open place beyond the Pavilion—Left Side Middle—between the pillars at the Left—and Left Side Front—in front of the Pavilion.*

*The curtain rising discloses the KING and QUEEN and PRINCE JUAN, seated upon the throne, attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia and Aragon ; also GONZALEZ, ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA and others. The royal choir are at the extreme Left Front, and spectators of the more common sort at the Right and in the Rear. All seem enthusiastic.*

*Music by orchestra and choir, with the following words :*

#### HAIL TO THE HERO, HOME FROM STRIFE.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,  
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life,  
Hail to his glancing crest and plume,  
Flashed like lightning into the gloom.

Hail to the grit that, when borne from view,  
Out of the darkness brought him through,  
Sprout of the slough-pit, bud of the thorn,  
    After the night  
    The light of the morn.  
Crown him with flowers and cull them bright.  
Crown him, the man of the land's delight.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,  
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life.  
Hail to the ring of the voice that taught  
Drumming and roaring the rhythm of thought.  
Hail to the tone that could change to a cheer  
Groan and shriek of a startled fear,  
Hushing to rills the flood that whirled,  
    Chorusing night  
    With songs of the bird.  
Shout him a welcome, and shout with might,  
Shout for the man of the land's delight.

*Enter—Right side Rear—during the song, the following procession :*

*First come SOLDIERS who march across the stage to Left Side Rear—then halt, turn toward the audience, and stand on guard at the Rear. Following the soldiers, surrounded by a brilliant throng of Spanish cavaliers, comes COLUMBUS. He is on horseback, but dismounts at the entrance of the pavilion and enters it. As he does so, the KING and QUEEN both rise to welcome him.*



COLUMBUS *kneels*, the KING *instantly takes his hand and motions to him to seat himself in the vacant chair beside them on the slightly elevated platform. He is the only one besides the KING, QUEEN and PRINCE who is seated.*

*While the KING, QUEEN, and COLUMBUS continue to talk, there come men bearing various kinds of parrots together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities. A display is also made of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold. Last of all come Indians brought from America. They are painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments. As those who are in the procession approach the pavilion, each in turn salutes the KING and QUEEN, who remain sitting, as also does COLUMBUS.*

*(See Irving's COLUMBUS: Book V. Chapter VI.)*

*Enter—Right Side Front—DIEGO and BEATRIX, and stand watching the ceremonies.*

KING (*just as COLUMBUS seats himself beside him*).

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

QUEEN.

Yes,

The land was where you said it was.

COLUMBUS.

Not more

Than eighty leagues from where I reckoned it.

QUEEN. A rich land too ?

COLUMBUS (*motioning to the attendants who in marching past, exhibit, as he mentions them, the different objects which they are carrying*).

You see what we have brought :—

These birds and animals unknown to Spain,  
All promising vast wealth in plumes and furs ;  
These trees and plants that grow like reeds in  
swamps,

And covered thick as leaves with ready food ;  
These aromatic herbs, in which all forms  
Of sickness find a sure and natural cure ;  
This gold that lies upon the soil like dust,  
Or else like pebbles tumbling from the cliffs,  
And easily moulded into ornaments ;  
These pearls and gems that line the river-beds ;  
Add these brave people, sons of God like us,  
With generous natures and compliant wills,  
Who met us kneeling, as we knelt on shore,  
With reverent souls prepared by heaven itself  
To welcome us as heavenly messengers ;  
And who to be made whole in holiness  
Need but the cleansing water of the church.  
Are these not eloquent beyond the power  
Of mortal lips ?

QUEEN. They are.

KING. They are.

ALL. Yes, yes.

COLUMBUS. But what that land contains is in supply

As far beyond the treasure here, as is  
A whole vast continent beyond the store  
That can be packed in one small vessel. Yes,  
That realm of boundless wealth in rock and soil  
And boundless progress for the state and soul,  
Past all that human fancy can conceive,  
Lies there, embed in crystal seas and skies,  
A wondrous gift, fresh from the hand of God,  
As if untarnished by the touch of man,  
Awaiting your most Christian Majesties.

KING (*standing, as all do*). Give God the praise.

PEOPLE. Thank God. Amen, amen.

KING (*to COLUMBUS, who when addressed, descends from the platform.*) You hear the people and their whole-souled thanks.

We but fulfill their wishes, crowning you  
With every proof of royal approbation.  
We now decree that, through all time henceforth,  
You shall be known as Admiral, Viceroy,  
And, if once more you cross the sea for us,  
Commander-General of all armaments,  
And Governor of all realms awaiting there,  
The bearer of the royal seal, with power  
To name your own successor and to will



Your own inheritance ; and evermore  
 These arms here are decreed your family.

*Enter—Left Side Second—an attendant bearing  
 a banner in which the royal arms, the  
 castle and lion, are quartered with a group  
 of islands surrounded by waves and under  
 them the motto :*

*“ To Castile and Leon  
 Columbus gave a new world.”*

DIEGO (*at the extreme Right Front—to BEATRIX*).

You think he needed all those titles ?

BEATRIX. Why ?

DIEGO. I think they sound like you.

BEATRIX. Well, what of that ?—

He ought to make his own terms with the  
 sovereigns,—

Demand his rights, and mine,—my son's and mine.

DIEGO. When hunting sometimes, I have found  
 that birds

Of brightest plumage are the soonest shot.

This is a world where many men go hunting.

KING (*continuing to COLUMBUS*).

And more than this : of all the ships in Spain

We authorize your choice of which you will,

With power to force each captain, pilot, crew,

Or owner of a vessel, arms or stores,

To do your bidding ; and besides we pledge

Two-thirds of all the royal revenues

Derived from our church tithes, and all that comes



From confiscating all the property  
Of all the Jews, whom now, to yield us this,  
We banish from our realm.

FONSECA. God bless your Christian Majesties !

OTHERS. God bless ! <sup>60</sup>

KING. Now let us, all together, seek the church,  
And praise Him, as is meet for these vast boons  
Vouchsafed to Christian Spain, there to convert  
(*Motioning toward the INDIANS.*)

By holy baptism these heathen souls.

ARANA (*to FONSECA, exultingly*).

The day begins when all the earth and all  
Its wealth shall be converted unto us.

*Exeunt—Left Side Front—*KING, QUEEN, PRINCE,  
COLUMBUS, *Courtiers, Indians, etc.*

*Exeunt—Right Side Front—*DIEGO, BEATRIX *and*  
*others.*

(*While the rest are leaving the choir chant as follows:*)

<sup>60</sup> COLUMBUS. You do me honor, overmuch, I fear.

And I too would give praise where all is due ;  
And that with deeds, not words. In view, this day,  
Of all the wealth that, with the power you give,  
Is destined now to come to me, I vow  
To raise and arm, inside of twice four years,  
Four thousand horse and twice as many foot,  
And just as many more in five years more,  
To drive to death the heathen Saracen  
And wrest from him the Holy Sepulchre.

PEOPLE. Oh, God ! we thank thee ! Glory to the Lord !

Oh soul, what earthly crown  
 Is bright as his renown  
 Whose tireless race  
 Outruns the world's too halting pace,  
 To reach beyond the things men heed  
 That which they know not of, but need !

Oh soul, what man can be  
 As near to Christ as he  
 Who looks to life  
 Not first for fame and last for strife ;  
 But shuns no loss nor pain that brings  
 The world to new and better things !

*Exeunt—Left Side Front—Choir.*

*Awnings in front of the house of MENDOZA rise revealing Scene Third*

---

SCENE THIRD : *Interior of a banqueting hall in the house of MENDOZA. A table crosses the stage at the Rear. Behind it in the Center, on a seat slightly raised above the rest, is COLUMBUS. At the right end of the table is MENDOZA ; at the left end, FONSECA and BREVIESCA. Others arranged as suits convenience.*

BREVIESCA (to FONSECA).

What native here has ever yet received  
 Such royal honors ?—Why, the sovereigns both  
 Stood up to greet him, hesitated, too,  
 To let him kneel, and sat him in their presence.

FONSECA. He sat, too, on the throne.

BREVIESCA. I never saw  
A Spaniard treated thus.

FONSECA. He takes it all  
As if his due.

BREVIESCA. Wait!—let me put him down—  
In thought, at least.

(*To COLUMBUS, who sits playing with an egg on the table.*)

Say, Admiral, do you think  
If you had not made this discovery  
That no one else in Spain here could have done  
it?

COLUMBUS. That seems a new idea.

MENDOZA. So it is.

COLUMBUS. I never asked myself about that yet—  
Oh, by the way, can any of you here  
Make this thing stand on end?

(*GONZALEZ, BREVIESCA and FONSECA begin to experiment, as do others, with eggs lying on the table near them.*)

FONSECA. An egg?

COLUMBUS. An egg.

MENDOZA. Can it be done?

COLUMBUS. Why, yes, you try it.

MENDOZA (*trying*). No;

I give it up.

FONSECA. And I.

COLUMBUS (*to BREVIESCA*).

You give it up?

BREVIESCA. I fail to see how—

COLUMBUS (*setting the egg down on its small end with enough force to break the shell and make it stand*).  
Now you see it—there!

MENDOZA. Oh!

BREVIESCA. That is nothing!

COLUMBUS. Yes, like other things,  
Is easy enough, when once you see it done.

(*Laughter.*)

CURTAIN. END OF ACT IV.

## ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*A camp on the Island of Hispaniola, Backing, a clearing, amid woods with thick forests in the distance. At Right and Left, trees; at the Left near the Front, the hut of COLUMBUS. Entrances Right Side Rear, Second and Front—between trees; Left Side Rear—behind the hut of COLUMBUS; Left Side Second—from inside of it, Left—Side Front—between trees.*

*Enter—Right Side Rear—ESCOBAR and ROLDAN.*

ESCOBAR. Ojeda, when his boats were on the coast,  
Said that at home the Admiral's cause was lost.

Our notes have reached there. They have  
learned at last,

How Spaniards, ay, and Spanish nobles too,  
Are lorded over by this foreigner.

ROLDAN. And now he has been superseded?

ESCOBAR.

Yes,

By Bobadilla.

ROLDAN. Who is he?

ESCOBAR

Enough,

If but a Spaniard.

<sup>61</sup> ESCOBAR. I hear that Breviesca and his bishop  
Who was Fonseca, now rule everything;  
That they it was, who got the crown to give  
Ojeda all the Admiral's charts and half

ROLDAN. Strange, though, all the same ! <sup>61</sup>

ESCOBAR. You never heard of the Admiral's impudence,

When brought before the bishops, years ago ?

ROLDAN. At Salamanca, yes ; but he was right.

ESCOBAR. Or how he knocked down Breviesca, when

Fonseca's messenger?—Besides, who wants

To blacken Spain with shade from Genoa?

Well, Bobadilla's men have come; and when

His troopers flash in sight here, why, these eyes

That have been straining so to see them come

Will scratch some blinks to cure their vision's itching.

*Enter—Right Side—an old INDIAN, and advances toward ESCOBAR, who addresses him.*

Humph ! Who are you, old cove ?—What ?—  
Clear the air.

Stand off a white man's shadow.

INDIAN.

Me would see

The Admiral.

ESCOBAR. Use your eyes then. Are you blind ?

INDIAN. Me thought you know——

*Enter—Left Side Rear—COLUMBUS, and stands behind the three.*

His rights too ; and would grant indulgences

Without a stint if they could have their way

To any here who struck him down.

ROLDAN.

Why so ?

ESCOBAR. What right had you to think?

And if we know, is it our business

To do your errands for you?

(INDIAN, *seeing COLUMBUS, passes toward Left Side Rear.*)

ROLDAN (*laughingly to ESCOBAR*).

Settled him.

COLUMBUS (*to INDIAN*).

What now?

INDIAN (*to COLUMBUS*).

Me wants to see you.

COLUMBUS (*motioning toward his cabin*).

Yes, but wait

In there a moment, please.

<sup>62</sup> The trenches must be dug, and no delay.

They threaten an attack.

ROLDAN.

Am I a man

For work like that?

COLUMBUS.

Like what?

ESCOBAR.

The work that lets

These common laborers wipe their dirty paws

Upon one's coat.

COLUMBUS.

Then take it off.

ROLDAN.

Ay, ay ;

And grovel at their level.

COLUMBUS.

Does your rank

Depend upon your coat?—pray heaven that you

Be born again, a new man and a true one.

ROLDAN. You did not promise this work, when we sailed.

*Exit—Left side—into the hut of COLUMBUS, the IN-  
DIAN. COLUMBUS goes on to ESCOBAR.*

It would be wise  
To keep the red-men friends; and friendship's light  
Reflects but what is kindled in ourselves.  
Extinguish it within, and soon without  
We find our world in darkness.—Now, to work.<sup>62</sup>

*Exeunt—Right Side—ROLDAN and ESCOBAR.*  
COLUMBUS (*going to his cabin and motioning the  
INDIAN to come out.*)

Well now, my friend, what is it?

INDIAN.

White man kill

Our men and steal our women.

COLUMBUS. The Spaniards had not shown their  
lust and greed,  
Defiled the native women, killed the men,  
And, sent in squadrons to preserve the peace,  
All grasping for the whole of all they saw,  
Beset their comrades like a set of bulls  
Becrimsoned with each other's gore. Mere  
brutes!

No wonder they have disenchanted thus  
The people who at first believed them gods.  
Now get you gone—no waiting!

COLUMBUS (*turns toward his hut*).

ESCOBAR (*aside, shaking his fist at COLUMBUS's back*).

Yes, until

We too get you gone, which will not take long.



COLUMBUS.

Yes—and I?

INDIAN. Kill white man.

COLUMBUS. What?

*Enter—Left Side Rear—BARTHOLOMEW, and stands  
by COLUMBUS.*

INDIAN.

We Injun call you men

Great-Spirit-men. Poor Injun when he die,

When bad go here, when good go there,

*(Pointing first down and then up.)*

COLUMBUS.

What, you—

You Indians think this?

BARTHOLOMEW.

I shall write that home.

Is more than some there seem to think.

COLUMBUS.

It is.

*(To INDIAN.)*

And what of that, my friend?

INDIAN.

White-spirit-chief

Send bad men here and good men there.

*(Pointing first down and then up.)*

COLUMBUS.

I see—

Put down the bad, put up the good. Quite right!

And I will try to learn the lesson, friend.

INDIAN *(pointing in a half-frightened way toward the  
Right).*

Bad man come there.

*(BARTHOLOMEW steps toward the Right).*

COLUMBUS. Humph, humph, please leave us then;  
And wait in here again.

*(Motioning toward his hut.)*

*Exit—Left Side—into the hut, INDIAN. COLUMBUS  
turns toward BARTHOLOMEW.*

Whom have we coming ?

BARTHOLOMEW. A crowd of captives—women, as I  
think.

The men with them are Roldan's.

COLUMBUS. Only force  
Can deal with them;—are all old criminals.  
Suppose you bring a guard here.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes, I will.

*Exit—Left Side Front—BARTHOLOMEW.*

COLUMBUS (*looking toward the Right*).

Humph!—one of them seems coming on alone.

That makes it easier!—is Pintor, too!

*Enter—Right Side—PINTOR. COLUMBUS speaks to  
him.*

You back? What have you brought?

PINTOR. Some household gods.

COLUMBUS. Whose are they?

PINTOR. Ours.

COLUMBUS. Oh, yours?—how came they yours?

PINTOR. By right of conquest.

COLUMBUS. What?

PINTOR. We killed their men.

COLUMBUS. And left them widows?

PINTOR. No; we made them brides.

We thought this kinder than to leave them widows.

COLUMBUS. Law-breakers!

PINTOR. Pugh ! with all that you have seized,  
Made slaves of, sent to Spain and sold——

COLUMBUS. But they were captives from our foes.

*Enter — Left Side Rear — BARTHOLOMEW,  
GUTIERREZ and a guard who cross the  
stage at the back, and march forward  
between PINTOR and the Right Side.*

PINTOR. Well I

Take any man who flushes red all over,  
As they do when I meet them, for a foe.

COLUMBUS. The slaves we sent to Spain were taken  
there

To be made Christians of.

PINTOR. And so with us——

<sup>63</sup> And let them lead a free and easy life.

COLUMBUS. You fail to see the danger ? Why,  
their tribe

Will massacre us all ; if not, your vices  
Will bring you hell here, even while you live.

PINTOR. You know my story—was condemned to death—  
For nothing, though—and then the court decreed,  
Instead of this, that I should come out here ;  
And if I make it hell, it seems to me,  
In hell is where they want me.

COLUMBUS (*to GUTIERREZ*).

Take this man,

Remove, etc.

<sup>64</sup> (*To PINTOR.*)

Hereafter keep a hold upon your tongue.

PINTOR. Ay, Senior ; but be not so hard on me.

Nice Christians, too ; for we shall have them  
washed

And not made slaves, but take them to our  
homes,<sup>63</sup>

COLUMBUS (*to* GUTIERREZ).

Take this man,

Remove his arms, and march him to the works.<sup>64</sup>

*Exeunt—Right—*GUTIERREZ *and* SOLDIERS *with*  
PINTOR.

COLUMBUS *continues to* BARTHOLOMEW.

No man can tell which curse a country most ;—

Its gentlemen who feel above all work ;

Or workmen so far down they feel beneath

All obligation to be gentlemen.

As for the first, heaven grant they soon find out

This land needs peopling.

BARTHOLOMEW.

And will need it more,

If Spain send more of those vile wretches here.

We all may be killed off.

COLUMBUS.

And rightly so.

BARTHOLOMEW. Had I my way, a brute forever  
kicking

Against the law should go in bit and bridle ;

Ay, ay, to see a surgeon too. A touch

Of horse-play—there were cuttings that would  
cure him

And all his kind. The best should let their land

Be peopled only by the best.

COLUMBUS.

That might

Be wise ; but where, pray, would you find the best ?

That this new world is not a place for them.  
 As for the second, if we plan no way  
 To keep them on the other side the sea,  
 Farewell to all the good we hope for here.<sup>65</sup>

(*Noises outside.*)

What noise is that—a riot?

BARTHOLOMEW (*who with COLUMBUS looks toward*  
*Left Side*). No ;—are cheers

<sup>65</sup> *Enter—Right Side—GUTIERREZ.*

What now?

GUTIERREZ (*handing COLUMBUS a note*).

We found this when we searched him.

COLUMBUS.

Ay?

It seems not mine.

GUTIERREZ.

Perhaps it might be well

For you to read it.

COLUMBUS (*reading it*).

So?—I will. Why, why?

(*To BARTHOLOMEW.*)

Bartholomew, a new conspiracy!

BARTHOLOMEW. But that man could not write.

COLUMBUS.

Oh no; not he!

He merely carries it from one who can.

(*Handing the note to BARTHOLOMEW.*)

This time, it seems the high and low will meet,

And we, between them, will be crushed.

BARTHOLOMEW (*threateningly*).

Perhaps.

COLUMBUS. It speaks about another fleet in port.

I thought the treachery that had given my charts

COLUMBUS. You make them out?

BARTHOLOMEW. Why, all the town is there!  
And look—our prisoners too!

COLUMBUS. What—those condemned  
To death?

BARTHOLOMEW. Ay, ay; and have the leadership;  
And with them—can it be?—it is! there come  
The San Domingo traitors.

And right to govern islands west of here  
To Pinzon and Ojeda was enough.  
This tells of one who claims a jurisdiction  
In our own island.

BARTHOLOMEW. Bobadilla, yes.  
What will you do?

COLUMBUS. Divide and conquer.  
(To GUTIERREZ.) Here!

GUTIERREZ. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. To chains with all those named in this.  
(*Handing GUTIERREZ the note.*)

The most should be at home now. Be alert.

*Exit—Right Side—GUTIERREZ.*

(To BARTHOLOMEW.)

Bartholomew, the rest of those condemned  
For sharing in that last conspiracy,  
Whom our too willing clemency had spared,  
Should be brought out to-day and shot.

BARTHOLOMEW. But then——

COLUMBUS. I see no other way. When mercy fails  
The cause is lost that does not call on justice.

COLUMBUS.

Is that so?

*(Looking toward Right Side.)*

Here, here!

*Enter—Right Side—GUTIERREZ with the SOLDIERS  
and PINTOR.*

Ay, steady now. Stand there. On guard.

BARTHOLOMEW *(Still looking toward the Left).*

They halt, consulting.—What? Can that be he?—

Velasquez, our sub-treasurer! Not so?

Juan de Travierra, too!

COLUMBUS.

How strange!

Why, they were friends!<sup>66</sup>*Enter—Left—VELASQUEZ and SANCHEZ, soon fol-  
lowed by ESCOBAR, ROLDAN, SOLDIERS, and  
a Rabble. COLUMBUS continues*

Well, have you business here?

VELASQUEZ. We have been sent——

COLUMBUS.

True men are never sent

By their inferior. They will face him down;

<sup>66</sup>—and yet——

BARTHOLOMEW.

Have left the rest——

Are coming here.

COLUMBUS.

Alone?

BARTHOLOMEW.

I think so.

COLUMBUS.

Yes.

I recognize them now. It must be they.

But how to solve now what it means!—Can you?

BARTHOLOMEW. Who could?—The others have  
begun to follow.



And not turn tail like driven beasts of burden.

VELASQUEZ. You do not know our message.

COLUMBUS. One may judge

A message from its messengers. I see

A crowd of common criminals. Were they

Set free by you, yourselves are criminals.

VELASQUEZ. Your pardon ; but——<sup>67</sup>

COLUMBUS. I am the Viceroy.

Traitors to him are traitors to the king.

VELASQUEZ. You may not be this now.

COLUMBUS. What mean you ?

VELASQUEZ (*handing him an official paper of which he holds many*). Here,

Is from the court.

COLUMBUS (*taking and reading it*).

An outrage ! Yet but gives

This Bobadilla—who ? and what is he ?—

Authority to make investigations.

COLUMBUS. Aha ! They think that these will seem  
our friends ;

And make an opening through which all can enter.

What keener point could treachery find to edge

Its wedge of enmity, than tried old friendship ?

(*To the GUARD.*) Make ready.—Wait.

<sup>67</sup> COLUMBUS. You should have asked for that  
Before you freed your pals there. No one here  
Can have the right to pardon men but me.

VELASQUEZ. Yet you mistake——

Insulting!—There is here no grant

For freeing captives that have been condemned

VELASQUEZ (*handing COLUMBUS another roll*).

They sent another paper.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading it*).

That I yield

All arms and ships and royal property—

Yes, yes, if the investigation warrants—

It will not though.

VELASQUEZ. Ah, but he says it does.

COLUMBUS It does? Why, I have never seen  
this man.

VELASQUEZ. He has investigated.—

COLUMBUS. What?

VELASQUEZ. Your papers.

COLUMBUS. My papers?—Which and where?

VELASQUEZ. Those in your house.

COLUMBUS. He entered that?

VELASQUEZ. He lives there.

COLUMBUS. In my house?—

And reads my private papers?

VELASQUEZ. They were found,

While carrying out his other orders.

COLUMBUS. More?

VELASQUEZ (*handing other papers to COLUMBUS*).

Yes, these.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading them*).

That I should pay all wages due

With all arrears for royal services—

What then?

VELASQUEZ. He takes them from your property.

COLUMBUS. Without a word to me?—Why this means ruin !

And who decides the claims ?—a man without  
The means or inclination, as it seems,  
To know the truth ?—whose first official act  
Is making friends by setting traitors free ?  
And violating both the laws of Spain  
And common courtesy ?—It is too much.  
Away, and tell him I defy him. Say,  
With all the rabble that are back of him,  
Enough are here yet that are loyal still  
To Spain and me, to crush one traitor more.

VELASQUEZ. I fear the loyal must be all against you.

(*Handing COLUMBUS another paper.*)

Read this :—a royal patent that invests  
This Bobadilla with all power and right  
Of governing these islands.

COLUMBUS (*looking at the paper*).

Royal seals ?

It cannot be—but yet—

(*Handing the paper to BARTHOLEMEW.*)

Can it be true ?

I knew that we had enemies ; but not  
That they could be so powerful.

BARTHOLEMEW.

Shall we fight ?

COLUMBUS. It might be useless ; and it must be  
wise

To keep the right, when with us, with us yet.

No; let us yield. My brother, there are times  
When wrongs are great that they may be perceived,

And emphasize the need of their redress.<sup>68</sup>

VELASQUEZ. There is another order.

COLUMBUS.

Eh?

VELASQUEZ.

Is with

This officer.

(*gesturing toward SANCHEZ.*)

SANCHEZ (*advancing slowly toward COLUMBUS*).

My orders—not desire.

COLUMBUS. Am I to die for serving Spain so well?

SANCHEZ (*to both COLUMBUS and BARTHOLEMEW*).

Not that—Your swords.

COLUMBUS (*as he and BARTHOLEMEW give up their swords, as does also GUTIERREZ*).

But worse than that!—What next?

SANCHEZ (*motioning to a SOLDIER who brings forward some handcuffs.*)

I act but for the court.

<sup>68</sup> (*Turning to GUTIERREZ and the GUARD.*)

My men, this royal patent takes from me  
The government; bestows what powers were  
mine

On Bobadilla. All the loyalty  
Once shown to me, for which my gratitude  
Will always thank you, now belongs to him.

COLUMBUS. Are those for me?

What crime have I committed?

SANCHEZ. I know none.

COLUMBUS. I said I would submit. You doubt my word?

Or courage?—or persistency?—or what?

SANCHEZ. You must return to Spain.

COLUMBUS. In chains?—Who dares  
To place them on me?

*(looking at SANCHEZ and his GUARD.)*

SANCHEZ *(hesitating and looking around)*.

There are large rewards

For him that does it. They are offered.—Speak.

*(to COLUMBUS.)*

We all are friends, you see.

PINTOR. Not all; not all!

*(taking the handcuffs.)*

Here, let me have them, boys—am used to them.

A fair man gives what he receives, not so?

*(Puts them on COLUMBUS.)*

GUTIERREZ. No, never.

GUARD. No.

*Enter—Left Side—SANCHEZ, SOLDIERS, ESCOBAR,  
ROLDAN and a rabble.*

COLUMBUS. It seems the sovereigns' will.

Help me by sharing with me what I bear.

*(to VELASQUEZ.)*

Inform the governor we await his wishes.

Here, curse you ! Now fall overboard, and these  
Will sink you, as we meant to, years ago.

(*Turning to BARTHOLEMEW and fastening another  
pair on him.*)

Now you too.

RABBLE. Ho, ho, ho !

COLUMBUS (*to BARTHOLEMEW*).

Bartholemew,

A single bracelet is enough, men think,  
To show a common gratitude. But we,  
Why, we have two ! They think their debt  
To us a doubled one ! How it will thrill  
Ambition in the future sons of Spain  
To learn what badges of true servitude  
Await the souls that serve her best. We, we,  
Who made of Spain the Empress of the West,  
Have weightier honors waiting us,—to be  
The slaves that, crushed to earth, will pedestal  
The towering contrast of her sovereignty.

*Exeunt—Left Side Front—*SANCHEZ, his SOLDIERS,  
COLUMBUS and BARTHOLEMEW.

*Exeunt—to Left and Right—*OMNES.

---

SCENE SECOND—*A court belonging to a house in  
Seville. Backing, and at the Right, parts of the  
building on either side of the court. The same  
at the Left, but near the Left Front entrance a*

*chair or two and a sofa with one end raised on which to rest the head.*

*Entrances—at Right Side—and Left Side.*

*(Enter—Right Side—DIEGO and BEATRIX.)*

DIEGO. You must not talk about his poverty.

BEATRIX. Why not?

DIEGO. Will kill him.

BEATRIX. I am nursing him.

DIEGO. Yes, all that grows toward death.

BEATRIX. If he had been  
Content—had left the land to others, when  
Once found——

DIEGO. What? Can a mother leave her child,  
When born—no more? Far less the land he  
sought,  
Than those grand hopes that he had based on it  
As a foundation.

BEATRIX. These he might have watched  
As well at home here.

DIEGO. Why, I thought it you  
Who urged him on to wealth. The wealth was  
there.

And how about those titles? All of them  
Were labels not of use unless he sailed.

BEATRIX. Why did he use them arbitrarily?

DIEGO. Less use than their possession gave offense.  
Besides, we men are trained in government  
As well as manners. And the curse of force



Is that its own mean methods keep alive  
 Its first excuse for being. Tyranny  
 May make of chaos order; but, when throned,  
 Knows not a subject that is not a slave.  
 Would one of those o'er whom my brother ruled,  
 Have bent the knee to an authority  
 Not ermined in the old familiar guise

<sup>69</sup> DIEGO. Did I so?—

BEATRIX. And it came true—as often so with  
 you—

Not that I like you better for it, though.

DIEGO. My words come true, eh?—One might  
 think they would ;

So few regard them ! It is one sure test  
 Of prophets that they prophesy in vain.

BEATRIX. You might have urged your brother—

DIEGO. Oh, not I!

I never urge myself.

BEATRIX. But when you know—

DIEGO. Imagine only—not the same as knowing !

Imagination dreams : its dreams anon  
 May leap Time's processes, or, keen-eyed, spy  
 The end from the beginning. Yet such dreams  
 Come but to him so stirred in sympathy  
 With nature's courses, or inspired in aim  
 For nature's goals, or swept on by its force,  
 That sheer inertia of the soul outspeeds  
 The pace of grosser matter.

BEATRIX. And to you  
 At times—



Of arbitrariness?

BEATRIX. Had he conceived  
How all would end!

DIEGO. It could not be conceived.

BEATRIX. But you conceived it.

DIEGO. I?

BEATRIX. Why, yes. You spake  
Of envy sure to follow.<sup>69</sup>

DIEGO. The times come seldom. Ay, not oft  
Do fancy's flowers foretoken fruit ; not oft  
Is ripe fruit laden on the limbs that bloom  
Most brilliant with the flowers.—Yet have I seen  
it,—

Imagination imaging true life,  
Life true to all its images ; and then  
I found a seer, earth's rarest product.

BEATRIX. That  
Is what some say that you are.

DIEGO. To be true  
To life, when all the men that have life doubt me  
I ought to join with them, and doubt myself.

BEATRIX. In that you are not like your brother.

DIEGO. No ;  
With him quick action follows on the thought.  
With me come only talk, and then more thought.  
He mounts to find success. I prophesy—  
Perhaps ; but where success is, at my best,  
Am only of the crowds that cheer it.

*(Looking to the Left.)*

*Enter—Left Side—COLUMBUS, attended by his two sons, YOUNG DIEGO, a man, and FERNANDO, a youth. COLUMBUS with help is seated on the sofa. DIEGO continues to COLUMBUS.*

Well, what news?

COLUMBUS. A new world has been found of boundless wealth ;

And he who found it, finds himself a beggar.

A king and queen were throned o'er that new world.

Who throned them there, they seized and bound in chains.

DIEGO. Oh, yes; but then the chains were taken off.

COLUMBUS. A nation has been made the first on earth.

Who made it this, for this deed has been made

The last in all that nation—not one shred

Of all his property, or power, or rank,

Stripped by injustice from him, when well proved

To be injustice, has been given back.

Here

He comes, poor man—his faithful sons too. How

I love them for their faithfulness ! Alas,

How fast he fails ! If there were once a time

We feared he might be wrecked, a time has  
come

When his firm spirit reels, the prey of waves

His name he leaves dishonored, and his heirs  
Inherit nakedness.

BEATRIX. Yes, that is it.

You see if he——

DIEGO (*gesturing violently to silence BEATRIX*).

Not now. The time will come——

BEATRIX (*suddenly turning her back upon DIEGO and speaking to herself*).

Oh, when he prophesies, I always fear  
That he will prophesy some ill of me.

*Exit—Left Side—BEATRIX.*

DIEGO (*to COLUMBUS*).

Nay; nothing now can dim your well-earned  
fame.

COLUMBUS. A man who gave his life for what to all  
Appeared impossible, attained it, then  
Found charts and notes that told the story, stolen,  
And that which was his own discovery,  
Called not by his own name but by another's.

DIEGO. Yes, it is very strange.

COLUMBUS. So very strange

It seems that when I think it can be true,

Far worse than waves that sweep the sea alone.  
Such havoc has fierce envy wrought in him,  
What wonder if soon nature, in revolt,  
Should doff the guise this world has torn to  
rags

And give him something richer?

I pause to listen to the morning bells  
To wake me from a dream.

DIEGO. It is a dream.

The force that keeps eternal worth from light  
Is but of time—a thing short-lived.

COLUMBUS. I know—

Were it not for my children.—

YOUNG DIEGO. They are proud

Of one who, all his life-time, has kept faith  
With his own soul, however left alone.

COLUMBUS. Alone, and yet not lonely. Be one  
true

To his own mission, he is in the ranks  
With all that move toward all good ends that wait.

*(Looking at his sons.)*

And but for you—think not I lived my life  
To beg men for a badge to brag about!  
Enough, if I have been an influence.

DIEGO. Ay, that is all that God is.

COLUMBUS. God?

DIEGO. Yes, God.

What voice, or face, or form, or robe, or crown,  
Or throne attests His Presence? Who can trust  
And serve mere outward, sensuous things like  
these,

And not be all through life—ay, out of it  
And even after death—a slave to sense,  
No brother of the Christ, no son of God?

*(COLUMBUS suddenly falls back upon the sofa.)*

FERNANDO. See—he is fainting!

YOUNG DIEGO.

Help him!

DIEGO.

What is this?

Why, Christopher!

*(To the sons as all three bend over COLUMBUS.)*

Go, call a doctor—priest!

*Exeunt—Left Side Front—the two sons.)*

COLUMBUS *(reviving and pointing toward the center of stage).*

The new world—you must watch it—it will grow.

Hark—there are words I hear—and look—FELIPA!

O Lord, to thy hands I commit my spirit.

*(COLUMBUS sinks in death supported by DIEGO, who does not seem to notice what follows, being wholly absorbed in attending to COLUMBUS.)*

---

SCENE THIRD:—*The curtain forming the back of Scene Second rises disclosing at the Left the same convent chapel and wall that occupy that place in Act First, Scene First. The convent wall, however, extends across the stage to the Right, and the whole Scene is backed by a distant view of a fertile, cultivated, and populous country, including mountains and valleys, rivers spanned by bridges, and low lands filled with towns and cities,—all representing the present condition of the western continent. Near*

*the entrance of the chapel, stands FELIPA, gazing toward this land, while, by a choir unseen within the chapel, the same hymn is chanted as that with which the drama opens, as follows :*

O Life divine, from thee there springs  
All good that germs and grows ;  
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings  
The harvests to their close.

O, Life divine, thou art the source,  
Of truth within the soul ;  
Thou art the guide through all the **course**  
That leads it to its goal.

O, Life divine, what soul succeeds  
In aught on earth but he  
Who moves as all desires and deeds  
Are lured and led by thee.

CURTAIN.

**CECIL THE SEER.**





# CECIL THE SEER.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

To determine aright the relations that should exist between form and spirit is to solve the most important, perhaps, of human problems. Ideally, of course, the one should be a perfect expression of the other ; but, in this world, nothing is ideal or perfect ; and in nothing is the fact more clearly exemplified than in the frequent failure of a form to represent that which, apparently, it exists for the sole purpose of representing. To recognize, and, so far as possible, to remedy this condition, are primal obligations of intelligence ; and this fact justifies the extensive treatment of the subject which has characterized the literature of all periods. Such treatment, however, cannot go to the bottom of its possibilities without considering relations that are distinctively religious ; for it is religion that most imperatively demands that the form be a truthful expression of the spirit. But forms which, as in the Second Act of the following drama, are to be turned inside out in order to reveal their inadequacies, must, of themselves, be forms in connection with which such inadequacies are unexpected. Otherwise the whole portrayal will be too commonplace to warrant attention. It will be perceived, therefore, that the selection of religious characters for the drama was justified by the requirements of the theme ; and also that the use which is made of these characters is not intended to discredit religion as a whole. Indeed, only those can recognize the full significance of the presentation who also recognize that the incongruities indicated are not of ordinary occurrence.

Again, the suggestions derivable from a subject like that

treated in Cecil the Seer, in order to appear generally applicable, need to be drawn from a general survey of all the possibilities of form ; and it is for this reason, and not because of a desire to disparage any particular form, that such religious characters were selected as are typical of the remotest extremes of the narrow and the broad in theory and of formalism and non-conformity in practice. The inconsistencies suggested do not arise because any one form of religion invariably tends to self-deception, but because, in certain circumstances, all or any forms may tend in this direction. A sufficient motive for portraying the fact is that only in the degree in which a man has a practical recognition of it can he exercise that discernment, or be controlled by that principle, which should characterize the spiritual life.

With reference to the Second Act of the drama, it may not be out of place to say that the underlying conception of it is in strict accordance with human experience. Not a few, but many, who, through accident or disease, have, for a comparatively long period, lost consciousness, and have again been restored to it, have borne witness that, while in the unconscious state, their minds seem to have been employed in developing exclusively the last thought impressed upon them before passing into the state. In unfolding the details necessitated by this general conception, it is enough to say that it would not have been in accordance with the practice of the author had he not carefully and consistently sought to conform them to that which is most universal in the testimony given by those supposed to be in such states, or in corresponding ones produced in accordance with what are termed psychic methods. How much absolute truth one is justified in assigning to testimony thus obtained—from that of Swedenborg downward—no one, perhaps, can decide with authority ; but there must be some reason why the general tendencies of the statements made—as applied to things reported as heard or seen, not to the testifier's explanations of them—virtually

coincide. The suggestion that there may be such a reason is enough to make a man pause and think, and to do this whether he surmise that the testimony, because coming through the subconscious, reveals the results of extraneous revelation, or only because, coming from the subconscious, it reveals the results of universal intuition. It is true, too, that at the end of many years of pausing and thinking, he may not have been able to make out beyond dispute the source of that which he is considering ; but one thing he can always do, and from the very first : He can compare the import of that which is received with the results, in his own mind, of a combination of previous information, spiritual insight, and rational inference. Whatever, in its general outlines, coincides with these results will have for him, and must have—his mind cannot prevent it—the authority of truth. But exactly the same may be affirmed of statements which have the authority of truth when communicated through the forms of poetry. Could there be given any better reason—or excuse if needed—for letting the thought of this drama be borne on as a result of yoking together the poetic and the psychic ?



## PLACE AND TIME.

**ACT FIRST :** In a Southern "Border State" of the American Union, a little before the War for Secession. An evening party at the home of the Cecils. *Scene :* A large hall with glimpses beyond it of a parlor and a porch.

**ACT SECOND :** *Scenes First and Third :* Interior of a sick chamber. *Scene Second :* A grove representing the surroundings of a dream or trance.

**ACT THIRD :** In a Northern "Border State" just at the opening of the War for Secession. *Scene First :* The interior of the home of Freeman and Celia; *Scene Second :* A village green in front of Freeman's house, at one side of which the porch of his house is visible.

*Is this a revelation ?*

*Ay, to those*

*Who heed the truth behind the words I use ;  
And yet for those who heed this truth themselves  
I do not need to term it revelation.*

*CECIL THE SEER, II, 2.*

*All life on earth*

*Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven  
That brings each new day's liberty and truth  
Contends with darkness, and there is no peace.  
Our very bodies are but phantoms formed  
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,  
And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.*

*IDEM, III, 2.*

## CHARACTERS.

- CECIL.** Professor in a College, a Candidate for the highest Judicial Office of the State, to be appointed by its Governor and confirmed by its Senate. Also a particular friend and the instructor of Celia.
- KRAFT.** Head Politician of the ruling party of the State, and a particular friend of Madam Cecil. Celia has been the adopted daughter of his deceased wife.
- FREEMAN.** A young Law Student, friend of Cecil and Celia, and in love with Faith Hycher.
- BLAVER.** Religious Exhorter, and Head of the Prohibition party of the State. Particular friend of Miss Primwood.
- FATHER HYCHER.** Head of the Church party of the State who wish to obtain a division of the School Fund. Uncle of Faith Hycher, and particular friend of Widow Hycher, his sister-in-law.
- LOWE.** A Quaker, representing a syndicate of railway monopolists who are pushing a plan for appropriating and improving a part of the chief city of the State.
- JEM.** A colored servant.



- CELIA. Adopted daughter of deceased wife of Kraft. Pupil and particular friend of Cecil; also friend of Freeman.
- CECILIA. An idealized Celia, appearing throughout the dream in Act Second.—To be acted by the same one who acts Celia.
- MADAM CECIL. Wife of Cecil, particular friend of Kraft.
- FAITH HYCHER. In love with Freeman, niece of Father Hycher and step-daughter of Widow Hycher.
- MISS PRIMWOOD. Principal of a Female Seminary, particular friend of Blaver.
- WIDOW HYCHER. Step-mother of Faith Hycher, particular friend of her brother-in-law, Father Hycher.
- MADAM LOWE. Quakeress, wife of Lowe.
- MILLY. A colored servant.

A PHYSICIAN, CHORISTERS, PROMENADERS, DANCERS,  
POPULACE, RUFFIANS, DETECTIVES, MILITIA, ETC.

## CECIL THE SEER.

---

### ACT FIRST.

SCENE: *An evening party at the home of the Cecils. A large hall or parlor. Backing at the Right, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of a porch and garden. Further forward on the Right, a small table about which are three chairs. Further forward still, between the place of the Right Second and the Right Front Entrances, a bay window containing a sofa, and apparently hiding those seated upon it from the view of others in the hall. Backing at the Left, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of another room.*

ENTRANCES: *Right Upper, through the doorway; Right Third, through a long window open from the floor up; and Right Front, through a doorway. Left Upper, through a doorway, and Left Second, through a doorway.*

*Curtain rising discloses FREEMAN and FATHER HYCHER sitting in the bay window, and couples walking to and fro upon the stage.*

FATHER HYCHER. My standards are the standards  
of the world,

FREEMAN. I know it.

FATHER H. You were questioning——

FREEMAN. Their truth.<sup>1</sup>

The forms we see are puppets of a play,  
A dull play too ! Though seek what pulls the  
string,

<sup>1</sup> FATHER H. (*slowly and sarcastically*).

Your name is Freeman.

FREEMAN. It defines me, yes.

FATHER H. You think fidelity to man can  
grow

From germs of infidelity to God ?

You think that questioning the forms men most  
Esteem proves high esteem for men themselves ?

You think in one that weds, or vows to wed,

To love a third one proves true love for all ?

FREEMAN. That all depends on what he does.

FATHER H. And that ?

FREEMAN. On what he is. Why ask these things  
of me ?—

And here ?

FATHER H. Why should I not ? We see so much  
In scenes like this ?

FREEMAN. Oh, no !—you mean so little.

No longer is it dull. A button breaks,  
A veil falls off——

FATHER H. Too bad to hope for that!

FREEMAN. Too bad, if lives be bad! If not, too  
good!

Some things that on the outside seem profane,  
Upon the inside may be sacred.

FATHER H. Ah?

FREEMAN, The converse too is true.

FATHER H. (*haughtily*).

You mean to say?—

(*Music starts.*)

FREEMAN (*rising, as does FATHER HYCHER.*)

That all should watch the play, and not forget  
That they themselves are part of it.

FATHER H. Oh, yes.

*Exit—Right Front—after bowing to Freeman,*

FATHER H. (*FREEMAN moves toward the  
Right Upper Entrance. A part of  
the following is sung accompanied by a  
piano apparently in the rooms beyond the  
Left Upper Entrance. During the sing-  
ing certain of those upon the stage, or enter-  
ing from its various entrances, dance to  
the music.*)

We live but for bubbles, and those who know  
The way of the world their bubbles will blow.  
Ay, all but whose doings are fated to be  
No more than are drops in an infinite sea,

Will blow them, and show them, till, by and by,  
 They fill and float to the air on high;  
 Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
 Know how big a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles that grow and glow  
 The bigger and brighter the more we blow;  
 And, borne on the breath of the breeze around  
 Wherever the tides of the time are bound,  
 There is nothing of earth or of heaven in sight  
 But they image it all in a rainbow light;  
 Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
 Know how bright a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles a-dance in the blast,  
 But who can tell how long they will last?  
 So swell your cheeks, and puff, and fan,  
 And make the most of them while you can,  
 For if ever the breath in them fail, they will pop,  
 And only be drizzles to dry as they drop;  
 Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
 Be done with the bubbles that come from us.

*Enter—Right Upper—during the singing,*  
 FAITH. *She meets FREEMAN and, after a*  
*time, they sit in the bay window at the*  
*Right.*

*Exeunt—at different Entrances—the dancers or*  
*singers.*

FAITH. This night seems like a *fête* in fairy-land.<sup>2</sup>

FREEMAN. You note its meaning then?

<sup>2</sup> That chorus proves it so. I like to see  
 Our Cecil circled by the people singing.

FAITH. What ?  
 FREEMAN. Cecil-worship.<sup>3</sup>  
 FAITH. How so ?  
 FREEMAN. Our state is lacking a Chief Justice.  
 FAITH. And what of that ?  
 FREEMAN. His is a high position.<sup>4</sup>  
 If any idol's niche be tenantless,  
 The one all worship is the one all want there.  
 FAITH. Oh yes !—and Madam Cecil——  
 FREEMAN. Drawing hither  
 The undirected flow of current thought,  
 Though little rills, may find them, all together,  
 Enough to float the bark of her ambition.  
 You see this house—and she herself—are gems.  
 For setting, gems need gold. Her husband earns<sup>5</sup>  
 By teaching, at the most, no gold to spare.

<sup>3</sup> FAITH. And worship is the interest men pay  
 For worth when they can get it—justly due  
 To men of principle.

FREEMAN. And how of women ?  
 This Madam Cecil is the priestess here.  
 The fee is hers ; and he, the puppet-idol.

<sup>4</sup> She, who is always looking upward, sees it.

FAITH. That may be ; but you spoke of worship.

FREEMAN. Why,

<sup>5</sup> By teaching in the college, at the most,  
 No gold to spare ; and, even did she hope,  
 From her own managing, no perquisites——

FAITH. Will Cecil get the place?

FREEMAN. The governor  
May nominate him; but the senators  
Can scarcely be expected to confirm,  
Without some reason not upon the surface,  
A man so young and inexperienced.

FAITH. But he is worthy of it.

FREEMAN. What is worth  
With those that she will try to get to push him?  
Their favors must be paid for. Most have suits  
They sue for in the law-courts. Think you Cecil,  
An upright, downright and straightforward  
nature,  
Will twist and smirk with twenty different faces  
The twenty different ways that these would have  
him?

FAITH. It were a brilliant chance!

FREEMAN. Yes, far too brilliant  
For moths to meet with, and escape a scorching.  
No wick-light dazzles him. He knows the sun.

FAITH (*looking toward the Left*).

Look—Madam Cecil now—

FREEMAN (*rising*). And angels too,  
They say, draw near us when we talk of them.

FAITH (*also rising*). With her comes Kraft.

FREEMAN. The ruler of his party,—  
Controls the governor.

FAITH. What perquisites?

FREEMAN. The kind that make us call



FAITH. Ah! And Cecil, then,—  
Are he and Kraft such friends?

FREEMAN. No; she and Kraft,  
A man that she so floods with flattery  
That his half drowned, asphyxied reason raves  
Past all resisting her. Beside this too,  
He means, they say, to seat that son of his  
In Cecil's present chair. Your men that rule,  
When others hold the place that they would fill,  
Tramp an inferior, and push off an equal;  
But if some scheme they basely brew be spoiled  
By one above them,—they are left no option;  
But, like a cover, they must lift him higher.  
So, by their very righteousness, you see  
The righteous force their foes to do them justice.

*Exeunt—Right Front—FREEMAN and FAITH.*

*Enter—Left Upper—KRAFT with MADAM CECIL.*

MADAM C. Your charming son—

KRAFT. Gains charms from you who say that—

MADAM C. And with his noble brow, and eyes,  
and manners—

KRAFT. Yes; he is like his—mother.

MADAM C. Why, my friend,  
His mien, his manner are as like to yours,  
As ever were the echoes of a wood  
To singing of a woodsman.

A public man "His Honor," lest the world  
Might fail to recognize it, if not labeled.



KRAFT. Oh, you flatter !—<sup>6</sup>

I wish your husband could be led—

MADAM C. You think

He cannot then ?

KRAFT. Why that depends—

MADAM C. On whom ?—

A good judge is a man whose judgments you  
Approve.

KRAFT (*bowing to her*).

Thanks for your interest.

*Enter—Left Second—*MR. BLAVER *with* MISS PRIM-  
WOOD.

MADAM C. (*continuing to* KRAFT).

Why that

Becomes me,—does it not?—Have you not  
said

I always do, as well as wear, the thing

That seems becoming?—and the principal

(*touching* KRAFT *with her fan*; *then pointing it to-*  
*ward herself.*)

Should always draw its interest. Not so?—

(*turning to speak to* MISS PRIMWOOD *and* BLAVER,  
*who carries a pamphlet in his hand.*)

<sup>6</sup> MADAM C. And pardon, if I add both have their  
music.

KRAFT. No, no ; but Madam Cecil, you do flatter !

MADAM C. Not half so much, my good friend, as  
your mirror,

Miss Primwood, ah ! Good-evening—You too,  
Deacon :

(*All bow. KRAFT talks aside to MISS PRIMWOOD.*

MADAM CECIL *continues to BLAVER, tapping  
his pamphlet with her fan.*)

We read your little prohibition tracts.

BLAVER. Yes?—Thanks.—Yet, as you say, they  
are but little.

MADAM C. The littlest diamond in this ring I  
wear

Is better for my humble, human use,  
Than a whole world of dust whirled in a star  
Set in an orbit out beyond my reach.

BLAVER. If, in some humble way, my tracts do  
good—

MADAM C. The littlest bird-track, sometimes, in  
the sand

May make one think of wings flown out of sight.

BLAVER. If only mine would—wings of progress,  
wings—

MADAM C. Ah, but your cause is right.

BLAVER. Yes, all our pleas

Are based upon religion. Yet you know

The lower courts are hostile.

When you but face—

KRAFT. And find it very bright ?—

But now, about my son : I think—I think—

MADAM C. What I think. Do we ever disagree ?

KRAFT. I wish your husband, etc.

*Exeunt—Left—MISS PRIMWOOD and KRAFT.*

MADAM C. Right must win.

BLAVER. You think so?—The professor too?—<sup>1</sup>

*Enter—Left Second—FATHER HYCHER with WIDOW HYCHER.*

(MADAM C., *noticing them, then insinuatingly to*  
BLAVER.)

You think

A man, religious truly, would not stand  
Upon a platform based upon religion?

(MADAM C. *and* BLAVER *bow to* FATHER H.  
*and* WIDOW HYCHER. BLAVER *talks*  
*aside to* WIDOW H. *and, with her, pres-*  
*ently, exits at the Left—MADAM C. con-*  
*tinues talking to* FATHER HYCHER.)

You act like saints we read of in the legends,  
With holy air about them. As you enter,  
Our thoughts turn toward religion.

FATHER H. Ah?—with mine!—

I saw you at the church, the other day.

MADAM C. I heard the Father was to preach—

<sup>1</sup> MADAM C. (*assuming an air of disparagement*).

Come, come;

No man should anchor trust in such as he,

Why your opponents never—

BLAVER (*eagerly*). Would support him?—

They never would?

MADAM C. How could they? Do you know,

FATHER H.

And came?—

MADAM C. To be a worshipper.

FATHER H.

You think perhaps,

That we make less of preaching than of praise.

MADAM C. Now, honestly, I do admire your form.

FATHER H. I like to see you give it countenance.

But, really, Madam Cecil, you are right.

We must have form :—all eyes, ears, crave it so.

The only question, as I say, is this—

Which form is *the*—

MADAM C.

The form the most emphatic,

One might call *the* form.

FATHER H.

Right, just right again !—

In schools, asylums, prisons, everywhere

That faith should be impressed—

MADAM C.

There one should use

The most impressive form.

FATHER H.

Why, why, how strange !

Just what I told your husband !

MADAM C. (*laughing significantly*). You have learned

That only last night, when some friends were here

And talking of the governorship, he said

Our next might be a prohibitionist.

BLAVER (*greatly pleased, rubbing his hands*).

Is that so? Really !—Is that so? Why, why !—

MADAM C. (*tapping him with her fan*). You may be governor yet. You may, you may !—

A woman's thoughts are echoes.<sup>8</sup>

FATHER H. No—but I—

How could I think my words had had such weight?

MADAM C. Words are a currency that owe their worth

Less to their substance, often, than their source.<sup>9</sup>

FATHER H. I did not think I had such influence.

MADAM C. Nor does the sun. It never thinks at all;  
Yet keeps the whole world whirling—by its light?—

No, no,—by its position.

FATHER H. If the courts  
Had only sense to recognize the wrong  
Of taxing our schools to support a rule  
From which our own religion is ruled out—

MADAM C. And on your side are many senators?—  
And they confirm the judges?

FATHER H. What of that?

<sup>8</sup> and she echoes

The thoughts that have been nearest his heart too  
To whom she stands the nearest.

<sup>9</sup> FATHER H. Your husband, then, you think——

MADAM C. A man that knows  
Enough to judge a beaker by its brand,

<sup>10</sup> FREEMAN (*to FAITH*).

See Madam Cecil. How her ribboned form  
Bends o'er the black coats!—like a bow of promise  
Above thick cloud-banks. Each one thinks he sees

MADAM C. Why, Father, sometimes I have played at whist ;

And when my partner holds the cards that win——

*Enter—Right Front—FREEMAN and FAITH, presently seating themselves in the bay window.*

*Enter—Left Second—LOWE carrying a map-like plan of streets, parks, etc. Other GENTLEMEN enter with him. All surround MADAM C.*

FATHER H. (*to MADAM C.*).

What then ?

MADAM C. Then I play low—play whist.

FATHER H.

Ha ! ha ! <sup>10</sup>

*Exit—Left Upper—FATHER HYCHER.*

MADAM C. (*looking over LOWE's plans*).

This line here is the river bank,—not so ?

LOWE. And here the railway ; and the park is here,

And here the church (*pointing*).

MADAM C.

The church ?

LOWE.

You know with me

Religion is the chief consideration.

Those of his own cloth fly at Cecil's bidding  
Like crows where grows but shall not grow a harvest.  
Oh, to be popular, just let one be  
Abulge with promise, pledging everything.  
Till time present him his protested bills,  
The world will fawn and paw him like a cur  
To do his bidding. Promise is a flea :  
It makes us itch ; but fools us, would we catch it.

MADAM C. I know; but yet a friend—?

LOWE.

The company

Are world's folk,—will not build a meeting. So

We would not quarrel with them: we build this.

MADAM C. Yes. How considerate!<sup>11</sup> Is there  
much doubt

Of your success?

LOWE.

Oh no—not if the courts

Remove the injunction of the district's owners.

MADAM C. But that will follow. As my husband  
says,

The corner stones of monumental deeds

Must always crush some worms; and plans like  
these

*(laughing good-naturedly)*

Are monumental—even in their size!

We ought to find a table for them here.

*(gesturing toward the Left.)*

*Exeunt—Left Second—*MADAM C., LOWE  
*and other GENTLEMEN.*

FREEMAN *(to FAITH).*

This is a swindle shrewdest of them all,—

<sup>11</sup> LOWE.

I wish to be so.

MADAM C. But no one lives here yet?

LOWE.

In time some will.

MADAM C. And, for their future good, you build  
the church?

LOWE. Yet some do not approve it.

MADAM C.

Is there doubt



A syndicate that steals the river-bank ;  
Then taxes doubly those they steal it from——<sup>12</sup>  
But look you—there is Cecil, and with Celia.

(*pointing toward Left Upper Entrance.*)

How indiscreet his kindness toward that ward  
Of Kraft!—Kraft who could make him judge,  
and who

Abhors her, treats her like a slave, they say.

FAITH. Why so?

FREEMAN. He has his reasons.

FAITH (*rising*). Do you know them?

(*FREEMAN rising and shrugging his shoulders.*)

Some say that you admired her once.

FREEMAN. I did.

Before my eyes met you——

FAITH. This never can be.

My uncle's honor and mine own are pledged.

FREEMAN. But honor helping none and harming  
self,

<sup>12</sup> For what is left them. But the abuse is old.  
Where thrived ambition yet, but strove to build  
Itself a monument by heaping up  
That which, when lost, made hollow all about it !  
How many castles I have seen in Europe,  
Where every graceful touch in breadth and height  
That formed the great hall's pride, seemed under-  
lined

As if by shadowy finger-prints of force  
That snatched all from the hamlet at its base !



Need never serve the body of a vow  
From which the life to which it vowed has flown.

*Exeunt—Right First—*FAITH and FREEMAN.

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—*CELIA and CECIL.

CECIL. Must leave off study, Celia?

CELIA. So it seems.

CECIL. To be their brightest, minds need bur-  
nishing;

And earth needs all the light that we can give it.<sup>13</sup>

CELIA. What can a woman give?

CECIL. A great deal, Celia.

You know the crystal globes clairvoyants look in,  
And think they see as heaven sees then?—Some  
women.

<sup>13</sup> CELIA. I know—were I not so opposed—were I  
Not, say, a woman. What can woman do?

CECIL. Do Celia, do?

CELIA. Why, yes—what starts with her?

CECIL. No matter what. Men sow the seed, you think.

How could it grow, were it to find no soil?

You know the crystal globes, etc.

<sup>14</sup> CELIA. The sun may find  
Its image in the dullest pool.

CECIL. To be  
Too modest, is to lag behind, and break  
God's lines, who ranks us right.

CELIA. But eyes, they say,  
Made free to roam round all the world of thought  
Find views too strange——

CECIL. To those not free to roam?—

Have crystal souls. One faces them to find  
His thoughts divine, himself akin to God.

CELIA. If that be woman's nature——

CECIL. It is not,  
Till polished in the friction of the schools,  
Which some think needless ; but where woman's  
mind  
Has never been made bright, the thoughts of men  
Will never flash for it.<sup>14</sup>

CELIA. The thoughts of men  
Would never flash at all, unless inspired  
From heaven above——

CECIL. By those who came from it ?

CELIA. I think, at times, the souls that shall live  
there,

Who envy what they cannot see themselves ?

CELIA. They say such hate what does not aid religion.

CECIL. Aid whose, and what ?—their own ?—and are  
they sure

They do not make themselves their lords, forsooth,  
Because they wish to lord it over others ?

CELIA. It may have been my fault—I had a dream——

CECIL. And you are blamed for dreaming ?

CELIA. No ; I told it

CECIL. Another Joseph !—indiscreet, I see.

You should have known we all at heart are Tartars ;  
And value most the beauty of the spirit,  
When, like the Tartar's daughter, it is veiled.—  
And yet, if unveiled once, why not for me ?

CELIA. My dream awoke a whim. I said I thought.

Have lived there, too, before ; and, born on earth,  
Fill spheres to which their own deeds destined  
them——

CECIL. Not Adam's—Eve's?——

CELIA. Had my deeds been an Eve's,  
My present life might rightly be a slave's.

CECIL. You like strong language, Celia,—be a  
slave's?

CELIA. Note my complexion—who think you my  
mother?—

CECIL. What, what?—Kraft never claimed you as a  
slave?

CELIA. Nor will, perhaps ; but he has threatened it ;  
And even the suggestion of this here—

CECIL. But why suggest it?

That, if a soul must live hereafter, why,  
It must have lived before.—You know the Christ  
Did not rebuke those who confessed they thought  
Elias had returned ; but, in an age  
When all believed he might return, confirmed them.  
And then our creed—Where can it come to pass,—  
The body's resurrection?

CECIL. Where?

CELIA. Where but  
In that new earth of Hebrew prophecies?—  
Which would have but misled, had those that heard  
Not had it in their power themselves to be  
Restored to life in that restored estate.

CECIL. Seems life so bright then?—You would live  
it over?

CELIA. No, no ; so sad that I would solve its reason.

CELIA. I alone have seen  
The writings that were left him by his wife,—  
Her wish to free her slaves——

CECIL. Oh, what a worm  
Is greed for gold ! Did ever human fruitage  
Turn into rot but this greed gnawed the core ?—  
Was there a will ?

(CELIA *nods slightly.*)

You are in danger, yes.

CELIA. A wretch has come, as vile as he is  
ugly ;

And if I were the charmer of a snake,  
I could not shrink from touch more horrible.

CECIL. And what of him ?

CELIA. Why, I must go with him ;  
Indeed, have been forbidden to come here.

If we have lived before, we all are born  
In spheres to which our own deeds destine us.

CECIL. Not Adam's ?

CELIA. Each one may have been an Adam ;  
And therefore made a slave now.

CECIL. You a slave ?

CELIA. I must find some one—let me tell it you :  
To him, whose wife, ere death, was more to me  
Than mother, I am naught.

CECIL. But others prize you.  
A jewel is not judged by what surrounds it.

CELIA. And yet a jewel might be cheaply bartered  
By one who did not prize it.

CECIL. Bartered ?—You——

CELIA. Note my complexion—etc.

CECIL. To-night ?

CELIA. To-night.

CECIL. Must marry him ?

CELIA. Nay, worse.

He needs, or says he needs, a housekeeper.

CECIL. Why, Celia, this is monstrous ! By what means  
Would Kraft enforce his will ?

CELIA. By force itself ;  
And what he deems my ignorance.

CECIL. Tell me, child,  
Has Kraft good reasons ? <sup>15</sup>

CELIA. No ; my race is yours.  
But one needs time to prove it.

CECIL. Who meanwhile  
Will guard you ?

CELIA. Yes—who will ?

CECIL. That son of Kraft ?

CELIA. He ?—Such a villain, that his daintiest act  
Of kindness is a counterfeited coin  
With which he chaffers and intends to cheat !  
If I were drowning, I would spurn to grasp  
His hand, if it would draw me near himself.  
Better to die at once, when washed and clean,  
Than catch contagion and live on defiled.

CECIL. You must remain at my house.

*Enter—Left Second—KRAFT.*

<sup>15</sup> CELIA. If he have ?

CECIL. Why, then,  
By your white soul, and by the work of Christ,  
I stand between you.

KRAFT (*aside*).

Celia here?

CELIA (*noticing KRAFT*).

I—I—have an engagement. I must go.

*Exit—Left Upper—CELIA.*

KRAFT (*to CECIL*).

I interrupt you. She was——

CECIL (*to KRAFT*).

Merely saying

That you desire to have her drop her studies.

KRAFT. Well, she must win her bread.

CECIL.

Quite true; but how?

KRAFT. Humph!—my affair!

CECIL.

Why, no; not wholly,—is it?

Let me relieve you of the charge of her.

And take it on myself. In two years' time,

When once she gets to teaching, she can pay me.

KRAFT (*sarcastically*). Perhaps; but, by the way,  
now, that you speak

Of teaching, there is no one named, I think,

For your professorship, in case you leave it.

CECIL. I have not left it yet.

KRAFT.

You may do so.

If not, too, there are more professorships;

And I—I have a son.

CECIL.

I see. No doubt

His claims would have fair hearing.

KRAFT.

But if you

Could recommend him——

CECIL.

That would pass for little;

I know so little of him.

KRAFT. But your word——

CECIL. Would, like a bank-note, quickly lose its worth

Were nothing stored behind it, to make true  
The storage it bespeaks.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter—Left Second—A GENTLEMAN, beckoning to  
KRAFT ; also FREEMAN.*

KRAFT (*noticing the GENTLEMAN, and bowing to him,  
and also to CECIL*).

Thanks for your frankness.

*Exeunt—Left Second—KRAFT and GENTLEMAN.*

CECIL (*to FREEMAN*).

That son, if Celia judged him rightly, gets  
No honor which my justice can deny him.

<sup>16</sup> KRAFT. Humph ! I have found  
The men most praised for judgment are the men  
Most echoing others' judgments. Thus, forsooth,  
They make their own appear approved by all.

CECIL. Not so with me ! Has he experience  
In teaching ?

KRAFT. He has knowledge.

CECIL. For a teacher,  
A knowledge of mere books does not suffice ;  
He needs a knowledge too of human nature ;  
And sympathy, to make his teaching welcome ;  
And fire, to make it felt ; and tact and skill,  
To aim and temper it for others' needs ;  
And modesty to keep his own acquirements

Well, well, I may have ruined all my hopes.  
 Let go then! Duty never shone more clear:  
 Shall I play slave to Kraft, Lowe, Hycher,  
 Blaver?—

Sell them the justice that is in my soul  
 To seem to deal out justice for the state?—  
 No; better be God's creature though a worm,  
 Than theirs, though they had power to make me  
 king!

*Exit—Left Upper—*CECIL and FREEMAN.

*Dance music. Enter and exeunt at entrances,  
 dancers in couples or in sets. At last,  
 those nearest the Left Upper Entrance  
 beckon to the others, and all, as if suddenly  
 called away, exeunt at the Left Upper  
 Entrance.*

In strict-held servitude to their demands;  
 And dignity that comes from honoring truth,  
 To crown its bondman as the student's master.  
 What think you? Has he these?

KRAFT. Has had no chance  
 To show——

CECIL. Then why not test him where a failure  
 Would not be trumpeted? A man's best friend  
 Will bid him wait for honor till he earn it.  
 Amid earth's envious crush of frenzied greed,  
 It is no kindness, pushing to the front  
 One who is not a leader. Zealous forms  
 That crowd him there may tramp him under  
 foot.



*Enter—Left Second Entrance—JEM, carrying a tray with plates and refreshments on it. He looks at dancers, then crosses the stage to the bay window, where, meeting MILLY, he places the tray on the seat.*

*Enter—Right Front Entrance—MILLY, carrying a tray with glasses containing iced tea. She too places her tray on a seat in the bay window.*

JEM (*looking at departing dancers*).

Dey all gone whar de tables is, I reckon,  
(*looking at Milly*)

De white folks has de shadders

MILLY. An' dey dance,

Dance 'hine de white folks' back.

(JEM and MILLY dance.)

Jem (*stretching his hand to take MILLY's*).

Oh, heah! come heah!

MILLY (*drawing back her hand*).

No, no, yer don't.

JEM (*looking sharply at her hand, which she keeps clenched*).

<sup>17</sup> JEM.

Ah, dat's right.

MILLY (*putting ear-ring in her pocket*).

Yes, Laud!

An' doin' right.

JEM.

All 'cep' dat yer aint dancin'.

(JEM and MILLY dance.)

Heah, heah now, heah an' heah!

Now tell me what yer got

In dat black hollah dah.

MILLY (*jerking her hand away*).

Jes' what yer hasn't.

JEM. Come, come, now, Milly. Lawd ob all de stahs!

Dis heah's a patch ob his own pitchy sky,

An' hol's a stah in dah. Whose am it, hey?

MILLY. Whose? Mine.

JEM. Yer'll catch it—libin' deed o' darkness!

MILLY (*throwing an ear-ring from one hand into the other*).

Dey'll hab to catch dis fust.

JEM. Come, yer knows, Milly,

Dat I'll not gib yer way. Say, whar 'd yer get it?

MILLY. Why, on de floah.

JEM. Who drapt it off 'um den?

MILLY. De folks dat owes us twenty times as much

As dat 'ill fetch us."

MILLY (*stopping, and gesturing to JEM, who keeps on dancing*).

Now, Jem, yer wait.

JEM. What fur?

MILLY. 'Case dey 'll fine out.

JEM. Ugh, dey can't see us.

MILLY. Ole missus 's allers houndin' roun', yer knows,

To fine de niggah.

(*Moving and gesturing toward the bay window.*)

Dah. Set down.

(*MILLY sits in the bay window.*)

JEM (*looking at refreshments*). An' take  
De crum dat's fallen fro' de rich man's  
table?—

Dat'm scripter (*he sits down*).

Look heah, Milly.

MILLY. What's ter see?

JEM. I likes dis cake. It'm sweet, and yet, yer  
knows,

Dis dahky's lips would like anoder cake.

(*Puckering lips, as if to kiss her.*)

MILLY. Oh, yer go home.

JEM (*looking out of the window*).

No; it am cold out dah.

MILLY. Den let it shake yer! yer got one wife  
now.

JEM. Not one! De las' 'un, Dinah, 'm sold, yer  
know.

MILLY. Law sakes! Why, I aint heahd o' dat.

<sup>18</sup> JEM. Well, dey don't reckon so nuther.

MILLY. What dey reckon,

Dey show by sellin' Dinah.

JEM. What yer reckon—

MILLY. Is all de number ob yer wives!

(*bowing to JEM.*)

JEM. Yer can't.

JEM. She'm gone—  
Gone like de dark cloud when de night am  
come.

I'll nebah see her moah.

MILLY. Jem, dat am sad

JEM. An' yer don't reckon dis Jem's meant ter be  
A gem widout a settin'?

MILLY. Dah's de white folks.

*Enter—Left Upper—BLAVER and MISS PRIM-  
WOOD.—MILLY and JEM rise, taking their  
trays.*<sup>18</sup>

*Exit—Right Front Entrance—JEM hurriedly.*

MISS PRIMWOOD (*catching a glimpse of them, and  
holding up her hands*).

None have religion, none—I tell you none.

Men are not solemnized as once they were.

BLAVER. No, they are sodomized. You say you  
saw

(*pointing toward the Left.*)

In Cecil's hand, a reddish-colored dram?

MISS PRIMWOOD. It might have been——

<sup>19</sup> Is not the man I thought—no proper mate  
For Madam Cecil. She——

MISS PRIMWOOD, You think so, eh?—

Men never will know women. This is hers—

Her party—making those not thirsty drink,

And eat, too, with no appetite,—and dance

When, prudence knows, they ought to be in  
bed.

BLAVER. To those who saw it drunk  
It looked, at least, like liquor. He was not  
Avoiding the appearances of evil,<sup>19</sup>

MILLY, *carrying a tray containing a reddish-colored  
liquid in glasses, stops before* BLAVER.

BLAVER (*to MILLY*).

Ah,—what is this?

MILLY. Iced tea.

BLAVER. Why, that will be  
Refreshing, very!

(*To MISS P.*)

Here!

(*Pointing to chairs surrounding a small table,  
near the bay window, and motioning her to  
sit down*).

Iced tea!

(*To MILLY.*)

Yes, yes.

(BLAVER and MISS P. sit at the table. MILLY  
*places two glasses of the reddish-colored  
liquid before them.*)

BLAVER (*continuing the interrupted conversation*).

Where none wish levity, affairs like this  
Create it. I have known most sober men  
Grow indiscreet—

(*tasting the tea.*)

This is good, yes—and make  
All that they pray for seem ridiculous.

*Enter—Left and Right—couples walking together.*

*Exit—Left Upper—MILLY.*

*Enter—Right Upper—JEM carrying a tray on which are plates containing refreshments to eat.*

MISS PRIMWOOD (*looking in disapprobation at the couples*).

And scenes like this, too, cater to flirtation—  
(*looking at two elderly people together.*)

In them so old, too, they should be above it.

(MISS PRIMWOOD'S spoon that she has been using, falls to the floor.—BLAVER hands MISS P. his spoon that he has not used, at the same time picking up MISS P.'s. spoon and significantly placing it in his own cup.)

BLAVER. Precisely !

MISS P. Yes, at times, it makes me feel——

BLAVER (*who evidently has lost the connection of thought*).

Flirtation makes you feel ?

MISS P. (*in evident disgust*).

Oh no ; not that !

(JEM stands before them with his tray.)

BLAVER (*noticing JEM, and taking plates from his tray for MISS P. and himself, as if thinking MISS P. referred to these*).

Oh yes, I see !

MISS P. (*disliking his inference with reference to the meaning of her former words*).

No, no !

BLAVER (*referring to the plates*).

Not take them?

MISS P.

These?

Oh yes, I thank you.—You mistook my meaning.

I sometimes think that none should feel at all.

*Exit—Left Upper—JEM.*

BLAVER. No, in flirtation none should feel at all.

MISS P. No, no, no! not in that—in anything.

If none would feel, none would have discontent;

And that would cure all evils of the time.

BLAVER. Yes, that is true. Why, even small boys  
now,

Must have small beer——

MISS P.

For that will pop, you know!

Will make a noise! explode monotony!

Our slaves now even hint of earning wages;

And girls, once clad in bonnets and in slippers,

Now strut in hats and boots.

BLAVER.

And where, strut where?

<sup>20</sup> BLAVER. And times that do not like a cackling  
hen,

And seek to fill their coops with fowl that crow,

Will not get many eggs.

MISS P.

No, no; will not!—

Think what a scandal, if our highest courts——

BLAVER. Should not court women of the highest  
kind.

MISS P. Precisely; and o'errule th' iniquity

That gives free entrance into men's resorts

MISS P. Well put, well put, my friend ! They strut for schools

In which they think and talk like boys and with them.<sup>20</sup>

(BLAVER and MISS P. continue their conversation aside.)

*Enter—Left Upper—*CECIL and FATHER HYCHER.

CECIL. Yes, Father Hycher ; but you know our laws Have never recognized the churches thus.

FATHER H. But we have rights—

CECIL. To change the laws you have, But not to break them.

FATHER H. Did one merely waive The letter of the law, what could be harmed ?

CECIL. One's conscience, if he went against the law,—

One's heed of right,—a fact, I take it, Father, You ought to see.

FATHER H. I do not see it so<sup>21</sup> ;

*Exit—Left Second—*FATHER H.

Of maids—

BLAVER. That in your school are prized like jewels !

<sup>21</sup> And if I did, above it I could see A higher law.

*Exit—Left Second—*FATHER H.

CECIL (*looking after him, and soliloquizing*).

Humph, humph ! we live to learn.

It seems that even formalists like him

Can see some spirit through a form ; but what ?—



(CECIL moves toward the right near where BLAVER and MISS P. are sitting. Both rise.)

MISS P. Professor Cecil, how your ears must burn !

You know the rumors that are in the wind.

CECIL (*bowing and motioning them to be seated*)

Trust not in words with wind alone to back them.

Nothing is quite so empty as the sky

Behind a blow, when once it has blown by.

(*All sit, CECIL taking a vacant chair at the table.*)

MISS P. That does for you to say; but you two friends,

(*bowing to BLAVER.*)

Your judgment,

(*bowing to CECIL.*)

and your judgments, when they rule

Our civil, social, educational ways,

Will put a close to some things.

CECIL.

To their life?

MISS P. How you enjoy a joke!—You read, not so?

(*gesturing toward BLAVER.*)

The deacon's latest work?

CECIL.

To tell the truth,

I have not yet——

One time upon a mountain top, I saw  
My own shape magnified on clouds about me.  
How many men in earth's high places find,  
Looming on clouds of false regard about them,  
False forms of self, distorted in their size !

MISS P. So little interest?—

CECIL. Of course the question has two sides—

BLAVER (*aside*).

Two sides?—

It has but one. I see—he is not with us.

MISS P. The great book of the age!

BLAVER (*to MISS P*).

You flatter me.

(*to CECIL*).

She likes my essay, since, on general grounds,  
As I detail the duties of the state,  
I argue prohibition by the whole  
Of all things detrimental to the part,  
Applying this, not only to the cause  
To which my life is pledged, but with this, too,  
To questions like the giving of instruction  
To slaves, and free tuition to poor whites,  
And throwing open to our girls and women  
The State schools, not the ones to train their sex.  
It is my proving of this latter point  
Enlists her praise, whose long—

(*MISS P. straightens up and draw back.*)

no, I mean wide—

Whose wide experience, as the principal  
Of our first female college, seals her right

To waken such to their own true position,  
Thank heaven for precipices! When they fall,  
Their views of God and self, turned upside down,  
May bring, at last, conversion.

To criticise all efforts of the State

To train our girls in different schools from hers.<sup>22</sup>

MISS P. Oh, you must read his book!—will like it too;

If but for what it says of slaves and women.

CECIL. You class the two together? I should not.  
(*aside*)

How women love their fetters!—Best, perhaps!

They make sweet slaves, but very bitter masters.

MISS P. You would not open then our college-doors  
To women?

CECIL. Why not?

MISS P. Why, our boys and girls  
Might think of love!

CECIL. That would be no new thing;  
And, being wont to walk in love, when young,  
They might be much less prone to fall in love,  
In ways not wise, when older.

MISS P. But their minds

<sup>22</sup> CECIL (*in good-natured banter*).

Ah, yes, I see. The same boat floats you both.

You pull together. Friends are worth the having  
Who best can serve themselves when serving us.

<sup>23</sup> MISS P. Always?

CECIL. No;  
But oftener, yes much oftener so, than elsewhere.  
Where true love is the treasure to be sought,  
One glimpse of nature is a better guide  
Than all the forms of calculating art



To spirits rightly moved, the whole of life,  
Home, school, religion—all lead through romance.<sup>25</sup>

*Exit—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL,  
and LOWE, carrying his plans, also FREE-  
MAN.*

MADAM CECIL (*bowing to MISS P. and BLAVER, then  
speaking to CECIL. All three rise.*)

<sup>25</sup> (JEM *speaks aside to CECIL.*)

CECIL (*rising*).

(BLAVER and MISS P. *rise while CECIL gestures  
toward chairs, JEM and the refreshments.*)

Oh, pray be seated, and take more.

MISS P.

Thanks.

BLAVER.

Thanks.

(JEM *removes from table the empty glasses and plates  
and substitutes full ones.*)

MISS P. And do you then approve, do you admire  
Lean, short-haired women, and lank, long-haired  
men,

Exchanging shawls and coats, and stripping life  
Of character, to make it caricature?

*Exit—Left Upper Entrance—JEM.*

CECIL. I do not much admire the straw in spring  
That forms the spread of flower-beds; but  
beneath

Sleep summer's fairest offspring. What you moot  
May show two sides. A man may be run down  
Amid the clash and clangor of a street,

Oh, here you are! Come look at these—

(*Pointing to LOWE's plans.*)

these plans,  
Are just the thing the city needs. We two  
Were searching all the house for you.

CECIL (*replying partly to MADAM C. and partly speaking to LOWE*).

I see.

Because one ear is deaf. In any path,  
The rush of life may run down all who hear  
But on one side.

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN.*

MISS P. But when one side is right.

CECIL. The right is that to which the world moves  
on.

You cross its track to stop it; it moves on,  
You fall.

(*CECIL bows and turns toward FREEMAN. BLAVER and  
MISS P. bow, then reseal themselves.*)

MISS P. And this he does not mean to do

For my cause or for yours. Trust me for that.

BLAVER. His friends must see he does not get so  
high

That falling far will hurt him.

(*BLAVER and MISS P. continue to eat and  
drink, and talk aside, till, after a little,  
BLAVER points vigorously toward the Right  
Second Entrance. Then both rise, taking  
plates and glasses with them, and exeunt  
at Right Second Entrance.*)

LOWE (*pointing to a part of the plan*). And see the church here?

CECIL. Oh! is that the church?  
But I thought you a friend?

LOWE. The company  
Are world's folk—will not build a meeting. So  
We would not quarrel with them. We build this.  
*Exeunt—Right Second—MISS P. and BLAVER.*

FREEMAN. Ah yes!

LOWE. With me religion is the chief  
Consideration. Think how poor our life  
Would be without religion.

FREEMAN. Be less rich,  
You think.

LOWE. Just so; for there is nothing like  
A church to elevate the character——

FREEMAN. Of real estate.

LOWE. Yes, and of people, too.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>26</sup> FREEMAN. No people live here yet?

LOWE. Ah, but they will——

FREEMAN. If you do what is right to draw them  
here.

To build a church is right—not so?—and right  
Is your religion.

LOWE. Yes; but one might think  
His motives were not rightly understood——  
(*looking toward CECIL*).

You like the plans then?

FREEMAN. Oh, he must—as plans.

CECIL. Quite true.

LOWE (to CECIL). Am glad to meet your approbation.

CECIL (*taking the plans in his hands*).<sup>27</sup> One cannot fully take these in at first.

I must have time in which to look them over.

*Exit—Right Third Entrance—*FREEMAN.

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.*

MADAM C. (*to* LOWE, *as if with a covert meaning*).

I must have time to look them over with him.

(She motions toward JEM, to whom CECIL hands the plans, at the same time motioning to him to take them to the Left. JEM turns.)

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—JEM.*

(When CECIL and MADAM C. turn toward JEM, LOWE turns toward the Right Third Entrance.)

They plan so far ahead.

LOWE.                      A man who sees  
A mountain in his path that must be climbed,  
Will make more effort. Effort is our need.  
With such a plan as this, our friends will know  
We need more money, and will find us more.

<sup>27</sup> CECIL. Not that, quite that! Men take too many chances

In drawing facts from fancies. I shall need——



LOWE (*to HIMSELF*),

And when the time comes that he needs a friend,  
May I take him in, and look over him.

*Exit—Right Third Entrance—LOWE.*

MADAM C. (*to CECIL, and evidently annoyed to see  
LOWE leaving them*).

Kraft, Hycher, Lowe and Blaver,—all, to-night,  
All frown at things that you have said to them.  
Why will you always give these men offense?

CECIL. Because I give them truth.

MADAM C. Truth is for fools.

CECIL. I give it to them.

MADAM C. Humph! It comes from fools.

CECIL. Yes, if they think men want it. I do not.  
They only need it.

MADAM C. Need? What for?

CECIL. Their good—  
Their own, and—say—humanity's.

MADAM C. The good  
All seek from men like you, is leadership.  
But he who leads men up, himself must mount

<sup>28</sup> CECIL (*kindly*).

Come, come, your wishes, like wild steeds,  
escape

The reining of your reason, and may wreck it.  
Why wish a station higher than we have?

MADAM C. For you—your influence.

CECIL. Nay, in that you err.

Where he appears above them.

CECIL.

## How and where

He mounts, depends on that in which he leads.

A leader in the truth would better kneel

Upon the footstool of a throne, than sit

Upon it, crowned by falsehood.

MADAM C.

Would you were,

But what I thought you were when we were wed!<sup>28</sup>

A woman wrecked at sea, would better lash

The anchor to her throat, than try to breast

The waves of life in such a world as this,

Wed to a man without ambition. She

Could not sink sooner.

CECIL (*gazing and gesturing at their surroundings*).

Do you sink, my wife,

With such surroundings ?

MADAM C.

Yes, for power and wealth

Both loom before you. When I tell it you,

And strive to urge you toward them, you, blind  
loot,

Squat, blinking like an owl ; or, if you stir,

True words alone are weapons of true thought.

If I be free to use these, I am free

To be truth's champion. If, to gain the place

You wish me, or to hold it, being gained,

I let my tongue be tied, I live a slave.

MADAM C.

### A woman wrecked, etc.



Is earthly. Keen men know this. Not, not God:  
The devil rules the world.

CECIL. God overrules it.

MADAM C. In far results, but in the near ones  
never!

CECIL. Then look to far results. Transferring  
there

These transient whims,—ah you will find them  
melt,

Like summer mist, while, rock-bound under them,  
Each goal remains that your true nature  
craves.

Why seek for riches, when we have enough?

MADAM C. Enough! Oh, sluggard! Have we  
that?

CECIL. We have—

Enough for comfort, not enough for care ;  
Enough to make us grateful for the wage  
Rewarding earnest work ; but not enough  
To bind long habit to their fate whose course  
While serving earth has made them slaves to it.  
The peace of life crowns competence, not wealth.  
The wise man wants no more.

MADAM C. But woman does.

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—*MADAM CECIL.

CECIL. Then let no wise man marry. Cursèd  
fate!—

This trudging on and on in paths of right,  
And knowing every pace takes one more stride

Away from all one loves !—From all one loves ?—  
 No, no ;—from all that, once, one thought he loved.  
 Oh, cruel customs of a cruel world,  
 Which damn us for those dreams that seem to be  
 Our holiest inspirations ! Cruel dreams,  
 That never prove delusions, till the world  
 Welds bonds for us that death alone can break !  
 And cruel bonds that make all happiness,  
 In one so bound, impossibility,  
 Unless he live a sneak's life—who is this ?

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—CELIA.*

Why, Celia !

CELIA. I have come to tell you, friend,  
 The man I fear is here. I saw his face,  
 And like a thunder-cloud foretelling storm——

CECIL. Come first where we shall not be overheard.

*Exeunt—Left Upper Entrance—CECIL and CELIA.*

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN and  
 FAITH.*

FREEMAN. You love me, Faith. Your manner  
 tells me so.

<sup>29</sup> FAITH. I would not give you up so, save to  
 wed  
 A holier spouse.

FREEMAN. Yet one that is, at times,  
 A Moloch, clasping in his arms of fire  
 Desires he kindles, but can never quench.

FAITH. Oh, Freeman, when you speak, I tremble  
 so !

FAITH. Your rival, Freeman, is no man, mere man.

FREEMAN. You are deceived. You vow through  
—to—a man.

And he will treat you—how?—His door is locked :  
He holds the key. Your uncle, though a priest,  
Has eyes upon your wealth. The thing is proved.  
Your dying father feared this. Faith, I know  
His wish for you. Trust him, trust me, your  
friend,

Disrobed of mystery, save th' eternal one  
Which thrills us now, whom heaven has made for  
mates.<sup>29</sup>

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—FATHER HYCHER.*

FATHER H. (*to FAITH*).

What?—Have I warned you, Faith, so many  
times ?

And you still parley with this infidel?—

Obeys me now!—Away, no more of this!

(*FAITH moves toward Left Upper Entrance—*

*FREEMAN starts to follow her. FATHER*

*HYCHER calls to him.*)

You fill my soul with fears for you ; but, ah,

With fears that are so sweet, again I fear

That my own soul is what I most should fear.

FREEMAN. The wise fright off their fears by facing  
them.

Will you not be my bride? Be this and use

Your freedom as your father would have wished.

You will not follow her?—

*Exit—Left Upper Entrance—*FAITH.

FREEMAN.

No?—wherefore not?

FATHER H. I am her uncle.

FREEMAN.

Not her father, though!

FATHER H. Her spirit's—I direct her steps.

FREEMAN.

Step-father?—

In that rôle men like you are just ideal!

But I am, that which you are not—her friend.

<sup>80</sup> And she has wealth, and you have use for it.

FATHER H. And you think you have none! Oho,  
young man,

When you have read yourself, you may be heard  
When trying to read others. But we waste  
Our time. I am her guardian; and you  
Should act the gentleman.

FREEMAN.

Which when I act,

I shall not take my lessons all from you.

FATHER H. Take this at least.—A gentleman is  
one

Who never does the unexpected.

FREEMAN.

Well,

By that test you can pass. I grant it you.

All you have done has been in character.

You call me infidel; but, Father Hycher,

The infidel is one who does not trust

The power that made and moves the soul within.

If Faith did not desire another life

Than you have planned, you might be wise and  
kind.

FATHER H. You are a young man with a young man's dreams.

FREEMAN. You are an old man ; and an old man schemes.<sup>30</sup>

FATHER H. Humph, humph, my friend ! You may regret this yet.

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—*FATHER HYCHER.  
*Enter Left Upper Entrance—*CECIL and CELIA.

FATHER H. Poor youth, when you know more about the world——

FREEMAN. I shall know more about such men a you ;

Know how the dust of earth can make one blind,  
And din can make one deaf, till skies can blaze  
And heaven's voice thunder, yet no sight nor  
sound

Reach——

FATHER H. (*sarcastically*).

What ?—

FREEMAN. What was a soul ! But there are souls  
Are stolen too when stoled. The devil's hand  
Outdoes the deacon's. There is nothing left  
But vestment. All the barterer's priceless birth-  
right  
Goes for the mess of pottage that he feeds on.  
Not strange such like to limit other's joys,  
Turn nature inside out and upside down,  
Claim spirit rules where all are slaves of sense,  
And heaven their crown whose realms are  
rimmed by hell.



CECIL (*to* FREEMAN.)

Why, friend, you seem excited. What has roiled you?

FREEMAN. Oh nothing, nothing, nothing but a toad

That squat upon a flower here in your garden!

CECIL. Here is another flower may take its place.

I must attend the guests, and this, our friend,  
Needs your protection. She will tell you why.  
I leave her with you.

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL.*

(*CECIL continues to CELIA, taking her hand.*)

And remember, Celia,

You must not fail to stay with us to-night.

MADAM CECIL (*aside*).

I thought so! I have spied this play before.  
Men seldom waive the wishes of their wives  
Except to welcome other women's wishes.

(*to* CECIL, *while* CELIA *talks aside to* FREEMAN  
*after both have bowed to* CECIL.)

You have forgotten you have other guests.

<sup>31</sup> FATHER H. Your candlesticks too go so well now  
with——

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Their lack of light.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

The other ornaments.

A storm is coming on. They wish to leave ;  
And we should speed their parting. Shall we go ?

(CECIL and MADAM C. move toward the *Left*  
*Second Entrance*—FREEMAN and CELIA  
move toward the bay window at the  
*Right*.)

FREEMAN (*motioning toward the bay window*).

By staying here, we may keep out the way.

*Exeunt*—*Left Second Entrance*—CECIL and  
MADAM C. FREEMAN and CELIA seat  
themselves in the bay window.

*Enter*—*Left Upper*—FATHER and WIDOW HYCHER.  
FATHER HYCHER (*to* WIDOW HYCHER).

Let him have all her money that you live on?—  
Not I!

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.). He shall not call on  
Faith again.

FATHER H. She may be out?

WIDOW H. She may.—And you, you liked  
The stole?

FATHER H. One could not be embroidered better.  
With just the shade——

WIDOW H. Suits your complexion, yes.<sup>81</sup>—  
And Cecil—will he aid you ?

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

They all are just before you when you pray ?

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

They are.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Humph! a cause  
Once lost is not the one I follow.

*Exeunt—Left Second—*FATHER HYCHER *and*  
WIDOW HYCHER.

CELIA (*to* FREEMAN). Cause?—

Does he mean Cecil's?

FREEMAN. Hope so! Happy Cecil!—

High noon will come for him when he can see  
A form like that one shadowing him no more.

CELIA. I think it always may seem noon to those  
Who trample all their shadows underfoot  
As he does.

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—*LOWE *and* MADAM  
LOWE.

(*The stage becomes gradually darker.*)

FREEMAN (*pointing toward Right Upper Entrance*).

Very true! But what of those

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

Heaven seems less likely to forget  
One thought of thus in prayer.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Who could forget  
Your deeds in rendering the church attractive?

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Yes, in the front pew with her flower-bed  
bonnet.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

I think that all men must have noticed this.

Who deem it wise to keep themselves in shade,  
Held as a shield to ward away the light  
With every ray of color that might reach them,  
As if they thought it their worst enemy?

LOWE (*to* MADAM LOWE).

The air seems weighted with a coming storm.<sup>32</sup>

(*Thunder in the distance.*)

MADAM L. How near! We should have been at  
meeting!

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.

Yes,

But if we had been there, how could one then  
Have shown those plans?

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Of course, we had to come,

But this man Cecil seems not pious.

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

No;

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

I fear so; for you know heads crown'd with flowers  
Nod most for bees that buzz and sting about them.

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.). And Cecil—will he aid  
you? etc.

<sup>32</sup> FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Their airs appear so. Yes.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Must hurry home.

How near, etc.

You heard how they made light of that new building,—

One, too, for their own sect!

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Yes, I have heard

Enough for once. That irreligious music!

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And noise and dancing! It was fortunate

The supper-room was opened early.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Yes.

(*Distant thunder.*)

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And one good thing!—this thunder storm will end it.

*Exeunt—Left Upper Entrance—LOWE and MADAM LOWE.*

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

I wonder if they really grudge each draft  
Of those enjoying what is past their taste?

I hate to think it, yet at times, one must,

That some men deem mere conscious envy con-  
science;

And seem most zealous when they are but jealous.

(*Thunder louder than before.*)

<sup>33</sup> BLAVER. A man like him will never aid my plans,  
Nor yours.

CELIA and FREEMAN *both rise.*

But hear the storm. I think it best you stay  
Inside the study.

(FREEMAN *points toward Left Second Entrance.*)

CELIA (*pointing toward the right*).

We can pass through here.

FREEMAN. And I must go, and call these men I  
know,

Detectives—good ones—they will shadow him.

*Exeunt—Right Front Entrance—FREEMAN and  
CELIA.*

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—BLAVER, LOWE,  
MISS PRIMWOOD and MADAM LOWE, and  
others, all with hats and cloaks, evidently  
prepared to leave the house.*

BLAVER (*to LOWE*).

I used to have some confidence in Cecil.

LOWE (*to BLAVER*).

But now he shows this lack of enterprise !<sup>33</sup>

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL, fol-  
lowed by JEM.*

MADAM C. (*to MISS PRIMWOOD*).

You leave us in a storm.

LOWE. And wise men, when they fear a fight,  
Will never lend one weapon to a foe.



BLAVER (*to* MADAM CECIL).

It will clear off.<sup>34</sup>

I thank you for a very pleasant evening.

(*Shaking hands with* MADAM C.)

MADAM C. (*shaking hands with* BLAVER).

Good evening.

(*To* JEM.)

Here, Jem, show them to the gate.

MADAM C. *motions to* JEM *who moves toward*  
*Right Upper Entrance*—MISS PRIMWOOD,  
*then* LOWE, *then* MADAM LOWE, *also*  
*others, shake hands with* MADAM C.

MISS P. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

LOWE. Good-night.

MADAM L. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

*Exeunt*—*Right Upper Entrance*—BLAVER *with*  
MISS PRIMWOOD, LOWE *with* MADAM  
LOWE *and others, also* JEM.

*Enter*—*Right Third Entrance*—KRAFT.<sup>35</sup>  
(*Thunder and storm increase.*)

KRAFT (*to* MADAM C.). Where went your husband?

<sup>34</sup> MADAM C. And when the sun is shining here, you  
know

Where you can find a friend.

BLAVER (*rather significantly, as he offers his arm to*  
MISS PRIMWOOD).

Yes—one—I do.

MADAM C. He ?—With guests, perhaps.

KRAFT. Or, say, with Celia.

MADAM C. What ?—Your scheme  
has failed ?

KRAFT. Not yet ; my men are here.

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.*

*(Thunder and lightning—KRAFT points toward JEM.)*

You send for him,

And I will send for her.

*Exit—Right Third Entrance—KRAFT.*

MADAM C. *(to JEM).*

Jem, find your master.

I wish to see him. Say it is important.

*Exit—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.*

*(to herself.)*

Now let him leave her but one little moment,

As leave he must, and they will have her seized.

And may a pall, as black as tops this night,

*(Thunder and lightning).*

Come down, and hide her face from him forever.

Oh, naught but death, or burial deep as death,

Can ever fitly robe a form once wedged

Between a man and wife !—Though what care I ?—

<sup>35</sup> MADAM C. *(to KRAFT).*

Have all our guests gone ?

*(Thunder and storm increase.)*

KRAFT.

No ; for I am here.

MADAM C. You feel at home without the going  
there ?



Kraft hates my husband ; yet is wholly mine ;  
And so I get my wish.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—*CECIL.

CECIL *(to MADAM CECIL)*. What is your wish ?

MADAM C. And what care you, my husband, for  
my wish ?

Oh, I was but a fool, to wed a fool !

Like goes with like. I now acknowledge it.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

You might have been—ah me !—what might you  
not ?

Position, wealth,—all waited on your nod.

You have dismissed them by your course to-night ;

But one hope now remains, and that through  
Kraft.

*Enter—Right First Entrance—in trepidation,* CELIA.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CELIA. Help ! help !

CECIL *(to CELIA)*.

Come here. What is it ?

CELIA.

He—with men !

They come to take me.

CECIL.

That they shall not do.

MADAM C. Wait, wait ! Her guardian claims her.

Who are you ?

CECIL. A man who shields a woman.

MADAM C.

If she lie?—

CECIL. Then he can prove it.

MADAM C. Dare you tell him that?—  
Him, Kraft,—the man on whom alone depends  
Your chance now for promotion?

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CELIA *(to CECIL.)*

Do not harm

Yourself.

CECIL *(to CELIA.)*

But sacrifice this gentle lamb  
To wild ambition?—Never!—Hide in here!

*(CECIL points toward Left Upper Entrance.)*

*Exit—Left Upper Entrance—CELIA.*

MADAM C. *(to CECIL.)*

You do not know—They claim her as a slave.

CECIL *(to MADAM C.)*. I save her as a woman.

MADAM C. But the law—

The sentiment—the spirit of the State.—

You dare not shield her.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CECIL. Wherefore dare I not?

MADAM C. No man has ever yet with us been  
left

Not ruined—left alive—who ventured this.

Your influence, your position, property,

Your life, my home, my hope for you,—all, all

Would all be forfeited.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CECIL. Well, let them go.

When they have stripped me of all things besides,

I shall have left a clean, clear conscience, death  
And heaven.

MADAM C. You madman!

CECIL.

Not as mad as you:

I wait for proof.

MADAM C. And if they prove their case?—

CECIL. I wait then till they take her. But they  
come.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right Front Entrance—KRAFT with two men.*

KRAFT *(to CECIL)*.

Is Celia here?

*(advancing toward Left Upper Entrance.)*

I say, is Celia here?

CECIL *(standing in front of Left Upper Entrance—  
and looking around)*.

I do not see her here.

KRAFT.

I too have eyes.

I did not ask that. She was in this house.

CECIL. She was my guest; if she be still within  
Then still she is my guest.

KRAFT.

I am her guardian.

CECIL. And so am I, while I remain her host.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*(CECIL looks at the men behind KRAFT.)*

You seem to wish to guard her well,—too well.

KRAFT. I do and shall—for she belongs to me.

CECIL. Well, prove your case.

KRAFT. You ask for proof from me,—  
A gentleman?—

CECIL. I ask for proof from you.

KRAFT. You hint I am no gentleman?

CECIL. I say  
You are not gentle in your present mood;  
And that child is—too gentle far for you.

KRAFT. What?—You defy me?—I shall search for her.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CECIL. Not till you get by me!

*(CECIL pulls out a pistol. MADAM C. seizes it.)*

KRAFT. And that we shall!

*(KRAFT dashes at CECIL, followed by his men. Pistol fired behind scene, but apparently on stage. CECIL falls. Terrific thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN with two detectives.*

FREEMAN. Here! seize them! Stop the villains, every one!

*Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—KRAFT and men, followed by detectives.*

*Enter—Left Upper Entrance—CELIA, and bends over CECIL, excitedly examining into his condition.*

(FREEMAN *snatches pistol from MADAM C., saying to her,*)

Aha, you are the murderer? you? eh?—you?

MADAM C. I did not fire it.

FREEMAN (*examining pistol*).

One ball gone! Who did?—

Confess it, or convict your lover, Kraft.

CELIA (*wringing hands over CECIL'S prostrate body*).

Oh, he is dead for me!—The only man

I ever loved is dead for me, for me!

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST: *A sick chamber. At the Left, between the Front and Second Entrances, is an alcove; in this, visible to the audience, is a bed, beside the bed is a chair and a small table, and on the latter are bottles and glasses. On the bed, CECIL lies insensible, with his head to the audience and his face toward the stage. Just behind CECIL, lying also on the bed, but concealed in this scene, is an effigy exactly resembling him. Forming the back curtain of the stage, is a wall containing a bell-cord, windows, possibly a door, etc.*

ENTRANCES: *by doors at the Right and Left Front and Second, the Left Second Entrance leading apparently to the space behind the bed in the alcove.*

*The curtain rising discloses a PHYSICIAN sitting in the chair beside the bed, and CELIA just entering the room, or standing near him.*

CELIA (*aside*).

How fortunate for Freeman and myself  
That Kraft and Madam Cecil should have fled

And left with us the man they thought was murdered!

Now we can nurse him, as he should be nursed.

(*to the* PHYSICIAN.)

How does he seem this morning?

PHYSICIAN.

Very low.

CELIA. You fear he never will recover, then?

PHYSICIAN (*rising from chair, and offering it to* CELIA).

No man could tell—no other case just like it.

One would not think a bullet lodged as this one

Enough to insulate the brain entirely,

Yet not a nerve will act. He scarcely seems

To see, or hear, or even feel one touch him.

CELIA (*looking at* CECIL).

It seems like death.

PHYSICIAN.

Yes, very much like death.

CELIA. He seems to think, though.

PHYSICIAN.

Yes; for he is living.

CELIA. In states like this, what can a person think of?

PHYSICIAN. Why, he may dream of what he did, and was,

And wished he was, before he reached them.

CELIA.

So?

PHYSICIAN. There could be nothing else for him to think of.

CELIA. I sometimes hope he knows that I am by.

PHYSICIAN (*rising and preparing to leave*).

Perhaps he does. At any sign of it,  
A word might make him conscious of your  
presence,

And keep him so. They say that things more slight  
Than flickering flames, attracting consciousness  
At times, if they but set the nerves to thrilling,  
Wake slumbering senses into life again.

CELIA. I thank you for the thought. You come  
to-morrow?

PHYSICIAN. To-morrow; yes. Good-day.

CELIA (*accompanying the PHYSICIAN to the Right  
Second entrance*). Good-day.

*Exit—Right Second—*PHYSICIAN.

CELIA *looks back toward CECIL and crosses to alcove*).  
Poor man!

Can this be Cecil?—Cecil had a soul.—

And where now has it flown?—I wonder if  
My voice could ever really call him back!

It might?—Then I will sit here day by day,  
And take his hand in mine, as I would lead  
His body, were he in the body still;

And though he may not hear the thing I say,  
Nor even feel me touch him, who can tell

But I may find him where the spirit dreams,  
And comfort him, and draw him here once more.

(*She apparently passes around the foot of the bed to its  
other side.*)

*Exit—Left Second—*CELIA.



SCENE SECOND : *The stage is darkened, and the curtain forming the back of the room in Scene First rises, leaving everything on the stage the same as in this scene with exception of that which is back of the Right and Left Second Entrances. At the rear of the stage, is an extensive sylvan landscape, trees, rocks, mosses, etc., backed by higher rocks and distant mountain scenery. The leaves are colored as in autumn, and the sky as at sunrise. Golden light illumines the stage. Backing, near the center of the stage, slightly elevated and containing seats overlooking the stage, is an arbor. Some of the stone or moss-covered steps leading up to this can be used as seats. Around and behind the arbor are other steps leading upward. Entrances, used in this scene : Right and Left Third and Upper ; and Back Center, behind the arbor, and reached by passing upward either through it or around it.*

*From the moment that the stage is darkened, and while it is gradually being illumined again, the following is chanted by a choir, either invisible to the audience, or, clothed in white, and half seen at the rear of the stage :*

Oh, who has known the whole of light,  
That knows it day by day,  
Where suns that make the morning bright,  
At evening, pass away ?

Before the day, beyond the day,  
 Above the suns that roll,  
 There was a light, there waits a light  
 That never leaves the soul.

Oh, who has weighed the worth of light,  
 That gauged it by the gleam  
 That came within the range of sight  
 And thought the rest a dream?  
 Before that sight, beyond that sight  
 And all that mortals deem,  
 There was a light, there waits a light,  
 Where things are all they seem.

*Once or twice toward the close of the singing,  
 CECIL sits up in the bed in a bewildered  
 way, passing his hand over his forehead.  
 As the last strains die away, he stands  
 on the floor, leaving an exact effigy of him-  
 self lying on the bed behind him. He now  
 appears clothed in white with knee breeches.  
 As he begins to gaze wonderingly about  
 him,*

*Enter—Left Third Entrance—CECILIA, an  
 idealized form of CELIA, clothed also in  
 white, Grecian style. CECIL does not  
 see her till after she has spoken.*

CECIL. Ah, where am I?

CECILIA. With me.

CECIL (*looking at her in astonishment, yet shrinking  
 from her as if in awe*).

And who are you?

CECILIA. Your friend.

CECIL (*drawing nearer her*).

My friend?

CECILIA.

Do I seem else?

CECIL (*with pleased bewilderment*).

Nay, nay

You seem it all: you seem far more than this;

Yet where—when—was it, that I knew you so?

CECILIA. You knew me so?—You think you knew me, then?

CECIL. Yes, knew you; and I know you; yet seem not

To know where, when or how I learned of you.

(CECIL gazes around, then looking back at the bed that he has left, he suddenly starts upon seeing there the effigy of himself.)

What? what?—Is that my body?—Am I dead?

CECILIA. You seem to be alive.

CECIL.

If feeling be

The test of life, I do live.—And yet that—

(*returning toward the bed and looking at the effigy.*)

That is my body.

CECILIA (*meeting him as he turns about, and pointing to his own form*).

Nay, but look you here.—

<sup>36</sup> Why, when you speak, your voice the echo seems,  
Of some familiar strain, with which all sounds  
That ever I thought sweet were in accord.  
And when my dimmed eyes dare to face your own,

What then is this?

CECIL (*placing his hand on his chest*).

This?—Oh, so light, so free,

It seems an essence framed of flutterings,

Ethereal as the trillings that a lark

Leaves up in heaven when it has left for earth.—

And you call this a body?

CECILIA. That one there,

(*pointing toward the bed.*)

Holds not your thought?

CECIL. Nay, it has flown to you.

CECILIA. And wherefore, think you, has it flown to me?

CECIL. I do not know. I half believe my soul  
Has all my life been flying thus to you.<sup>36</sup>

(*looking around.*)

But what a world you live in!—Golden skies?—

Is it the sunset?

CECILIA. Nay; you see no sun.

CECIL. Is it the Indian Summer?

CECILIA. Nay; you see

The air is far too clear.

CECIL. Is there a breeze?—

I feel it fan me.

Each seems a sky within which is inframed  
A world that holds my lifetime; and the light  
Beams like a sun there, scattering doubt and  
gloom.

CECILIA. Yet the leaves move not.

CECIL. Why, every leaf glows fairer than a flower !—  
It must be autumn.

CECILIA (*plucking a leaf, and handing it to him*).

Nay ; these leaves are fresh.

CECIL. I think I dream :—all things appear so  
strange

Yet doubt I dream :—they all appear so clear.

<sup>87</sup> No—yet, yes.

I dimly can recall what now appears  
A troubled, stormy sea, yet not a sea ;  
And in the depth that which I call myself  
Seemed held and heaved as in some diving bell.  
But evermore in reveries and dreams,  
But most in dreams when outward sense would  
sleep

My soul would be released, and rise and reach  
Fresh air, in which was breathed what gave fresh  
life ;

Then, sinking downward, wake and work again,  
Till time for rest and fresh refreshment came.  
But never could my powers at work below  
Remember aught that blest them when above.

CECILIA. And now you dream that somehow they  
came here ?

CECIL. Oh, do not tell me that I now but dream !—  
Nay, call it heaven.—Or is the rest of sleep  
But absence from the body while we draw  
New drafts of life from that which gave us life ?

CECILIA. What do you think ?

CECILIA (*sitting on one of the lower steps, leading up from the stage to the arbor*).

Does nothing seem familiar?

CECIL (*sitting, in a half kneeling position, on a step beside CECILIA, but lower than the one that she occupies, and gazing up reverentially toward her*).

No—<sup>37</sup>

CECILIA (*pointing toward the Right*). You see

CECIL. I do not think at all.

I only know I would that I were Adam,  
And you were Eve, created while I slept.  
Or is it true that all our souls create  
The things that they aspire for?—And are you,—  
You whom my very spirit seems to clasp  
And thrill forever at each tingling touch,  
Are you, indeed, the form of my ideal?  
Oh, love, you seem as if at one with God;  
And yet I never thought a God could be  
So dear.

(*kneeling.*)

There have been monks in ecstasy  
Who saw—or thought they saw—the Virgin. I—  
I could not credit them. But now, it seems—

CECILIA. You think that I——

CECIL. I know not what you are.

I only know my soul had sought for you;  
And now has found the search was not in vain.  
Why, and how is it that I know so well—  
How have you told me—what you are to me?

CECILIA. I have not told you this; and He alone

Those coming?—Let us watch them first—from here.

*(They enter the arbor, where, in view of the audience, they overlook the stage.)*

*Enter—Right—LOWE and MADAM LOWE in gray Quaker costumes, resembling in most*

Who formed the spirit knows the how and why.

CECIL. Who formed?—Why, that is God. I thought me dead.

Yet here, I see not——

*(gazing around and upward.)*

CECILIA. You had hoped, at death,  
To pass to Paradise, and be at rest.

Move on : I have detained you.

*(rising, and waving him off with a gesture.)*

CECIL *(rising anxiously.)*

I move on?—

And you stay here?—I cannot. There is not  
The littlest finger of the littlest nerve  
In all my frame here, that could summon power  
To move where you moved not.

CECILIA. Ah, then your will  
Is mightier than you deemed it? You can rise  
But when you wish to rise? The haunts of heaven  
Need not have walls to keep you out of them?

*(Seating herself on a step higher than she occupied before.)*

CECIL *(sitting beside, but below her.)*

Keep out of them?—Why, your sweet form alone  
Has brought me now a million, million times



*regards those of CECIL and CECILIA.*

*(Blue-gray light illumines the stage.)*

CECIL (*aside*).

They look like Lowe, the Quaker, and his wife.

LOWE (*to MADAM L.*).

I feel so weary, yet we hoped for rest.

More than I ever dreamed that death could  
bring me.

CECILIA. But where is your religion?

CECIL. All was love.—

CECILIA. And not the Christ—?

CECIL. Why, yes—that which he was—

For which he died,—the spirit in the man,—

In me, in you.—Ah, now it seems as if

Each face I loved on earth but imaged yours!—

Why is it, dear one, that you seem to be

So fully all things that they all could be?

And what love is it?—what, the halo here

That seems to orb you in the sphere of God?

CECILIA. Had you seen more of that, you  
might find out.

CECIL. I would I could!

CECILIA (*rising, as does also CECIL*).

And shall I help you to it?

CECIL. I knew there was no wish within my  
soul

That would not find an echo in your own.

Where shall we go that we may find—?

CECILIA (*pointing toward the Right*).

You see, etc.



MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Did I not walk with thee, I half might doubt  
The leading of this path.

LOWE. I doubt it not,  
When leading thee.—Who ever saw thee decked  
In vain attire ?

MADAM L. Or thee not grave and gray ?

LOWE. Or heard thee romp ?

MADAM L. Or thee hilarious ?

LOWE. Or found thee once the toy of giddy fancy ?

MADAM L. Or thee, of disconcerted calculation ?

LOWE. None ever !—Yet I fear this path.—I  
thought

I heard—and oh, I dared then listen twice !—  
I thought I heard strange singing—

MADAM L. Birds ?—I thought

I saw—and oh, I dared then look there twice !—  
I thought I saw a wicked, grinning ape.

LOWE. Hush, hush ! Think not of these things.  
Nay, but think

Of things that God hath made.—I wonder if

<sup>38</sup> And if the saints be not all Friends——

MADAME L. Sh—sh—

Not that !—so loud !—I fear me lest we doubt.

LOWE. To doubt is charity, where to believe  
Is to condemn. Who knows but we could thrive  
Deprived of friends—build churches.

MADAME L. Say not that.  
We may be taken down yet, where they use them.

(*becoming shrewd*)

The holy city be completely built.

MADAM L. They might give thee a contract.

LOWE. Well, they might ! "

Sh !—What is that? Loud noise and music too !

(BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD are heard singing.)

Oh, up and spout, and down and shout,  
And show the spirit off and out.

MADAM L. Oh, there may be a fiend here! Let us hide.

*Excunt—Right Third—LOWE and MADAM L. hurriedly.*

*Enter—Left Upper—BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD in blue clothes resembling those of CECIL and CECILIA. Stage is illumined with dark blue light.*

CECIL (*aside*).

See!—Blaver and Miss Primwood, I should say.

LOWE. I fear me some may use them here. For look !—

(*Part of the stage is illumined with red light.*)

The colors on the leaves, the very sky,  
Seem sadly gay.

MADAM L. Oh, do not look at them !  
They glow to tempt the lusting of the eye.

BLAVER. We should have found the place ere  
this ; or heard

The blowing of the trumpets, or the shouts——<sup>39</sup>

No one has got the power here ?

MISS P.

It may be,

They all have got it.

BLAVER.

What if that were so?—

Suppose they had.—Suppose that no one here

Could ever find a spirit to reform—

Not one to preach to,—how could saints here  
know

About one's gifts ?<sup>40</sup>

*Enter—Right Third—stealthily, and dodging behind  
trees* LOWE and MADAM L.

<sup>39</sup> MISS P. Of all the elders, yes.

BLAVER.

We soon shall reach

The place “where congregations ne’er break  
up.”—

Oh, I could talk forever !

MISS P.

So could I !—

Yet,—do you know ?—if I were not with you,

I half should tremble, lest my feet were near

The silence of the——

BLAVER (*in a frightened way*).

Do not speak of that !

Keep talking.—Oh too true !—there are no  
shouts.

MISS P. (*pointing toward the Right*).

Yes, yes, but who are they?

So still, so backward, skulking through the shade?

BLAVER. So backward and so still!—are both  
bad signs.<sup>41</sup>

MISS P. (*clinging to BLAVER'S arm*).

How wise that I did learn to be a woman,

And cling to man! Ah, were I here alone——

BLAVER. Those two seem slipping just like  
drunken sneaks

Evading prohibition laws.—I have it:

Heaven calls me to my mission. See them  
quail

<sup>40</sup> MISS P. (*agitated*).

Yes, yes; but keep on talking,

To be with one who talks on, makes one sure

The silence is not near.

BLAVER.

Yes, let us talk.

Perhaps, at times, to change a tune or text,

The congregation pauses; and may hear,

And send the sexton for us.

<sup>41</sup> MISS P. Though this were Paradise, there might  
be here

Another serpent.

BLAVER.

Or those like him!—Would

Be backward too, and not stand up for aught.

MISS P. Would slip away.

BLAVER.

Be still in doing it.

When I exhort them !<sup>42</sup>—Ho ! hoho ! hoho !  
 (BLAVER *is gesturing toward the Right Third Entrance.*)

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—*FATHER HYCHER, *in a long red cassock, and* WIDOW HYCHER, *in a red gown resembling a cassock. The stage is suddenly illumined with red light.*

FATHER H. (*to* BLAVER).

Hold, preaching fiend ! How dare you block my path

And raise that impious and schismatic shout ?

Down on your knees.

<sup>43</sup> What is more religious  
 Than ministering discomfort ? Rile folks up,  
 Their dregs appear ; they see their own foul  
 depths.

You watch them now.—Hoho ! hoho ! hoho ! etc.

<sup>43</sup> MADAM LOWE.

Vain souls,

Trained on the earth to influence men through  
 force,

In realms where spirits have not forms that force  
 Can harm, must find their occupation gone.

CECIL (*aside, as he looks at the* HYCHERS).

Father and Widow Hycher, or their doubles !—  
 The Quaker dame has not forgot her training.

BLAVER (*to* MISS P., *looking toward* MADAM L.).

Expected to surprise her !—failed !—She knows  
 The devil is deformed, and so wears robes.

(*then to LOWE and MADAM LOWE, who appear at the Right*).

Down on—<sup>43</sup>

BLAVER (*to MISS P.*). How strange that forms  
We meet in Paradise all seem to garb  
Our worst aversions !

*Exeunt—Right Third—LOWE and MADAM LOWE.*

MISS P. (*anxiously*). Yes, but—oh—exhort them !

BLAVER (*to FATHER and WIDOW H.*). Hoho, hoho!

Who rails at preaching proves his need of it.

WIDOW H. I feel as if a storm were near.<sup>44</sup>

(*The HYCHERS disappear behind a rock.*)

BLAVER (*to MISS P.*). Are gone?—

MISS P. They both wear like robes !—Are for woman's  
rights ?

And think the woman's best is in her gown ?

WIDOW H. (*to BLAVER, pointing to FATHER H.*).

He bade you kneel.

BLAVER (*to WIDOW H.*). Am I your suitor?—No ;

Nor his. You neither suit me.

WIDOW H. (*pointing to FATHER H.*). It is time

You go to——

BLAVER. You go there yourself. Ay, ay ;

Be missionaries for me. I will not

Be tempted that way then.

(*to MISS P.*) How strange that forms, etc.

<sup>44</sup> and yet

Were blowing music for me.

You sing, and I will shout.

*(Moves toward Right).*

MISS P.

Not that way, no !

*(Both turn to the Left).*

BLAVER and MISS P. *(together)*.

Hoho ! hoho ! hoho ! hoho !

We've all things here you need to know.

*Exeunt—Left—*BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD.

FATHER H. *(to WIDOW H.)*. Heard in heaven,  
Storms blowing from the mouth of hell make  
music.

BLAVER *(to MISS P.)*. Their colors ! they—they flag  
the foe for me.

Are red as fire—are fire, perhaps ; if so,  
Need stirring up, and showing—blowing up  
And out. Hoho, hoho !

*(The HYCHERS disappear behind a rock.)*

Why, they are gone ?—

You sing—etc.

<sup>45</sup> Nor sheepfold, not a single hedge, forsooth,  
In which to drive a single soul !

WIDOW H.

Like that—

Where all were kept so safe—no schism there ?—  
The walls were always echoing back the words  
You spoke ; and no one else was let to speak.

FATHER H. All heard what they believed.

WIDOW H.

Could they do else

Than to believe what they were always hearing ?—



(*Reappear at the Right*, FATHER HYCHER and WIDOW HYCHER).

WIDOW H. If I were not with you, I half might  
fear

That we had wholly missed the narrow path,  
But with my shepherd near me, all is well.

FATHER H. How strange that I have found not  
yet a flock.<sup>46</sup>

WIDOW H. You promise not to leave me ; for,  
you know,

Dear words, how we must thank them for our  
faith !

FATHER H. Without our words men might be left  
with nature.

WIDOW H. Just think of that !—And where would  
nature bear them ?

FATHER H. Off from the church, I fear.

WIDOW H. Yes, yes, and off—  
Off from the priest.

FATHER H. From God, as well ?

WIDOW H. I fear—  
For he is so unnatural.

FATHER H. You mean  
Is supernatural.

WIDOW H. Mysterious !—  
Creates our reason, yet condemns its use.  
I never used my reason—did not dare.

FATHER H. You were a modest, model woman, yes.

WIDOW H. And you a model man—no monk with  
me ;



I never learned the language of the spirit;  
And might not know it, were you not beside me.

FATHER H. I—yes—but if——

WIDOW H. There was no *if* in what  
You used to say.

*Exeunt—Left—*FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW HY-  
CHER.

*(The red light changes to golden, and CECIL  
and CECILIA come out from the arbor,*

Yet ever showed the world a pious face.

FATHER H. I did. They lied who said I did not  
care

For truth. How oft, for it, I held my tongue !

WIDOW H. And so held on to truth—

FATHER H. And kept it sacred.

WIDOW H. And easy too for us, who need not find it.

For my part, I would rather have no truth

Than risk damnation, planning how to use it.

How kind the priest to do our thinking for us,

And make us, though not thinking, think just  
right !

FATHER H. But you did thinking—when I thought—

WIDOW H. Of course,

When you thought for me.—Is that what you mean ?

And now, and here, too, you will think for me.

FATHER H. Could I do else ?

WIDOW H. And when we reach the gates,  
You promise, etc.

<sup>46</sup> CECIL. Pray tell me who they were. They seemed  
so near,

*and, while speaking, gradually descend to the stage.)*

CECIL. They did not see us.

CECILIA. No

For they did not look up.

CECIL. I know, but why?—

Where all things round them were so new and strange?

CECILIA. The spirit is the slave of its desire.

They did not care to look above themselves.<sup>46</sup>

And yet so many million miles away.

They looked like people, too, whom once I knew ;

Yet moved like cuckoos jointed on a clock,

Accenting nothing they have thought themselves,

Or have the force to make another think.

CECILIA. They seemed as if lost souls.

CECIL (*startled*).

Lost souls, you say?

CECILIA. Did you not note them—how they wandered  
on ;

Nor knew their destination?

CECIL. Heaven forbid!

CECILIA. Why pray for this?—You think that force  
rules here,—

That spirits are not free to wander where

Their own ideals bear them?

CECIL. Those they formed

On earth you mean?

CECILIA. Where else could they be formed?

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN and FAITH, dressed like  
CECIL and CECILIA.*

FREEMAN (*advancing, speaking to the two, and pointing toward the Right Rear*).

Does this path lead us upward?

CECILIA.

Yes, it does.

CECIL. And whither, think you, will ideals bear  
Those whom we just have seen?

CECILIA. Where would you deem  
These could be realized—save on the earth?

CECIL. But some of them seemed looking for their  
Christ.

CECILIA. I fear those looking only for their Christ  
May sometimes fail to find the Christ of God.

CECIL. But will they never find Him?

CECILIA. Do you think  
That those in search but for a false ideal,  
Could recognize Him, even should they find Him?

CECIL. Is not the Christ of God in all the churches?

CECILIA. Is he not preached through men?

CECIL. And are not men  
Controlled?—inspired?

CECILIA. And, if so, from what source?  
Are there no spirits in the line between  
Divinity and man?—And what of man,—  
This urn of earth in which the true seed falls?—  
There was an Arab in Mohammed's time;  
In Joan of Arc's, there was a maid of France.

CECIL. But would you grant their claim?

CECILIA. Some keen as you

FREEMAN (*looking at CECIL, and speaking to him*).

Why, why, friend, is this you ?

(to CECILIA.)

And Celia too?—

CECILIA. Your friends, at least, whoever we may be.

Believed it true. And is it charity  
To deem them dupes ?

CECIL. But one must rate them thus,  
Or call upon their prophets.

CECILIA. Think you so ?  
One hears of gypsies telling what comes true.  
Does this truth prove them seers of all the truth ?  
Believe not every spirit ; prove——

CECIL. But how ?

CECILIA. How but by what is told, and character  
Of him who tells it ? To the true soul, truth  
Appeals to taste, as beauty to the sense ;  
Its test is quality. The truth of Christ  
Is proved by traits of Christ. The like comes  
from like.

Their inspiration is the nearest God  
Whose lives and loves are nearest Him.

CECIL. May those  
Not near Him be inspired too ?

CECILIA. Why may not  
Some lower phase of spirit-power, earth-borne  
To live for matter only, still intent  
To live for matter, take abode in them,  
And work its will upon their willing souls ?

(CECIL and CECILIA shake hands with FREEMAN and FAITH.)

CECIL (*to FREEMAN*).

And Freeman—you with Faith?—I join your joy.  
Why, it fulfills my dream for you.

FREEMAN.

And mine !

(*to FAITH, and gesturing toward their surroundings.*)

How much, with each new step, th' horizon  
widens!<sup>47</sup>

FAITH (*to CECILIA, while FREEMAN turns to CECIL*).

So strange it is how much more wide and wise  
His views are here, than are the views of those  
Who on the earth appear'd so much more learned!

CECILIA. Not strange !—Though spirit-life be lived  
in thought,

Why differs it, though they may rise on earth  
Impelled through emulation to enforce  
Their wills on others ; or through appetite  
May fall, and yield control of reason's reins  
To that which drives them on to lust and crime ?—  
A spirit that inspires through selfishness  
To mean success or failure, equally  
May vex as by a devil made incarnate  
Oneself and all about him.

CECIL.

Poor weak man !

CECILIA. Weak ever—save when conscious of  
his need.

<sup>47</sup> FAITH. How could one bide below !

Where thought pervades the atmosphere like  
air,

What can its measure be, for any mind,  
Save that mind's receptivity? If so,  
When freed from bounds conditioning human  
thought,

It is a mind not filled so much as open,  
Where waits not bigotry but charity,  
Although with little learning, that first thrills  
To tides that flow from infinite resources.

FREEMAN (*who has turned to listen to the latter part  
of what she has been saying*).

Is this a revelation?

CECILIA.                      Ay, to those  
Who heed the truth behind the words I use;  
And yet for those who heed this truth themselves  
I do not need to term it revelation.

FREEMAN (*thoughtfully, and pointing toward the Left*).

Ask Father Hycher.

FAITH. And he—he was a good and learned man!

FREEMAN. Less good than learned, darling. Your  
pure soul

Breathed such an atmosphere about itself,  
Your very presence could impart an air  
Of sacredness to all brought near to you.

FAITH. Well, now the father interests me not;  
Nor she that held the place of mother to me.

FREEMAN (*pointing upward*)

Those interest us now who call us upward.

FREEMAN. We soon, I hope, can test it for ourselves.

Farewell, kind friends, until we meet above.

(FREEMAN and FAITH *shake hands with CECIL and CECILIA*).

CECILIA. Farewell.

CECIL. Farewell.

(FREEMAN and FAITH *pass upward through, or around the arbor, till, finally they disappear.*)

*Exeunt—Back Center—FREEMAN and FAITH.*

CECIL (*looking at them as they ascend*).

Oh, happy, blessed pair !

(*The following is then chanted by the choir, either invisible, or visible at the rear of the stage. During the singing, CECILIA and CECIL gradually ascend to the arbor where both sit.*)

Two springs of life,—in air and earth ;

Two tides,—in soul and sod ;

Two natures,—wrought of breath and birth ;

Two aims,—in cloud and clod ;—

Oh, where were worlds, or where were worth

Without the two, and God ?

Two movements in the heaving breast,

Two, in the beating heart ;

Two, in the swaying soldier's crest ;

Two, in the strokes of art ;—

Oh where in aught of mortal quest,

Are e'er the two apart ?



Two times of day,—in gloom and glow ;  
Two realms—of dream and deed ;  
Two seasons—bringing sod and snow ;  
Two states—of fleshed and freed ;—  
Oh where is it that life would go,  
But through the two they lead ?

Two frames that meet,—the strong, the fair,  
True love in both begun ;  
Two souls that form a single pair ;  
Two courses both have run ;—  
Oh where is life in earth or air,  
And not with these at one ?

CECIL (*pointing in the direction taken by FREEMAN and FAITH*).

And now they rest?

CECILIA.                   Why not? What now remains  
Of an ideal to bear them back to earth?—  
Or what to learn from mortals?

CECIL. Learn from mortals? <sup>48</sup>

CECILIA. Why should not all in heaven or earth  
be helped

<sup>48</sup> Can mortals aid immortals?

CECILIA. Life is one.

Our daily deeds bring sweeter dreams at night ;  
And sweeter dreams more strength for daily deeds.  
If thought may pass from sphere to sphere, why  
not  
The benefit of thought ?



By all with whom in spirit they are one ?  
 Were you on earth, the while your soul aspired,  
 Could mine not move up with you ? What you  
     learned,

Could it not ever be a part of me ?

CECIL. Why, this is that for which I so have  
     longed !

And once with one I thought that I had found it.

Ah, can it be the halo crowning her,

Was your sweet face behind the face I saw ?—

Yet—were it right to turn from her to you ?

CECILIA. All ties are right that make true life more  
     bright.

Think you that she had not her own ideal ?

*(gesturing toward the Right.)*

And were her soul but free to pass to it,

CECIL. Why, this were strange !

CECILIA. If strangeness were a test of what is false,

Few things would be believed that were not true.

CECIL. But high and heavenly spirits helped by  
     human ?

<sup>49</sup> MADAM C. *(in abject fear).*

Oh, oh, oh,

Speak not of that ! It all is paid. Have  
     faith.

KRAFT *(doubtingly).*

Yet some would talk of proving faith by works.

Do you imagine she would pass to you ?

CECIL (*looking toward the Right*).

My wife with Kraft?—How can it be?—and yet——

(*The stage is suddenly illumined with brown light.*)

*Enter—Left—Right—KRAFT and MADAM CECIL, dressed in dark brown clothes, shaped like those of CECIL and CELIA.*

MADAM CECIL (*to KRAFT*). It matters not what we have done. Have faith.

KRAFT (*to MADAM CECIL with suppressed fear*).

But should I meet my wife whose will I broke,  
And slaves were not set free——

MADAM C. Have faith, have faith !

KRAFT. Or should we two meet Cecil——<sup>49</sup>

MADAM C. (*shuddering*).

Oh, oh, oh,

MADAM C. I joined the church when scarcely  
sweet sixteen,

And never danced, except away from home.

KRAFT. And I, when I was twenty ; and I never  
Let people see me backslide.

MADAM C. And I always

Appeared to take an interest in the meetings.

KRAFT. And I would often head subscription  
lists

With more than one could pay, when they were  
due.

Not him ! not him !

*(recovering herself suddenly.)*

He never can come here.

KRAFT *(eagerly)*.

You think so—eh?—Why not?

MADAM C. *(sententiously)*.

He lost his faith.

KRAFT *(with cringing hope)*.

Is that so?—Yes?—but how?

MADAM C.

Why, just because

Our pastor said, one time, of slavery,

The institution was divine, God's own,

He never after set foot in that church.<sup>50</sup>

*(CECILIA, beckoning to CECIL who follows her,*

MADAM C. Yes, we were both consistent and discreet.

KRAFT. But yet, should we meet Cecil——

<sup>50</sup> KRAFT *(with self-congratulatory delight)*.

Oh, is that so !

MADAM C.

Besides, he sometimes owned

To other——

KRAFT.

Other what?

MADAM C.

Misgivings.

KRAFT *(with assumed horror)*.

Not

Believe in things men preached?

MADAM C. *(sanctimoniously)*.

He doubted them.

KRAFT *(decisively)*. Then he did not have faith.

*comes from the arbor, and moves toward KRAFT and MADAM C., who, being at the front of the stage facing the audience, do not see them.)*

KRAFT (*in self-congratulatory way*).

Your husband then had really lost his faith?

I wonder if my wife had not lost hers.

MADAM C. Did she not free her slaves?—Our pastor said

The institution was divine.

KRAFT (*deliberatingly*).

Yes, yes.

MADAM C. She did not think it so.

KRAFT.

No, she did not.

But I, I did, you see. I broke her will.

MADAM C. Precisely!

MADAM C.

No; he did not.

KRAFT. I learned the catechism in my youth;

And always said, when asked, that it was true.

MADAM C. Thank God for that! He was not trained as you were.

KRAFT. You know I would not let an ignorant man,  
A slave or poor white, meet me in my parlor.

MADAM C. No; never!

KRAFT.

When a man is ignorant

About the doctrines—doubts them,—how can he

Expect that God will welcome him?

MADAM C.

Just so!

We never have a God we understand

Until we learn to judge Him by ourselves.

KRAFT.

Yes.

MADAM C.

And saved her.—

KRAFT.

What?—Oh, yes!—

Saved her from the results——

CECILIA (*to KRAFT and MADAM C., as she points to CECIL*).

What sophistry

Is this?

MADAM C. (*falling on her knees before CECIL, in abject fear*).

Oh, Master, did I not have faith?

KRAFT (*also falling on his knees before CECIL*).Did I not often say “Good Lord” in prayer?<sup>61</sup>CECIL (*to CECILIA*).

Are they insane?

<sup>61</sup> MADAM C. Did I not do my best to show myself  
In church?

KRAFT. Did I not make professions there?

MADAM C. Did I not bear my cross?—

KRAFT. A diamond cross  
I gave her?—

MADAM C. I embroidered one. I showed  
My faith by works.

KRAFT. I, in my business,—

Oh, how my slaves would work at those church  
fairs!

<sup>62</sup> What is it you fear?

KRAFT. Oh, Master!

MADAM C. Master!

CECILIA. In part.

CECIL. Heard you the name  
They called us.

CECILIA. His who said that "Inasmuch  
As ye have done it to the least of these,  
My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

MADAM C. Oh, Master, wherefore are we here?

CECIL (*to CECILIA*).

Where do

They think themselves?

CECILIA. Where false and hellish moods  
Create a false and hellish world to live in.

CECIL (*to KRAFT and MADAM C.*).

What seems the trouble? <sup>62</sup>

(*to CECILIA*).

Tell me what to say.

CECIL. Why do you say that?

MADAM C. You are so holy, and we are so base.

KRAFT. Oh, wherefore did I kill you?

MADAM C. Wherefore, oh,

Oh, wherefore did I load you with abuse?—

I did not know you then.

CECIL. Nor know me now.

Am I your master?

KRAFT. It was you we harmed.

CECIL. What would you that I do for you?

MADAM C. Oh let

Us pay it back.

KRAFT. Yes, let us pay it back.

And is there nothing one can do for them  
To free them from their misery ?

CECILIA. They say  
There is, and truly. Though the Lord forgive,  
In spirit how can spirits feel forgiven  
Ere they undo the wrong their lives have wrought ?  
Ere this had been undone, not even laws  
Of Moses let the trespasser receive  
The benefit of sacrifice ; and how  
Could heavenly joys crown even perfect love  
Save as it served the soul it once had harmed ?

CECIL (*to MADAM C. and KRAFT*).

What is it, then, that you would do for me ?

KRAFT. What you had done, had we not stayed  
your work.

CECIL (*to CECILIA*).

What ?—Is it possible ?—my plans, my hopes  
Can be fulfilled yet ? and fulfilled through these ?—

(*to KRAFT and MADAM C.*)

Well, it may be so. You may serve your time.<sup>53</sup>

CECILIA. But prove your faith by your fidelity.

(*CECILIA points toward the Right Third Entrance. As she does so, Enter—Right Upper Entrance—JEM and MILLY. Their*

CECILIA. Pay what back ? What ?—You said, “It  
all is paid.

Have faith.” Your faith means faith that God  
forgives.

If he forgive you, why not feel forgiven ?



*dresses are of a grayer shade, but otherwise they resemble those of CECIL and CECILIA. As KRAFT and MADAM C. turn toward the Right Third Entrance, they see JEM and MILLY. Both start back affrighted.)*

MADAM C. See those grim messengers of torture coming!

CECIL (*to CECILIA*).

Why, those are Jem and Milly, our old slaves!

She tried to thwart me, when I set them free.

CECILIA. She thinks them fiends.

CECIL. How blind! Their dusky hues  
To me seem fair-formed shadows cast before  
The love of coming angels.

*(CECILIA and CECIL, at her apparent bidding, seat themselves again on some of the steps leading up to the arbor, and from there listen to the following.)*

MADAM C. (*to JEM and MILLY, kneeling before them*).  
Spare my soul!

JEM. A little thing ter spare!—I 'spects I will.

MADAM C. You will not drive me off to torment  
then?

MADAM C. You mock us.

KRAFT. Mock us.

<sup>58</sup> MADAM C. Ah, now I know, indeed, that Heaven  
is true!

KRAFT. And now I know, indeed, the Lord forgives!



JEM. Come, come, ole missus, yer mixed up on dis.

De debil not so black as he am painted.

He's white,—a missus too ! When yer gets dah  
(*pointing down*),

Jes' take one look in dat ah lake. You'll see 'im.

MADAM C. Oh, oh, then you have seen him ?

JEM. Wall, I's been

Dun gone down da below,—a slave, yer see.

But now, I's heah.

MADAM C. And I must be your slave ?

JEM. No ; we's not mean enough ter own no slaves.

(*Gesturing toward MILLY.*)

MADAM C. You would not drive us to the darkness ?

JEM. No.

We's come away from dah, or 'spected so

Till we met——

(*JEM looks at her sharply.*)

MADAM C. Who ? Oh, take me not——

JEM. Fur 'im ?—

Law sakes alive ! Yer kneelin'.

MADAM C. I will serve

For all my life——

<sup>54</sup> CECILIA. Wherever spirits influence the spirit.

CECIL. Ah, then, through others' lives they work  
their work ?

CECILIA. Perchance they may ; perchance they  
may do more.

CECIL. Do more ?—What mean you ?—live again  
on earth ?—

JEM. De debil?—better not!  
 (JEM and MILLY turn to leave at Right Third Entrance.)

MADAM C. I must pay back the service forced from you.

You will not, cannot, must not cast me off.

JEM (*turning around toward her*).

Dem folks dat's free perfers ter choose deir help.  
*Exeunt—Right Third Entrance—JEM and MILLY, hurriedly.*

MADAM C. (*to KRAFT who seems to desire to linger*).

Oh, we must overtake them!

(*She pulls KRAFT after her.*)

*Exeunt—Right Third Entrance—MADAM C. and KRAFT.*

(*As they leave, the stage is again illumined with golden light.*)

CECILIA (*looking after them*).

Who can tell

What ages it may take to overtake

The wrong one's own wrong lashes into flight!

CECIL. But how and where can spirits right their wrong? <sup>64</sup>

Nay, if they shall, they have lived; yet who ever  
 Met mortal yet whose memory could recall  
 A former state?

CECILIA. He might recall the state  
 Without the circumstance. To know, bespeaks  
 Experience. To be born with intuitions  
 And insight, is to know. To sun new growth,

Where are they going ?

CECILIA.

Earthward, so it seems.

Why should all not be given an equal chance

Unshadow'd by dark memories of the past ?

CECIL. But if the past were bright ?

CECILIA.

If wholly so,

Would one need progress ? or could he be cursed

With deeper woe than thought that could recall,

Enslaved in flesh, a former liberty ?

Why lure to suicide, that, breaking through

The lines determining development,

May plunge the essence down to deeper depths

There planted till new growth take root anew ?

CECIL. Must all new growth be planted in the earth ?

CECILIA. Is any germ that grows not planted there ?

CECIL. What trains it then ?

CECILIA.

Some say that where it falls,

In age, clime, country, family, fleshly form,

The mighty wheels of matter—earth and moon,

And sun and planets, all the unseen stars

Of all the universe that round it roll—

With one unending whirl grind out its fate ;

Yet only earthly fate. Flung to and fro,

And torn by care and toil and pain and loss,

The spirit knows in spirit it is free ;

And, true to its high nature, may pass through

The terror of the ordeal with all

The finer flour of nature's grain preserved.

CECIL. So though careers be fated, souls are free ?

CECILIA. The consciousness of freedom comes  
from force

CECIL. And will she serve her slaves ?

CECILIA. Why should she not ?

Which is of heaven ; the consciousness of fate  
From that which is of earth ; and both are true ;  
Or that which makes all feel them both is false.

CECIL. But if some spirits thus return to earth,  
Why not all spirits ?

CECILIA. Who has traced for you  
The history of spirits ? If they came  
From God, as matter came, why came they  
not  
With matter ?

CECIL. What ?—Through beasts and birds, you  
mean ?

CECILIA. Why not ?—Why should not these have  
endless life ?

Why, if they have it, should their course be  
checked

Ere they attain the highest ?—and, if not,  
Why should their essence not move up through  
man ?

CECIL. Is man the son of beasts ?

CECILIA. In flesh why not ?—

But may be born of flesh and of the Spirit.  
Devoid of spirit, all the body's nerves  
Are lifeless as the wires, when rent apart,  
Which once were thrilling with electric  
force.

But ah ! that force, though flown to air, comes  
back

To give new life wherever new forms fit it.

Why should not those who were the most oppressed

So, while the whole creation of the flesh,  
In groans and travails of successive births,  
Prepares each new formation for its need,  
Why should not psychic force, the breath of Him  
In whom all live and move and have their  
being,

With rhythm mightier than the pulse of lungs,  
Or day and night, or autumn and the spring,  
Pass up through all the lower ranks of life,  
Through birth and on through death, from air to  
breath,

From breath to air, till, last, it reaches man ;  
And, taught the lesson there of human  
hands

Which master matter, and of each man  
make

A fellow worker in creation's work,  
And, taught the lesson of the human voice,  
Which for each new conception frames a  
word

To phase and phrase it, and of each man  
makes

A fellow-thinker in creation's thought,—  
Why should not this force, moulded by the  
hand

And head, attain in man its final end,  
And dowered with will and reason, freed at  
death

From its material framework, hold its mould,  
And reach the last result of all that is,

Have most that serve them where but souls are  
served?

Where that which served the serpent is the  
son,—

A spirit in the image of the Father?

CECIL. These words recall an ancient eastern  
dream ;

And, in one's waking hours, can it be true?

CECILIA. Think you a true soul ever served a  
thought

Not souled in truth, whatever were its  
form?

CECIL. But what then of the Christ?

CECILIA. Did He not say  
He lived in spirit ere He lived on earth?—

CECIL. He said He came for others.

CECILIA. Do you think  
A spirit such as His would need to come  
For His own good?

CECIL. And yet that sacrifice?—

CECILIA. He sacrificed the spirit-life for life  
On earth, and life on earth for spirit-life.

CECIL. And but fulfilled a common rôle?

CECILIA. Not common,  
Did He fulfill our spirit's best ideal ;  
For spirits live in thought. How can they  
know

Of any God beyond their thought of him?

CECIL. But if they know the Son?

CECILIA. They know, at best,  
A "Son of Man," as well, too, as "of God,"—  
In spirit one with Him, but not in frame.

All things inverted and turned inside out,  
 The last in station may become the first,  
 The lowly lordlike and the high the low,  
 The crown'd the chain'd, the crucified the  
 crown'd.

CECIL. And yet a "Saviour"—

CECILIA. What inspires, but spirit?—  
 Or saves, but inspiration? He—enough—  
 All must move upward would they find the  
 Christ.

*(Rising and pointing upward.)*

CECIL *(rising)*.

But ought they not to work for others too?

CECILIA. In spirit those work most for truth, who  
 most

Are true ; for all are led, yet all are leaders.  
 Thus does the line of being bridge the gulf  
 Between the world of worm and fire,—the hell  
 Forever following life not saved on earth,—  
 And that eternal rest where souls, made free  
 From longer craving a material frame  
 Through which to signal their vain selfhood,  
 lose

Their lower life to find a higher life,  
 Where now their spirits are at one with His  
 Whose love creates but that it may bestow ;  
 And, even as the Christ is in the Father,  
 So, too, become joint heirs with Him of  
 all things.

*(CECILIA and CECIL move upward, and finally disappear.)*



*Exeunt—Back Center—CECILIA and CECIL.  
In the meantime, the following is chanted  
by a choir, either invisible or visible at  
the rear of the stage.*

In the world of care and sorrow  
Cloud and darkness veil the way,  
But in heaven there waits a morrow  
Where the night will turn to day,  
Where the spirit-light in rising,  
Yet will gild the clouds of fear,  
And the shadows, long disguising,  
Lift and leave the landscape clear.

When the soul, amid that glory,  
Finds its earthly garments fall,  
Harm and anguish end their story,  
Health and beauty come to all ;  
No more fleshly chains can fetter  
Faith that longs to soar above ;  
None to duty seems a debtor,  
And the only law is love.

There is ended earthly scheming,  
Earthly struggle sinks to sleep ;  
Souls have passed from deed to dreaming,  
And they have no watch to keep ;  
For the world has wrought its mission,  
And the wheels of labor rest ;  
And the faithful find fruition,  
And the true become the blest.

*(The stage is darkened ; and the curtain that  
formed the back of Scene First in this Act  
falls upon it.)*



SCENE THIRD. *Same as Scene First of this Act.*

*While the stage is still dark, unseen by audience,*

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—CECIL, in dressing-gown covering completely the dress worn by him in the last scene. He reclines on the bed, as in the First Scene of this Act.*

*(The stage is made light.)*

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—CELIA, dressed as in Scene First of this Act. In addition, she brings a hat and shawl, which, as she becomes visible to audience, she is seen putting on.*

CELIA *(arranging her hat and shawl)*.

The time has come to take my morning walk.

I almost fear to leave him!

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—JEM.*

*(to JEM).*

You will stay

While I am gone, and keep good watch of him?

JEM. Yes, don't yer be afear'd.

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—CELIA,*

*(JEM looks out after her, then shuts door.)*

I'll watch and pray.

I'll watch for dem,

*(pointing toward Right Second Entrance.)*

And pray for dis yeah niggah.

Fo' Gawd, dey done dare hahm de ole Marse now.

What dey would hahm would be de udder  
pusson.

(*He goes to Right Second Entrance, and opens door.*)

Now yer's all safe, suh. She 'ab gone away.

*Enter — Right Second Entrance — KRAFT,  
MADAM CECIL and two MEN, all dressed  
in out-door costume. All of them except  
KRAFT cross the stage toward the couch.  
KRAFT remains behind, and, taking a  
bank-note from his pocket-book, says to  
himself.*

KRAFT. One used to courts should understand the  
use

Of what they term court-plaster. There is  
nothing

Can stick together lips inclined to peach

Like strong bank-notes. Here, Jem.

(*JEM moves toward him, KRAFT hands him the note.*)

See here. Take this.

It ought to keep your mouth shut.

JEM (*taking money and pocketing it*).

Law now, Marse,

And pocket, too, suh.

KRAFT. You are wise, my man.

(*KRAFT crosses to alcove where MADAM C. and  
the two MEN have been looking at CECIL.  
He looks at CECIL, and speaks to them.*)

No doubt!—You see the man is living still.

You both can swear to that?

FIRST MAN.

Oh, yes.

SECOND MAN.

Yes, yes.

KRAFT (*to JEM*).

What says the doctor, Jem? Will he recover?

JEM. I 'spec' he 'spec's it.

KRAFT (*to MADAM CECIL*).

We are safe, at least.

Has lived now long enough—for that.

MADAM C. (*aside*).

Yet I

Could almost pray to know that he was dead!

CECIL (*in bewilderment, starting suddenly, and sitting up in the bed*).

And did you think I wanted to be living?

CURTAIN.

ACT THIRD.

*An interval of two years is supposed to elapse between the occurrences in Acts Second and Third.*

SCENE FIRST: *A room in the house of FREEMAN, who has married CELIA, and is living with her in a Northern "Border" State. Near the center of the room, set with dishes for a meal, is a table. Bread and a pitcher of milk have already been placed on it. Three or four chairs are near the table. At the Left is a closet, and about the room other articles of furniture. Backing, a wall containing a window or door, etc. Entrances by doors at the Right and Left near the Front.*

*The curtain rising discloses JEM with overcoat and hat on, standing in front of the table.*

JEM (*to himself*).

De station am a mile off. Whar's de dahky

Dat wouldn't get hungry 'foah he got dat fah?

(*taking bread from table and putting it in his pocket.*)

Dey all don't want to see 'im stahve; not dey!

An' dry up, no!

(*taking up milk pitcher, and looking at it.*)

Why, 'sakes alive! dah's marse—

And what's he call me calf faw?

*(pouring out a tumbler-full of milk, drinking it,  
then hiding the tumbler in the closet.)*

Dat am good.

Dis dahky's glad dat ole Marse Cecil's comin'.  
But ole Marse Cecil,—wondeh how he'll take  
To seein' his Miss Celia Missus Freeman.

It 'peahed as how he liked dat ah young gal,  
An' when ole Missus Cecil she got out  
An' married dat Marse Kraft, why, me and Milly,

<sup>55</sup> Did Faith look well?

FREEMAN *(seating himself in one of the chairs,  
and taking a newspaper from his pocket  
and unfolding it.)*

Much as of old she did.

But paler—that is, till she chanced on me,

CELIA. And then?

FREEMAN. She flushed.

CELIA. It needed but a spark  
To kindle the old fire.

FREEMAN. In her?—or me?—

I saw no light. I only thought of ashes.

CELIA. I know her nun's veil seemed a shroud to  
you.

FREEMAN. Your white one, Celia, when I married  
you,

Seemed like an angel's. Now that you have  
dropped it,

I know it was.

CELIA. I thank you. Yet, at times,

We 'spected how Marse Cecil 'd like to get  
As fuh de oder way wid his Miss Celia.—

But now Marse Freeman's got her, got her tight.

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN and CELIA, the latter with  
tray containing more dishes for table.*

FREEMAN (to JEM).

It's time to go, Jem.

JEM. Go?—I's goin',—gone!

*Exit—Right—JEM.*

CELIA <sup>ss</sup> (*arranging the dishes on the table, and suspi-*

I fear mere pity led you to propose.

FREEMAN. Was it your pity led you to accept?

CELIA. You know you thought that I had closed  
the door

To every other suitor by my act  
In closing it on all except us two  
When we were nursing Cecil.

FREEMAN. And you know  
You thought that I had closed the door on Faith  
Because of that which Father Hycher said.

But—nonsense!—what if pity were a motive?

CELIA. Pity is but a sadder kind of love—

FREEMAN. No love at all. But as a motive to  
it—

A door to open,—why complain of it,  
If only opening where we wish to go?

(CELIA, *having ended arranging the things  
on the table, stands back looking at it.*)

And all is ready—is it?—for our guest?

CELIA. To think that Cecil, etc.

*ciously examining the bread-plate and milk-pitcher, while shaking her head at the departing JEM ; then standing back, and looking first at the table, and, after that, at FREEMAN).*

To think that Cecil should be here, and well !

FREEMAN. And such a note as his too ! Why, a boy,

A boy in love, could not more gracefully  
Let tumble forth from his embarrassed lips  
The whole sweet contents of his blushing cheeks,  
Than he did, pelting, helter-skelter, out  
Those metaphors at us, to vent his joy  
In welcoming our own !

CELIA. How strange he felt so !

FREEMAN. Strange?—I am worthy of you ; you of me ;

And both of us of Cecil's interest.

He knows how we two nursed him. Now, at last,  
His voyage at an end, his health restored,  
It ought to give him joy, and pride as well,  
To learn how we, through love for him, at first,  
Have come to love each other. Every soul  
Is proudest of the good itself has fathered.

CELIA. I know ; and Cecil has a heart so kind !

But I must go, and get the breakfast ready.

FREEMAN (*taking CELIA's hand*).

But, first, my Celia, let me break my fast.

(*kisses her.*)

One kiss of yours could make the thrilling lips



Go fluttering all day long like Cupid's wings  
To bear sweet words of love to all they meet.

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

(FREEMAN'S eyes follow her as she disappears.)

I told no lie. She lights my life with joy.

But, oh, had she been Faith, joy had been  
bliss!—

Poor Celia, she shall never learn the truth.

She thinks my nature water. I did once:

As each new face looked love upon its depths,

I thought they might be filled with that; but, ah,

My heart is like a photographer's glass

Whereon the image once impressed remains;

And Celia's face is always framed in Faith's.

I fear I love the picture for the frame.

(*looking out of the back window nearest the Right.*)

Why, Cecil here already?—must be he—

(FREEMAN opens the door at the Right.)

*Enter—Right—CECIL followed by JEM. Both wear out-door costumes, CECIL an overcoat. He also carries a cane and limps. As he enters, he and FREEMAN shake hands.*

A hearty welcome, friend! I saw you coming.

How well you look! You are well too, not so?

CECIL (*removing his hat, which JEM takes*).

Oh, yes.

FREEMAN (*noticing that CECIL limps*).

Lame yet?—





CECIL. Kraft managed it, of course.

I had deserted her.

FREEMAN. You could not help it.

CECIL. No; thanks to her—and heaven! But let that rest.

When one has well nigh slept the sleep of death—  
You know I thought me dead—it seems not sad,  
On waking, to begin one's life anew.

FREEMAN. And we too thought you dead.

CECIL. I acted so?

FREEMAN. You acted not at all. You did not stir.

CECIL. No wonder! Had you seen what I saw then,

Your senses would have been as hushed as mine.

FREEMAN. What was it?

CECIL. I scarce know—a vision—dream—  
Perhaps a trance.—Wait, till I tell you it.

FREEMAN. If dreams came true, a man might prize them more.

CECIL. At times, they do come true. Mine will.  
The power

That handles Kraft can make that devil spin  
Like potter's clay to work out his designs.  
It all was prophesied.

FREEMAN. Was prophesied?

CECIL. Yes,—in my vision,—all about—your marriage.

FREEMAN. My marriage?

CECIL. Yes, and then such joy for me!—  
And sure to come too!

FREEMAN. Sure?—I envy you.

CECIL. I thought me dead. I woke and all was  
life.

Above, I saw the stars ; far east, the dawn.

If earth rolls on, it yet will bring full day.

FREEMAN. And bright may heaven, too, make it !

CECIL. That it will.

Earth is a field where hidden treasure lies.

All search for it ; their searching wakes their  
thoughts,

And draws out their desires, and aims their acts.

At last, they look and live for that alone

Which lures beneath appearances. Few find it.

The few that do, find that which makes the  
world

Worth living in, and worth yon circling dome,

The crown God gives it, jeweled all with stars.

FREEMAN. And you have found it ?

CECIL. Freeman, yes, I have ;

And know why sometimes earth seems holy  
ground,

And those that tread it Godlike. Then Heaven's  
face

Back there behind the veil shines dimly through it.

But wait. I yet will tell you. In our souls,

Far down within, are depths like sunken seas,

All dark!—yet only when concealed from light

And from the face of love they else might  
image.

And my soul—you should know its depths to  
know

My coming joy; yet need not. You will guess  
it.

FREEMAN. Your mood alone can make one guess  
enough

To offer his congratulations now.

(FREEMAN rises. So does CECIL, and they shake  
hands.)

But time, it is, your coming were announced;  
And one here will be but too glad to see you.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN.*

CECIL (*reseating himself*).

How kind his welcome! It is worth some loss  
To learn we own some friends.—And, Faith, too,  
Faith,—

She too, he says, will be so glad to see me.

I always liked her; and I always knew

The two were lovers, and they knew I knew it.

This must have been the reason why his note

Made such a mere brief mention of his marriage;  
riage;

As if, forsooth, I knew the news already.

I thought I must have missed one letter from  
him.

But no; what need of sending me her name!—

Who could she be but Faith!—This very room

Seems like her too. No setting so becomes  
A jewel of a woman as a home,—  
A loving home like this. Thank God, some  
souls

Need not to die before they find their mates.  
And I shall not.—Ah, when that shot was fired  
That almost freed my soul, you, Celia, thought  
I sank unconscious. No, no; not before  
Heaven let me hear this: “He is dead for  
me,

The only man I ever loved is dead!”

Then came my dream.—But you, you are so  
young,—

May deem yourself too young for me! Yet I—  
I run no risk. Soon as I show my spirit,  
Your own sweet spirit which is one with mine,  
Will recognize it, as we both thank heaven  
For cloud and storm and flash that struck me  
down,

And heaven in life that followed death in life.

*Enter—Left—CELIA.*

*(She carries another dish for table. As she enters, before she is where she can speak to CECIL, he says, aside.)*

What?—Celia here? And I was never told it?—  
*(rising to greet her.)*

Why, Freeman said that I should find a friend.  
I have—the friend to whom I owe my life.

CELIA (*placing the dish on table, and shaking hands with him*).

Had it been lost, it would have been for me.

CECIL. And now when saved, let it be saved for you.

CELIA. For me and all who love you.

CECIL (*aside*). Ah, who love !

(*to CELIA.*)

I would that I could stay forever with you.

CELIA. You would not go away ?

CECIL. What, would you wish me

To make my home with you ?

CELIA. Why, yes.—Why not ?

CECIL. But I must work.

CELIA. Yet people sue—not so ?—

In any place ?

CECIL (*taking her hand*).

Shall I begin it here ?

CELIA. Begin and keep on too.

CECIL. I think I will.

CELIA. It would so please us all !

CECIL. And could you think

That I could feel at home away from you ?

CELIA. How kind in you to say that !—You will live

Right here with me and Freeman ?

CECIL. You and Freeman ?

CELIA. Why, certainly !—He wants it, too.

CECIL. I see.—

You two together saved my life, of course.

CELIA. Of course we saved it, if it could be saved.

CECIL. And so you live with him?

CELIA. Because of that—  
It was our mutual interest in you.

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN.*

*(Just as he enters, CELIA, bowing to CECIL and gesturing toward the table, indicates that she must prepare for the meal, and moves toward the Left.)*

FREEMAN *(holding newspaper in hand, and bringing it to CECIL).*

Here comes the morning paper! Would you like it?

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

*(CECIL bows, takes paper from FREEMAN, and sits in chair. FREEMAN returns to closet near Left, and, while carrying on the following conversation, finds there a small bottle, which, when presently he leaves the room, he takes with him.)*

<sup>56</sup> CECIL. Celia, yes.—Why not?

FREEMAN. You mean?—

CECIL. Oh yes, you think she is too young!

But, Freeman, love is of eternity, and knows  
No youth, no age;—is like the air of heaven  
That tosses in its play the dangling fringe  
Athrill with grace about our outward guise,  
And runs its unseen fingers through our hair,



CECIL. She tells me I must live with you and her.

FREEMAN. Yes, we had hoped so.

CECIL (*looking at CELIA's retreating form*).

Freeman, this is bliss !

FREEMAN. Yes, we are very happy.

CECIL. That we are !—

Men do not often wed their own ideals.

FREEMAN. I know it. I have thought it through;  
and yet,

Without that, life can have some brightness left.

CECIL. Without that?—You mistake my meaning,  
Freeman.

I need not live without that. No, indeed!

She loves me, Freeman; not a doubt of it.

FREEMAN. Who?

CECIL. Celia.

FREEMAN. Celia? <sup>86</sup>

CECIL. Celia is my love.

FREEMAN. Your love, eh?—Has she told you  
that?

And brushes to a glow our flushing cheeks,  
But has more serious lasting moods than these.  
It is the substance of the breath we breathe  
That keeps the blood fresh, and the heart in  
motion ;

And, e'en when these give out, it still is there  
To buoy us up and bear on high the spirit.

FREEMAN. Oh, yes !—but Celia?—



CECIL. She has.

FREEMAN. Told you she loves you?

CECIL. Is it past belief?

FREEMAN. Well—yes—I think it is.

CECIL. You know not what  
Is in a woman's heart!

(CECIL looks down at his paper as if reading.)

FREEMAN (*aside*). It may be not.

I purpose to find out, though.—Is he mad?

Am I mad?—My sole proof that I am not,

Lies in my thinking that I may be so.—

Humph! I will hold this thinking and keep sane;

And if it be a cool head takes the trick,

Will find what trick is here.

(FREEMAN opens door at the Left.)

*Enter—Left—Celia.*

(*She carries something else for the table.*)

CECIL (*seeing CELIA coming*).

Here she comes—

Will tell you it herself.

CELIA (*placing what she brings on the table, then  
busying herself with arranging things on it*).

Now I am coming

To stay with you awhile.

CECIL (*to CELIA*).

To be with those

Who really love one, is a new delight.

You said you loved me, Celia.

CELIA. Why, of course—  
Just as I always have, and always must.  
Of course I do.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN, lifting his hands in a bewildered way.*

CECIL (*aside, as CELIA turns away for something*).  
Of course !

(*then noticing that FREEMAN had left.*)

Why!—he is gone.—

Humph ! Who could wonder that he thinks it strange?

I wonder Celia fails to think so too.

It proves how well our natures mate each other.

(*to CELIA.*)

Look—Freeman's vanished, Celia.—Have a care.

To love too much may make him envious ;

And chewing on the cud of jealousy

Is not a pleasant practice for one's friends.

For though you give them naught to work upon,

So much the more the grinders work away

And grind themselves the sharper,—ay, and grind

The words that pass them too—made sharp as  
arrows

To pierce the soul they hit.

CELIA. No fear of him !—

We both love you.

CECIL. Ah, I shall punish him!

When he comes in,—shall send him after Faith.

CELIA. No; you must not do that.

CECIL. Oh, yes, I shall.

CELIA (*taking a seat on the opposite side of the table from him*).

You would not dare.—

CECIL. Not dare?—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CELIA. No, no; I beg you not to——

CECIL. Not to, Celia?

CELIA. You must not.

CECIL. Must not?—And you really mean it?—

Well, if you be in earnest, I will not.

But, bless me, if I see the reason why.

CELIA. He loves Faith.

CECIL. Yes; and where would be my joke,  
Unless he loved her?

CELIA. There was deep, deep love,  
I sometimes think it saddens him to-day.

CECIL. What? what?—not happy in his married  
life?

CELIA. Oh, one could not say that—so kind, you  
know.

CECIL. Yes, yes?—and she?—is she not kind to  
him?

CELIA. Who? Faith?

CECIL. Yes, Faith.

CELIA. He never hears from her.

CECIL. What?—Are they separated?

CELIA. Separated!

She went—you had not heard it?—to a convent.

CECIL. She did?—Poor Freeman!—When was that?

ELIA. Last year.

ECIL (*in a perplexed way*).

But when was Freeman married?

ELIA. Why, last March.—

He wrote you all about it.

ECIL (*startled*).

No; not all,—

Not half a page.

ELIA (*surprised*).

Why, twenty pages, friend!—

We both wrote twenty; and you never got them?

ECIL. Why, no; you see I had not heard of Faith—

(*hesitatingly*.)

And you now—you are living with him here?

ELIA. Yes, living!—Did you think that we were boarding?

ECIL (*aside*).

What horror haunts me?—But I must not show it.

(*slowly, and struggling to conceal emotion*.)

You know—it seems—why, strange—when—he loved Faith.

ELIA. What?—That he married me?—He told me all;

But Faith seems dead.

ECIL (*controlling himself*).

And he is kind, eh, Celia?

ELIA. Yes, very kind.

CECIL. Forgive me, will you, Celia ?  
You see that I have always loved you, Celia,—  
Just as a father loves a child, you know ;  
And if my love be anxious for you, Celia,

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN.*

*(He is not observed by CECIL or CELIA. He replaces in the closet the little bottle taken from it, when on the stage the previous time. While doing so, he evidently hears the following conversation.)*

You will not think it strange ?

CELIA. Nay, not a throb  
In all my heart, but you could rightly know it.

CECIL. Your heart's wish is fulfilled ?

CELIA. Yes, yes, my love  
Is deep and true. No wife could love one more.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN.*

CECIL. Then you have two friends,—him and me.  
You stand

Between us.

CELIA (*rising*). I must go now.

CECIL (*rising*). Yes, my daughter !

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

*(standing, and looking after her retreating form).*  
So close the clouds of heaven upon my dream !—  
Not God,—the devil—he, he rules the world !—  
Then let me rule it with him.—But no, no !—  
Oh, what a universe of agencies  
Are centered in one life that may be both

The God and devil of the soul it loves !  
 Yet wits were given one to outwit the world.  
 If Celia be what I have dreamed she is,  
 The world must work its work upon her will  
 Without one touch of mine, or hint, or sigh,  
 To make her life more tempted or less true.—  
 Oh, cursèd world, in which forswearing love  
 Is our best proof that we would foster it !  
 But wait !—What moves me ?—Am I but a fool  
 Controlled by dreams ?—No, no ; I had a  
 dream ;

But this, at least, is none,—that each who aids  
 An angel upward for himself prepares  
 Angelic friendship ; and if there be spheres  
 Where spirit can reveal itself to spirit,  
 And sympathy be sovereign, there must be  
 One soul supremely loved. I dreamed no  
 dream.

High, knightly chivalry whose love protects,  
 Thy knightly honor *is* the sacred thing  
 Of which thy pride is conscious. But—oh  
 God !—

To be just on the threshold of all bliss :  
 And fail.—Fail ?—No. Let Freeman have her  
 now

A few brief years.—I dream with her forever.

*Enter—Right—JEM.*

Ah, what is that ?—Who comes ?—Well, Jem,  
 what now ?

JEM. Some white folks heah as wants ter speak wid yer.

CECIL (*in surprise*).

With me?—I have no friends here.—Bid them enter.

*Enter—Right—as JEM holds open door, THREE GENTLEMEN. They wear overcoats and hold their hats in their hands. CECIL exchanges bows with them, and motions toward the chairs.*

And will you sit?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. No, thanks. We have no time.

Our party's first convention meets to-morrow.

The news is ominous. We may have war.

We came as a committee to request

To hear from you.

CECIL. To hear from me?—and why?

FIRST GENT. You suffer from the wrongs of slavery

That we oppose.

CECIL. But here I am a stranger.

FIRST GENT. Good reputation is to good men  
what

Fine perfumes are to flowers. A charm it has

Which lures the sense that heeds it to a search

That will not cease till finding its fair source.

CECIL. You do me too much honor.

FIRST GENT. Honor us;

And let our people hear you.



CECIL. If my words——

FIRST GENT. The words of men whose deeds have  
proved them true

Are also true.

CECIL. Thanks. If you think them so,  
They may at least command your interest.

And he whose words can wake the earth to  
thought

Has heaven's own warrant that he should be  
heard.

Yes ; I will come.

FIRST GENT. Thanks.

SECOND GENT AND THIRD. Thanks.

*(All move toward Left Second Entrance. JEM  
who is nearest it opens door there. CECIL  
and GENTS exchange bows.)*

CECIL. We meet to-morrow.

*Exeunt—Right—THREE GENTS, CECIL and JEM.*

---

SCENE SECOND : *An open field or village green. Back-  
ing in the distance, village houses, and beyond them  
hill scenery. Extending diagonally across stage  
from the place of the Right Third Entrance toward  
that of the Back Center, a cottage fronted by a porch,  
the latter being a platform elevated a foot or two  
above the rest of the stage. At the Left of the stage  
are trees and a tent, apparently one of a soldiers'  
encampment beyond it.*

ENTRANCES : *Right Second between trees, Right*



*Upper from a door opening from the cottage on to the porch ; Back Center from behind the cottage ; Left Second, Third and Upper, from behind trees, or the tent.*

*As the curtain rises, SOLDIERS and POPULACE are seen grouped at the Left.*

*(They sing as follows:)*

The trumpets call to action  
 Through all the threatened land  
 No more is heard of faction.  
 The time has come to band.  
 What soul can see  
 The state in fear and fail to be  
 Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
 That heed the trumpet's call?  
 No patriot is he who can see  
 The state in fear and fail to be  
 Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
 That heed the trumpet's call.

The best of men are brothers.  
 The worst can be a foe ;  
 And not for self but others,  
 True men to battle go.  
 No longer meek,  
 Where wrong is cruel, right is weak,  
 Or aught has brought the base to band,—  
 They throng to lend a hand.  
 No true man is he who can see  
 The state in fear, and fail to be  
 Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
 That heed the trumpet's call.

Who, think you, live in story  
 That live for self alone?  
 Who care to swell his glory  
 That cares not for their own?  
 In every strife  
 That stirs the pulse to nobler life,  
 The man that has the thrilling heart,  
 He plays the thrilling part.  
 No hero is he who can see  
 The state in fear, and fail to be  
 Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
 That heed the trumpet's call.

*Exeunt—Left—SOLDIERS and POPULACE.*

*Enter—Back Center—CECIL, in out-door costume.*

*Enter—Right Second—FAITH, dressed as a nun.*

CECIL (*to himself*).

These clouds of war break like a thunder-clap  
 Amid clear skies of summer; but will bring  
 Our plant of freedom to a finer fruitage.

(*suddenly observing FAITH.*)

Faith Hycher?

FAITH. Yes—on business.

CECIL. With me?

FAITH. Old friends of ours are here—have interest  
 In land near by us. Being of the south  
 They came to deed it so as not to lose it;  
 And stand arrested. People deem them spies.

CECIL. Who are they?

FAITH. Why, my mother, Father Hycher,  
 Lowe, Blaver, Kraft—

CECIL. His wife too ?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. Humph, humph !

FAITH. Their holdings were not small. The time was brief.

All came here who might need to sign their papers.

CECIL. And what can I do ?

FAITH. Say you know them—you  
And Freeman.

CECIL. You have seen him—Freeman?

FAITH (*hesitating*). No—

CECIL (*kindly*).

I understand you.

FAITH. It was not his fault:

I was deceived.

<sup>57</sup> Faith, you and I have loved supremely,—yet  
Our love has loved another.—Could this be  
Of that form which we walked with in our dreams ?

FAITH. Why——

CECIL. Did you ever think that all our dreams  
Are in ourselves ; and this form too may be there ?  
They say that human brains, ay, all our frames  
Are doubled.—If so, why ?—For use ?—then whose ?  
Who is it twins existence with us here ?  
Can it be our own real, live, better self  
Which under consciousness we vaguely feel  
Dreams while we wake and wakes the while we  
dream,  
Recalls what we forget, incites, and is

CECIL. By whom?

FAITH. By Father Hycher.

CECIL. Yet now you wish to help the Father?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. As I should help the Krafts?—You think I should?—<sup>87</sup>

You do. I see.—Your friends shall have my help.

FAITH. How kind!

*Exit—Right—after exchanging bows with CECIL,*  
FAITH.

CECIL (*to himself, as he stands near this Entrance, and close to the porch*).

For her, for me, for all whose paths  
Of honor and of sympathy divide,

Less form than spirit, but, because a spirit,  
Heaven's representative, our guardian, guide,  
And all that tells of God? You know all praise  
The men dependent only on themselves.  
Yet why?—Is it so noble to be free  
From love, or wish for love? Or own these men  
A subtle consciousness of nobler love  
Which, in the spirit-life, is all in all?  
Know they that earthly forms which seem divine  
But image that within which is divine?—  
If you have wed the church, Faith, I have not;  
And yet the bonds that bind us may not differ.—  
And so, Faith—yes—your friends shall have my  
help, etc.

One choice alone remains—to dwell content  
With loneliness, and one's ideal, and God.

*Enter—Right Upper—coming suddenly from the  
cottage on to the porch, CELIA.*

CELIA (*to CECIL*).

Save, save my husband !

CECIL. Save from what ?

CELIA. From death,  
From certain death.

CECIL. To march to war is not  
To march to certain death.

CELIA. My throbbing heart  
Would spend its blood in blushes for my shame  
Till it forgot to give my being life,  
If, by a single sigh, I durst keep back  
One soldier from the ranks of this just war.

CECIL. What mean you, then ?

CELIA. That he has volunteered  
To be a spy, and in the very town  
Where he has lived, is known, and hated too.  
He can but be detected.

CECIL. You are right.  
I see him coming.

(*pointing to the Left.—CELIA looks at him, in-  
quiringly.*)

You would better leave us.

*Exit—Right Upper—CELIA.*

*Enter—Left Second—*FREEMAN, *dressed as an officer*  
(*to* FREEMAN).

Your wife says you have volunteered to be  
A spy, where you are sure to meet with death.

FREEMAN. I may succeed.

CECIL. You scarce can hope to do so.

FREEMAN (*with assumed indifference*).

And what if not ?

CECIL. Then you are not the man  
To trust on such a mission.

FREEMAN. Not ?—How so ?

CECIL. No man, if wise, will waive from what he  
plans

The prospect of success. If you attempt it,  
Trust me to thwart you.

FREEMAN. Humph! You seem officious.

CECIL. One needs to be at times; and now your  
life

And Celia's happiness are both at stake.

FREEMAN. Not Celia's happiness.

CECIL. What do you mean ?

FREEMAN. I mean, since men have talked so much  
against

Our owning blacks, the time is coming fast  
For some to talk against our owning whites.

CECIL. And what suggested this ? <sup>58</sup>

FREEMAN. If Celia find

Have seen both men and women treat their peers—

More joy in your society than mine,  
Then let her find it. Did I marry her  
To limit her delights?

CECIL.                               Why, Freeman, friend,  
Look here at me—You are an upright man,  
    (*placing his hand on FREEMAN'S shoulder.*)  
And so am I. Upon my soul, I hoped  
You had forgotten, or not understood  
The words I used. But, ere I knew you married,  
Was it—with all that she and I had been—  
So strange that I should have—those—whims of  
    mine?

FREEMAN. She told you that she loved you.

CECIL.   Yes, she did :  
But as a daughter.

    (*FREEMAN looks incredulous.*)

    I am not a man

    You should distrust.<sup>59</sup>

FREEMAN.                       She said no more than that?

CECIL. When speaking of her love, she said no  
    more.

In wedlock, yes, but also out of it—  
As if they owned them; and society  
Approved, enforced their course. Mere selfishness  
Has been enthroned so long in men's affairs,  
That naught seems worthy of respect to some  
Of which it only is not king and guide.

CECIL. And, pray, too, what of that?



She gave no slightest hint that meant not that.

FREEMAN. Yet you love her?

CECIL. In the degree I do,  
Her honor I would guard, as, too, mine own;  
And guard her love too. She has told me all.  
She loves you as a true and faithful wife.  
So let me save you for her. Be no spy,  
But soldier, captain, general,—who knows  
What fortune may await the tide of war!

FREEMAN. And you?

CECIL. Am I, think you, a man to play  
A second fiddle to your tune of love—  
With instrument all broke beyond repair,  
Make discord of the music of your life?  
I promise you to leave here.

FREEMAN. Leave your home?—  
You have no other.

CECIL. Some will open for me.  
*(pointing toward the tent.)*

There were one here, did my infirmities  
Not keep me from the army.

*(Shouts are heard at the Left.)*

<sup>59</sup> FREEMAN. Who knows what men can be,  
Till pierced where tenderest? It was the fleet  
Achilles could be wounded in the heel;  
And some have heads, and some have hearts to hurt

CECIL. I say she said she loved me as a daughter.  
I quote her very words.

FREEMAN. She said no more? etc.



*Enter—Left—A guard of SOLDIERS headed by an OFFICER, and conducting BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD—now MADAM BLAVER—LOWE and MADAM LOWE, FATHER HYCHER, KRAFT and MADAM CECIL—now MADAM KRAFT—FATHER HYCHER and WIDOW HYCHER, attended by FAITH. POPULACE follow.*

FREEMAN (*in evident astonishment*).

Who are they?

CECIL. I think you know them.

FREEMAN (*noticing FATHER HYCHER*).

Father—?—Now will I

Get even with him.

CECIL. There is no such thing  
As getting even with a low-lived soul,  
Without degrading one's own self.  
(*to the OFFICER.*)

And who

Are these?

OFFICER. All spies.

OTHER PEOPLE. To shoot.

ANOTHER. And all have land  
To confiscate.

OFFICER (*to CECIL*). They tell us that you know them.

CECIL. Why, yes; and Freeman too.—Ah, Madam Blaver!

(*CECIL and FREEMAN shake hands with MISS*

PRIMWOOD—*now* MADAM BLAVER—*with*  
MADAM LOWE, WIDOW HYCHER, LOWE  
*and* BLAVER, *but not with the others.*  
CECIL *continues to the OFFICER, gestur-*  
*ing toward the ladies, including MADAM*  
CECIL—*now* MADAM KRAFT.)

Our war is not with ladies, I believe ?

(*The OFFICER apparently agrees with him.*)

FATHER HYCHER. I am a clergyman.

CECIL. Quite true ; and we?—  
(*looking for assent to FREEMAN.*)

FREEMAN. Of course, we have no strife here with  
religion.

LOWE. I am a friend.

CECIL. He is.

LOWE. With me the chief  
Consideration is religion.

BLAVER. And I

A prohibitionist. Our pleas were all  
Based on religious grounds.

OFFICER. And what of that ?

FREEMAN (*laughing*). You fail to catch its bear-  
ing?—When they take

Their oath of loyalty, why, they will keep it.

(*The prisoners make startled signs of dissent.*)

CECIL. And this, too, may be said,—that as a  
rule

The friends are on our side ; and are not fighters.  
So too with prohibitionists.

FREEMAN (*to CECIL, in a laughing way*).

For once,  
Religion, friend, has helped them in their  
practice.

OFFICER (*taking KRAFT roughly by the shoulder*).

But here the case is different.

CECIL. I grant it.

OFFICER. We know him, and his party.

MADAM CECIL-KRAFT (*to CECIL*). Could I speak  
A moment with you?

CECIL. Oh, yes, if it please you.

(*CECIL and MADAM CECIL-KRAFT, walk to one side.*)

MADAM C. You know my father died.

CECIL (*nodding toward KRAFT*). Before you married?

(*MADAM C. nods in assent.*)

A happy man!

MADAM C. He left a fortune to me.  
It now is in this land.

CECIL. In Kraft's name?

MADAM C. Yes.

(*hesitatingly, after pausing a moment.*)

There was an informality——

CECIL. In what?

MADAM C. My marriage.

CECIL. I should think so!—What of that?

MADAM C. Why, I would deed you half my  
ownings here,  
Could it——

CECIL. This marriage—be made right?

MADAM C. With you—

Your help.

CECIL. No, thank you—not for all you own.

MADAM C. And you would have me lose my land here then?

KRAFT (*coming forward, followed by FREEMAN*).

But surely you will help me?

CECIL. Surely?—why?

KRAFT. You know I am no spy.

CECIL. How do I know it?

KRAFT. My character——

CECIL. What character?

KRAFT. And you

Would have me shot?

CECIL (*to FREEMAN*).

Shot at, perhaps? What say?

By proxy, eh?—And in a better cause

Than his past deeds deserve?

FREEMAN. I see.

(*to the SOLDIERS.*)

Say, friends,

We all would save the lands of loyal men.

All loyal men about us are enlisting.

If Kraft be loyal, he will do the same.

(*The SOLDIERS make signs of approval.*)

(*to KRAFT.*)

What say you?

KRAFT (*hesitatingly*).

Had I—a—commission——

FREEMAN.

That

Would prove unwise the one who gave it you.

CECIL (*to KRAFT, putting his hand on FREEMAN'S shoulder*).

Places of trust are only for the trusted ;

And high commissions but for men with mis-  
sions.

What say you—prison or private?—Make your  
choice.

KRAFT (*abjectly*).

Why, if I must——

CECIL.

It looks as if you must.

*Enter—Left—hurriedly, TWO GENTLEMEN.*

(*Commotion among the POPULACE near them and fol-  
lowing them.*)

POPULACE. Hurrah !

*Enter—Right Upper—evidently attracted by  
the commotion, CELIA, followed by JEM  
and MILLY, and stand on the porch.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*to CECIL*). They nominated  
you.

CECIL. For what?

FIRST GENT. For representative at Washington.

SECOND GENT. (*shaking hands with CECIL*).

And I congratulate the district too.

CECIL. But I?—a stranger?

FIRST GENT.

No, no; one well known.

SECOND GENT. The only home you have now must  
be here ;

For here they brought and nursed you, when so  
ill.

FIRST GENT. And when the factions could not else  
agree,

They all could join on you.

PEOPLE. Hurrah ! hurrah !

SECOND GENT. And nomination here is sure elec-  
tion.

PEOPLE. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! A speech ! a  
speech !

CECIL (*ascending the porch, where he stands with  
CELIA at his Right*).

This is no time for words. The world needs work ;  
But one whose forced infirmities prevent  
His bearing arms and marching to the front,  
May choose the course that you commend to him.  
(*Cheers from the crowd. CECIL gestures toward the  
SOLDIERS.*)

But do not think you only move to war ;  
Or deem that I stay here to dwell in peace.  
To men whose purposes, like ours, push on  
To work out high designs, all life on earth  
Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven  
That brings us each new day's enlightenment,  
Contentends with darkness, and there is no peace.  
Our very bodies are but phantoms formed  
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,

And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.  
Ay, whether we may march our frames to greet  
The cannon's mouth, or duty's commoner call,  
Go where death threatens, or long seems to  
tarry,

One destiny, at last, awaits us all :  
Upon life's little stage the play will close,  
The curtain drop, and leave the actor dead.  
Yet, soldiers, what care you, or what care I?—  
The souls that fight for truth, beyond scenes  
here,

Find life that does not end in tragedy ;  
For all our world is but a theater  
Outside whose walls, where shine the stars of  
heaven,

The actors with their rôles and robes laid by  
May all meet smiling in the open air.

And now—to play our several parts—farewell.

*(bowing to those before him, then turning to CELIA and  
taking her hand.)*

*(Blast of bugles, as the SOLDIERS fall into line, with  
KRAFT well guarded.)*

CURTAIN.

END.







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

15 OCT '62 KB

REC'D LD

OCT 1 1962

12 SEP 63

OCT 11 1997



C054921236

16995-2  
Raymond

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

